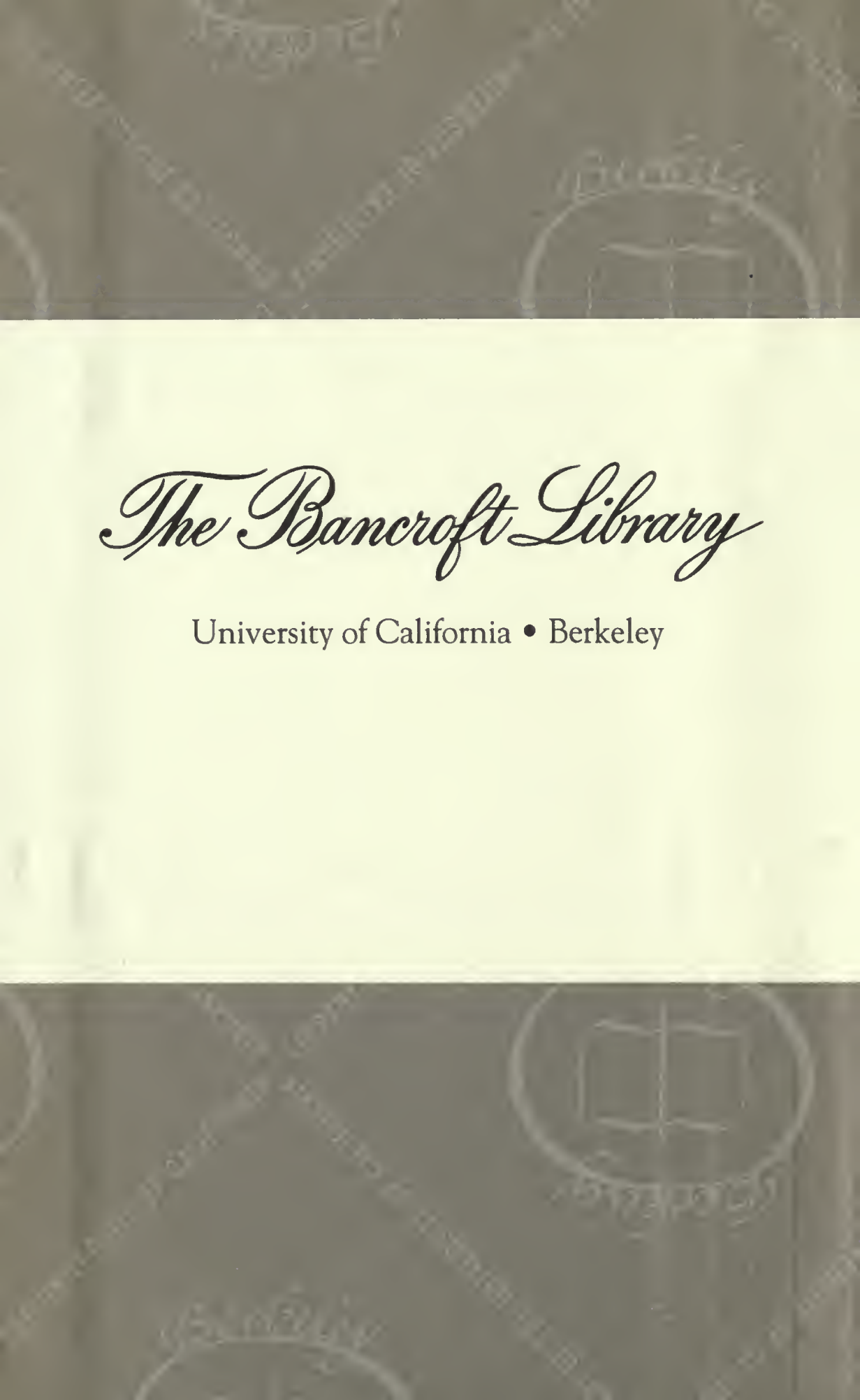
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THE

LITERARY MISCELLANY:

or,

SELECTIONS & EXTRACTS,

classical and scientific;

with

Originals,

in

PROSE AND VERSE.

Convinced, by the most strict observation, that the mind is embarrassed by a thousand extrinsic difficulties, and sensible that a numerous library is the seat of the greatest extravagancies and the most idle chimeras, we have made an election, by extracting the substance of numerous volumes, which we have included in small duodecimos; not unlike skilful chymists, who concentre the virtues of many plants in a small phial, and cast aside the refuse. Innumerable quantities of books are made; it is our business to collect the scattered and valuable parts. The ignorant babble eternally; the learned and sagacious speak little but *well.* *Mem. of* 2500.

viz.

LETTERS OF WERTER,
LETTERS OF YORICK AND ELIZA,
ELEGIES BY HAMMOND,
&c. &c.

.....

Printed and sold by G. Nicholson, Poughnill, near Ludlow.
Sold also, in London, by
H. D. Symonds, Paternoster-row; Champante & Whitrow, Aldgate;
Lackington, Allen, & Co, Finsbury-square;
and all other Booksellers. 1804.

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She loosed from her bosom the variegated Zone. It contained all female attractions. There was love; there was desire; there were reciprocal vows of passion, and the bland accents which steal the heart of the wise. *Homer's Description of the Cestus of Venus.*

THE

LETTERS of WERTER,

from the German of

GOETHE.

Published July 1.1802 by G. Nicholson, Poughnill, near Ludlow.
Sold in London, by
H.D. Symonds, Paternoster row, Champante & Whitrow, Aldgate,
R. Bickerstaff, Strand, T. Conder, Bucklersbury,
Lackington, Allen & Co. Finsbury Square,
and all other Booksellers.

PREFACE.

The story of WERTER *should not be considered, merely as an offspring of the imagination. The author professes to have given little more than the particulars of a fact, within the circle of his own acquaintance. It was the son of Abbé Jerusalem, a celebrated theologist of Brunswick, whose passion for a lady of Wetzlar was attended with these fatal consequences. Goëthé always chose his subjects from scenes of real life, which judicious preference has rendered his works truly energetic and interesting. Mr. Goëthé has been represented as the apologist of suicide. But this charge can have been made only by such as have not distinguished the author from the work. By this method of deduction, would not the entire body of our tragic and epic writers be affected? That the author was not conscious of any such implication, appears evident from the following short address prefixed to the original edition.* —"*I have collected, with care, every circumstance I could discover relating to the unfortunate Werter; I now submit them to your inspection, convinced that they will prove acceptable. You cannot withhold your admiration of his genius, your pity to his disposition, or your tears for his unhappy fate. And thou, sweet soul of sensibility! whose inclinations are similar,* may this book prove thy friend, *if, by the rigour of thy destiny, or thine own imprudence, thou art deprived of a better!*" *The uncommon simplicity of the story, and sublimity of the diction, have been universally allowed. In these respects the letters of Werter differ essentially from a novel. There is no variety of char-*

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acter, or of events, to raise the reader's expectation, and but one correspondent; it is Werter alone. Nature had infused a strong proportion of passion into his temper, and his feelings were too fine to support his load of distress. Let not the reader be offended, therefore, at his sympathies and extravagances, but rejoice rather that heaven has granted to him a mind less susceptible of affection and more prepared to encounter the evils of life. In this edition a few passages, which appeared to lower the general very extraordinary merit of the work, are omitted.

LETTERS OF WERTER.

LETTER I.

May 4, 1770.

I am glad that I left you. And yet on reflection, I am surprised how I bore to part from him who was the companion of my early days, and is now the chosen friend of my heart; from one whose character and talents are congenial with my own. Surely the human heart is inexplicable; it seeks repose where it cannot be found. But you forgive me, I know you do. The very connections on which I had founded my hopes of happiness, appear to have been destined to prove the sources of my misery. Poor Eleonora! But am I to be blamed for the tenderness which took possession of her gentle heart, whilst I was admiring the charms of her sister? Yet I have doubts whether I am really innocent. Might I not fan her flame of affection? for you have seen me pleased, amused, and soothed, with the most trifling expression of her kindness. Truly, I find many causes of reproach, and am, perhaps, ingenious in tormenting myself. Be not, however, uneasy, my dear friend, I will endeavour to subdue this wayward disposition, nor continue to augment the miseries inseparable from humanity, by looking back and dwelling on the painful remembrance of the sufferings I have endured; but will enjoy the present, and bury the past in oblivion. You are certainly in the right; that fatal disposition which makes us recal past scenes and

past sorrows, greatly adds to the number of the wretched. I am exceedingly well pleased with my situation here. Solitude, by the truly wise, has ever been courted, and in this terrestrial paradise 't is a medicine to my mind. The delight of Spring touches my heart, and gives fresh vigour to my soul. All nature rejoices and every field looks gay. Every tree, every bush is full of flowers, and a delicious perfume fills the air. The little tenants of the woods renew their matin songs, and, in the evening, Philomela devotes a requiem to departing day. What a contrast between the country and the town! The city affords me no pleasure; and yet the finest kind of country, and the greatest natural beauties, are in it's environs. Upon one of the neighbouring hills, which is a link of that chain which diversifies our landscape, the late Marquis of Mabley made a garden. It is laid out in that style of simplicity, which plainly demonstrates that the professional skill of the gardener has been corrected by the native taste of a man of feeling and genius, more attentive to his own enjoyment than to rules of art. I have given some tears to the memory of it's departed possessor, upon a tomb, in an arbour that is now almost in ruins. This was the favourite retreat of his leisure hours, and is now become mine. I hope soon to have entire possession of this spot. I have secured the gardener in my interest, and shall be careful not to lose his favour while I have the means of preserving it.

LETTER II.

May 10.

How shall I express the mental satisfaction afforded by solitude! My mind is calm and serene like

the fine mornings of spring. Solitude and tranquillity, in a country so well suited to my disposition, give me a true enjoyment of life. I find in this retirement many charming relaxations, and the pleasure of mere existence so entirely absorbs my faculties, that I neglect my talents, and forget my wonted amusements. My pencil and palet lie useless, and yet I am a greater painter than ever. Now the dense vapours of early morn conceal the verdant prospect. The mist, exhaled by the powerful heat of the sun, leaves the branches bespangled with watery gems. Thick tufted trees defend me from the meridian sun, while a few rays only chequer my favourite alcove with a glimmering light. I sometimes pensively wander under shady arches interwoven over my head. Here, extended upon the long grass near the margin of a murmuring stream, I admire the infinite variety of plants, and grow familiar with all the little insects that surround me, as they skim amongst the flowers or creep in the grass. Then I become sensible of that power which formed us, and whose eternal influence supports, and amazes us. But darkness soon closes over my sight; the system of the universe, the infinite extension of space, dwell on my mind and absorb all it's powers, like the idea of a beloved mistress. Oh that I had but powers to express these vast conceptions with the same warmth, with the same energy, that they are impressed on my soul! but the sublimity of them astonishes and overpowers me.

LETTER III.

May 12.

The most lively genius influences my senses and gives to every surrounding scene the beauties of paradise. I am attached by a sort of inchantment to a spring of pure water which gushes from the rock, in a cave, at the bottom of one of the hills; about twenty rough steps lead to it. The rustic wall which surrounds this grotto, the towering pines which overshadow it, the cool refreshing air of the place, the murmur of the water, the artless notes of the sweet inhabitants of the boughs, every thing is agreeable, interesting, striking. Not a day passes in which I do not devote an hour or two to this inchanting spot. The young girls from the town come to fetch water from it—innocent and necessary employment! formerly the occupation of kings' daughters. The remotest times present themselves to my imagination. I see our ancestors concluding treaties and making alliances by the side of fountains; and pilgrims, weary with the sultry heat of day, seated upon the margin, or laving in the transflucent stream. Whoever does not enter into these sensations, has never really enjoyed cool repose by the side of a spring, after a long summer's walk.

LETTER IV.

May 13.

I sincerely thank you for your offer; but I will have nothing to do with books: for heaven's sake don't send me any. I have been so long guided, impelled, and agitated, that I wish to remain free. I only want strains to lull me, and Homer furnishes

them in abundance. Often have I strove to calm the blood that seemed boiling in my veins; often have I endeavoured to stop the keen and sudden passions of my heart.—But it is not to you that I need explain the nature of my sensations. You have often seen, with concern, my sudden transitions from sorrow to intoxicating joy, and from soft melancholy to violent and dangerous passions. My heart is like a sick child; and like a sick child I let it have it's way. But this between ourselves, for I know the world would blame me for suffering my passions to gain such an ascendency over my reason.

LETTER V.

May 15.

I am already become the favourite of the common people here, and particularly of the children. At first, when I took notice of them, and spoke to them, they answered me rather roughly, and thought I meant to insult them. I however persisted in my endeavours to become agreeable, and soon found the truth of an observation I had often made—that people of exalted rank are anxious to keep their inferiors at a great distance, as if they could lose their dignity by coming near them. It is a pitiful wantonness or pretence to sense, which induces any person to become familiar with an inferior, and afterwards, without cause, treat him with neglect or contempt. I know that we are not, we cannot, be all equal; but whoever intends to acquire respect by keeping people at a distance, I consider a coward, who hides himself lest he should be unable to stand before his adversary. The last time I was at the fountain, I found a young woman upon the steps, with

her pail beside her, waiting till somebody came who might help to place it upon her head. 'Shall I assist you, my dear?' I said. 'O no sir!' she answered, colouring. 'Come, come, make no ceremony,' said I; and helped her to lift the pail. She thanked me, and went up the steps smiling.

LETTER VI.

May 17.

I have made a numerous acquaintance here; but have not been able to meet with any society. I do n't know what it is in me that can attract the inhabiants of this city; but they seek me, attach themselves to me, and are so earnest in their expressions of esteem, that I am hurt I cannot proceed with them in their own way, and I part from them with regret. You ask me what sort of people they are? Just such, my dear friend, as are commonly to be met with every where. Nature has produced man in the same state, but fortune has made immense differences. The majority are obliged to labour the greatest part of their time, merely to acquire a scanty subsistence; and the small portion that remains is so irksome that they use every method in their power to get rid of it. Such is the lot of man! There is, however, another class of people, in whose company I find frequent amusement, and with whom I sometimes partake of those innocent pleasures which ever afford gratification to the human mind. A cheerful meal, a neat table, where frankness and openness of heart excite hilarity; a walk, a dance, and other little amusements in their company, have the most wonderful effect on my disposition: but then it is necessary at those times, that I forget my talents, which then

lie dormant, useless; and which I am obliged to conceal from them. Alas! this idea sinks my spirits! and yet, my dear friend, it is the fate of all, who are like me, not to be understood. A few days since I met with Mr. V——, an accomplished young man, with a very pleasing countenance. He has lately arrived from the university of Upsala; and does not think himself a prodigy, tho' he cannot but perceive his superiority to numbers with whom he converses. He appears to be a man of greater application than genius. Having heard that I understood Greek and could draw, (two very extraordinary things in this country) he came on purpose to see me, and displayed his whole stock of literature, from Homer to Winkelmann, and from De Piles to Priestley; assured me he had read all the first part of Sultzer's Theory; and was in possession of a manuscript of De Heyne's on the Study of the Antique. I cannot help smiling while I write this: however I forgave him. I am become acquainted too with a very worthy man who is steward to the prince. His manners are marked with that frankness of heart and manly firmness which never fail to conciliate esteem. I am told that nothing is more pleasing than to see him surrounded by his family. He has nine children; and the eldest daughter is much talked of and admired. I have received a general invitation to his house, and purpose to embrace an early opportunity of paying my first visit. It is about a league and a half from hence, at a hunting-lodge which the prince gave him leave to inhabit after the loss of his wife, whom he loved extremely; and could not bear to continue in the steward's house, where she died. I have moreover met with some

ridiculous people; or rather they have put themselves in my way. Their manners are absurd, they disgust me with civilities, and their professions of friendship are insupportable. Adieu!

LETTER VII.

May 22.

That life is but a dream is the opinion of many; and it is also mine. When I see the narrow limits which confine the penetrating active genius of man; when I see that all his powers are wasted to satisfy mere necessities, the only end of which is to prolong a miserable existence: that our seeming care, with regard to certain enquiries, is but a blind resignation; and that we only amuse ourselves with painting brilliant figures and smiling landscapes upon the walls of our prison, whilst we see on all sides the boundary which confines us. When I consider these things, my dear friend, I am silent: I examine myself: and what do I find? Alas! more vague desires, presages, and visions, than conviction, truth, and reality: then all is chaos and confusion before my eyes; and, dreaming like others, I let myself be carried away by the stream. All pedants agree that children are ignorant of the cause which excites their will. But that the great children, as well as the little ones, should wander upon this earth, without knowing their original or destination; without any certain motive for their conduct, but guided, like them, by biscuits, sugar-plums, and rods; is what nobody is willing to acknowledge; and yet nothing, I think, is more evident. I foresee what you will say in answer to this; and I will allow that the happiest among us are those who, like children, think not of the mor-

row, amuse themselves with playthings, dress and undress their dolls, watch with great respect before the cupboard where mamma keeps the sweetmeats, and when they have obtained some, devour them with avidity and cry for more. These are tranquil days, and they are happy beings who can thus be content with trifles. Many also are to be envied, who dignify their paltry employments, sometimes even their passions with pompous titles; and who represent themselves to mankind as beings of a superior order, whose occupation it is to promote their welfare and glory. But the man who, conscious of his weakness, perceives the vanity of these things, sees with what pleasure the wealthy merchant increases the enormous bulk of his fortune; observes the overgrown citizen retire from the bustle of the town, and transform his little garden into an imaginary paradise; with what eager assiduity the poor man, tho' bending beneath the weight of his burden, pursues his destined course; and that all wish equally to behold the sun a little longer; he too may be at peace; he may enjoy tranquillity, for he creates in imagination a world of his own, and is happy by reflecting that he is so exalted an animal as man; he is conscious, however, that his sphere is dreadfully limited; yet the pleasing idea of liberty ever remains deeply impressed on his heart; that sweet reflection often recurs, and continually intimates, that he has the power of quitting his prison whenever confinement shall become insupportable.

LETTER VIII.

May 26.

You have been long acquainted with my partiality for particular spots; what preference I give to solitary scenes; how I make my arrangements, and settle myself in the enjoyment of them. I have found one here which entirely suits me. It is very delightfully situated upon the side of a hill, in a district called Walheim, about a league from the town. A path leading to it from the village commands a view of the whole country; and there is an extraordinary character of an old woman who sells wine, coffee, and tea, there; but what is better than all this, there are two lime trees before the church which overshadow a little green, the delightful scite of many rural habitations. I have seen few places more retired and peaceful. I send for a chair and table from the old woman's, and there drink my coffee, and read Homer. It was by accident that I discovered this place in one of my afternoon rambles. The day was fine, the peasants were all at work in the fields, the place was entirely deserted, except by a little boy about four years old, who was sitting upon the ground, and holding between his knees a child of about six months; he now and then pressed it to his bosom with expressions of love, and then with his little arms made a sort of great chair for it; and, notwithstanding the vivacity which sparkled in his black eyes, as they strayed about the green, he sat perfectly still, as if fearful to disturb his little charge. Quite delighted with the scene, I placed myself upon a plough opposite, and taking out my pencil experienced the most heart-felt satisfaction in sketching this affecting

picture of brotherly tenderness. I added some part of the surrounding hedge, the barn-door, and some implements of husbandry, which lay scattered without order. In about an hour I found I had made a drawing of great expression and very correct design, without any assistance from invention, or inserting any thing of my own. This has confirmed me in a resolution I had made before, to copy nature only for the future. Nature is inexhaustible; will always supply new subjects for the pencil and pen; and alone form the greatest masters. What is urged in favour of rules, is nearly the same as what is said in favour of the laws of society. An artist formed on them, will indeed never produce any thing absolutely bad or disgusting; as a man who obeys the laws and observes decorum, can never be a decided villain or intollerable neighbour; but after all that can be advanced in defence of rules, they tend to alter the true features and genuine expression of nature. You will tell me that they only lop off superfluous branches, and prevent deformities; but I maintain that they operate as restraints to genius, and, that the errors they correct would be less detrimental to the art, than the loss of those beauties which they destroy. Let us, my dear friend, compare talents to love. Let us suppose a man sincerely attached to a young woman, dedicating to her all his thoughts, paying her every possible attention, exercising his talents, wearing his health, lavishing his fortune, purely to convince her that she is the sole object of his affection. Then comes a man of cold and correct understanding; a man who acts perhaps in a public character; and this very respectable person says to him, 'my young friend, love is a natural passion,

but it should be kept within due bounds. Make a proper division of your time; devote the best part of it to business, and give your leisure hours only to your mistress; calculate your income, and out of the superfluity make presents to her, but let that be seldom, only from time to time, on her birth-day, or on such like occasions.' If the young man take this advice, he may be a very useful member of society, extremely serviceable to his superiors, but as to his love it is annihilated; and if he be an artist or a poet, his superior faculties are extinct. The torrent of genius would not be so confined in it's course; it's impetuous waves would rise and astonish us, but that cold and narrow-minded men have taken possession of the two shores. They have built houses and planted gardens upon it's banks; but they tremble for their paltry erections, and dig trenches, and make dams to prevent the danger which threatens them.

LETTER IX.

May. 27.

My enthusiasm, I find, made me fall into declamation and similies, and I forgot to finish my narrative. Enveloped in my ideas of painting, which I unfolded to you at large in my last letter, I sat for two hours upon the plough; and towards evening a young woman with a basket on her arm came running to the children, who were nearly in the same place. 'Philip, you are a very good boy,' she called out. I then advanced towards her, and enquired if she was the mother of those pretty children: she answered, that she was; she then gave the eldest a cake, and taking the little one up in her arms, kissed it with a mother's tenderness. 'I entrusted the young child

to the care of Philip,' said she, 'while I went to the town with their brother, to buy some bread, some sugar, and an earthen pot to make soup for Jenny (meaning the youngest). The rogues broke our pipkin yesterday, as they were quarrelling for some pudding that was left in it. I then enquired where her other son was; and while she was telling me that he was driving home two geese which had been feeding in the fields, he came skipping up to us, and gave Philip an osier twig. I continued talking with the mother, while she kept playing with the youngest child, whose eyes glistened with joy at her return, and found that she was the daughter of the schoolmaster of the village, and that her husband was gone to Holland, on the death of an uncle he had there. 'My husband feared that he might be cheated of the inheritance,' said she, 'for he had written, and received no answer to his letters; and so he went himself. I have not heard from him since he left me. God grant that no harm may have befallen him!' I parted from this woman with regret, but not till I had given her a creutzer to buy white bread for little Jenny, when she went next to town, and one to each of the boys; and so we parted. In truth, my dear friend, nothing is more calculated to appease a tumult of the senses, than the sight of such a tranquil being. She moves with a happy thoughtlessness in the limited circle of her existence; the past and the future give her no uneasiness; the present alone occupies her thoughts: day after day passes without disquietude; and the falling leaves raise no idea, but that of approaching winter. Since that first evening I have often visited the same place. The children are become familiar; I give them a bit of

sugar when I drink coffee; and at night they partake of my whey and bread and butter. On Sunday I regularly give them a creutzer; and if I am not there the old woman has orders to make the distribution. They are quite at their ease with me, tell me all they hear, and their simplicity pleases me. Their mother used perpetually to be calling out, and telling them they were troublesome. It was with difficulty I prevailed on her to let them act as they pleased.

LETTER X.

June 16.

Why don't I write to you?—Do you pretend to penetration and ask such a silly question? You might have supposed I was not unwell, but that—in a word, that I had found an acquaintance who is nearer to my heart—that I had found—I know not what I have found. To give you a regular account how I learnt to distinguish the most amiable of women, would be difficult. I am contented, therefore, happy; and, consequently, a bad historian. To say she is divine; to call her an angel, you will tell me, is what every body says of the woman he loves: and yet I cannot describe to you how perfect she is, nor why she is so perfect; nor how she has captivated all my senses. So much simplicity with so elevated an understanding; so mild, and yet so animated; a mind so placid and a life so active. But these are only the common-place phrases of abstract ideas, and do n't express a single trait of her character. At some future opportunity—but no, it must be now or never: for, between ourselves, I have, since I began this letter, been several times tempted to throw down my pen and fly to her: I had determined this

morning not to stir from home the whole day; and yet I am continually running to the window, to look if the sun be up. I was not able to hold out: I went: I am now returned; and, whilst I am eating some bread and milk, will write to you.

Nothing can be more affecting than to see her in the midst of her little family. But if I go on in this manner you will know no more at the end of my letter, than you did at the beginning. Be all attention then: for I shall endeavour to give my narrative some order, and enter into a great many details.

You may remember, that some time ago I informed you I had made an acquaintance with Mr. J——, the Prince's steward; and that he had invited me to visit him in his retirement, or rather in his little kingdom. I however neglected going from time to time; and perhaps should never have gone, if chance had not discovered to me the hidden treasure contained in those tranquil shades of happy obscurity. Some young men of the town had requested me to accompany them to a rural ball in the neighbourhood, in which I very readily joined. I accordingly engaged a partner who was possessed of some beauty, and an agreeable disposition, tho' endued with no peculiar attractions. It was agreed that I should take a coach, and with my partner and her aunt, call on Charlotte, who was to accompany us to the ball. During the conversation which passed in the vehicle, the young lady informed me we were to be in company with a very great beauty. 'You will now see a most charming girl,' said my partner, as we turned into the avenue which leads to the steward's house. 'And take care, sir, you do n't fall in love with her,' added the aunt. 'Why?' said I. 'Because she is already en-

gaged to a very worthy man,' she replied, 'who is now gone to settle his affairs on the death of his father, and solicit a very lucrative employment.' I heard this intelligence with perfect indifference, for I had been entirely inattentive to the sex, since the unfortunate loss of my Eleonora. When we arrived at the gate, the sun was sunk near the tops of the mountains, the air was heavy, and low black clouds seemed to be gathering upon the horizon. The women began to express their apprehensions that our journey would be interrupted; but, in order to cheer them a little, I put on a look of wonderful weather-wise sagacity, and assured them they had nothing to dread. I stepped out of the coach, when a woman came out and desired us to wait a minute for her mistress. I crossed the court, went up stairs, and, as I entered the room, I saw six children, the eldest of which was but eleven years old, all jumping about a young woman, very elegantly shaped, and dressed in a plain white gown with pink ribbons. She had a brown loaf in her hand, and was cutting slices of bread and butter, which she distributed in a graceful and affectionate manner to the children, proportioned to their age and appetite. Each held up it's little hand while the slice was cutting, thanked her with the most affecting simplicity, and ran to the door to see the company, and look at the coach which was come to take their Charlotte away. 'I hope you will excuse me,' said she, 'for having given you the trouble to alight, and am sorry to detain the ladies; but dressing, and some domestic arrangements, made me forget to give my children their accustomed meal, and they do n't like to receive it from any body else. I said something, but I do n't know what—

my whole soul was taken up in admiration of her air, her voice, her manner; and before I could recollect myself, she ran into an appartment for her gloves and fan. Whilst she was absent the little ones looked at me askance, and whispered to one another. I went up to the youngest, who has a most pleasing countenance, and asked some trifling questions, but the little rogue drew back to avoid me. Charlotte just then coming in, said, 'Lewis, shake hands with your cousin.' The little fellow then held out his hand very readily, and I gave him a kiss. 'Cousin!' repeated I, to the engaging Charlotte, as I handed her to the carriage, 'do you consider me deserving the happiness of being related to you?' She archly replied, 'O! I have a number of cousins, and should be sorry if you were the most undeserving of the set.' When Charlotte took leave of the children, she desired Sophy, who was the eldest, to take great care of them, and to go to her papa when he returned from walking. She told the little ones to mind their sister Sophy as much as if it were herself; and they all promised faithfully they would, except a little fair girl of six years old, who looked rather discontented, and said, 'Ah! but she is not Charlotte, for all that; and we would rather it were you yourself.' During this time the two eldest boys had climbed up behind the coach. At my request Charlotte gave them leave to go to the end of the wood, on condition that they would sit still and hold very fast. We had not long seated ourselves, the ladies had scarcely paid their greetings and salutations, and talked about the company we were to meet, ere Charlotte stopped the coach, and desired her brothers to come down. They would kiss her hand before they left her: the

eldest pressed it to his lips with all the tenderness of a boy of fifteen, and the youngest expressed much warmth and affection. She desired them to give her love to the children, and we then passed on. The old lady asked her if she had read the book she last sent to her. 'I cannot say I have, said Charlotte, 'and will return it. I confess it has not pleased me better than the first you sent me.' I was much surprised, when having asked her the title, she informed me it was the "Castle of Otranto." Penetration and sound judgment appeared in every thing she said: her observations were the result of reflection: I discovered new intelligence in every expression; encreasing rays of genius seemed to dart from every feature; and I perceived she had great satisfaction in finding herself understood. 'When I was very young,' said she, 'nothing afforded me so much pleasure as a romance. My delight was unequalled when I could retire on a Sunday afternoon, into some solitary corner, and read an affecting story of that kind. By degrees I lost a relish for improbable relations, and novels became more interesting. I then entered with my whole heart into the joys or sorrows of a Miss Jenny. "Grandison" and "Miss Harlow" have still some charms for me; but as domestic occupations prevent me from reading much, the books I do read should be suited to my taste. I prefer those authors whose subjects are adapted to my situation in life, that do not carry me to scenes in which I can have no interest; but such as describe the life I lead or wish to lead. They should be faithful copies of nature. I want such as remind me of my enjoyments, which are a source of satisfaction and delight.' The close of her observations occasion-

ed some emotion which I found it difficult to conceal, tho' it did not last long; for after she had given her opinion of a few more novels, amongst which she particularly noticed the "Vicar of Wakefield," with equal justice and discernment, I could not withhold from giving, with great eagerness, my own ideas on these subjects. Some time elapsed before I was sensible that we were in company, and had engrossed all the conversation. Charlotte addressed herself to the two ladies. The old lady looked at me several times with an air of raillery, which however I did not take much notice of. We then talked of dancing. 'If it be a fault to love dancing,' said Charlotte, 'I must own that I am extremely guilty; it is a most agreeable amusement to me. If I experience any unhappiness, I go to my harpsichord, play some of the lively airs I have danced to, and my uneasinesses are dissipated.' Only figure to yourself, my friend, this situation. My looks were stedfastly fixed on her fine black eyes, my attention so wholly engrossed by the strength and majesty of her ideas, as scarcely to hear the words which expressed them. At length the coach stopped; I alighted like one who dreams, and found myself in the assembly-room, without knowing how I came there. The company was numerous. They began with minuets. I took out one lady after another, and those who were most disagreeable and awkward, were most anxious to prolong them. Charlotte and her partner began an English country dance. You cannot conceive my delight when she came to perform the figure with us. You should see her: she seems to dance with all her heart and soul, as if she were peculiarly adapted for shining in this art. Her figure is elegance, lightness,

grace. I went up to her and requested she would favour me with her hand for the second dance; she politely informed me she was engaged, but promised herself to me for the third; telling me, at the same time, with the most agreeable freedom, that she was very partial to allemandes. 'It is the custom here,' said she, 'for every couple to dance allemandes together; but my partner is not much used to them, and will be very glad to be excused. I have observed the lady with whom you have just danced is in the same predicament; but from the manner in which you danced yourself, you must do the walse very well; so if it be agreeable to you to dance the allemandes with me, go and propose it to my partner, while I mention it to your's.' The matter was quickly settled; and it was agreed, that, during the allemandes, Charlotte's partner should attend on mine. We began; and at first amused ourselves with making every possible turn with our arms. What grace, what animation she displayed in every motion! When the measure changed, the different couples began to turn round each other like spheres, tho' the unskilfulness of the greatest part of them produced some disorder. We prudently kept aloof till the awkward and clumsy had withdrawn: when we joined, there were but two couples left. I never in my life displayed so much activity. I was in imagination more than mortal. To hold in my arms the most lovely of women; to glide with her round the room as if in air; lost to every other object;—by the way, let me tell you, I formed, at that moment, the determination, that the woman I loved, and with whom I had made engagements, should never dance an allemande with any other man; and may I perish if—

but you know what I mean. After taking a few turns round the room to recover our breath, Charlotte sat down, and I presented her with a few slices of lemon, all indeed that were left, which I took from the sideboard where they were making negus; she ate some with sugar and was refreshed by them. Politeness obliged me to offer some to the lady who sat next to Charlotte, and she very injudiciously took some. In the third country-dance we were the second couple. As I was turning my partner, and sympathizing in that pure and exquisite pleasure of which every motion of her arms and eyes was most strongly expressive, a grave middle-aged lady, whose agreeable countenance had before attracted my notice, looked at Charlotte and smiled; then holding up her finger in a threatening attitude, pronounced the name of Albert, in a very significant tone of voice. 'And who is that Albert,' said I to Charlotte, 'if I be not too inquisitive?' She was going to answer, when we were obliged to separate for hands six round at bottom; and, in crossing over, I thought she looked pensive. When she gave me her hand to lead outsides, I repeated the question with earnestness. 'Why should I conceal it from you?' said she, 'Albert is a worthy man to whom I am engaged.' Tho' I had before received this intelligence from the ladies in the coach, it appeared new to me; for my thoughts had been entirely engrossed by the object that, in so short a time, had become so dear to me, the idea had not once recurred to my mind. I became disconcerted, confused, wrong in the figure, and put every body out; but Charlotte, by pushing one, and pulling another, set us right again.

Whilst we were dancing, the lightning, which had

been seen some time in the horizon, and which I had declared to be only summer lightning, the mere effect of heat, became much more violent, and the noise of the thunder prevailed over that of the music. Three ladies ran out of the set; their partners followed; the confusion became general; and the violins stopped. It is remarkable, that when any distress or terror assails us in a scene of pleasure, it has a stronger effect on our minds than in any other situation; because the contrast makes us feel it more sensibly; or rather from our senses being more susceptible to all kinds of impressions, the change is more forcibly and quickly perceived. This may account, in some measure, for the extraordinary effects it produced on the ladies. One of the most courageous sat down with her back to the window and stopped her ears; another knelt down before her and hid her face in her lap; a third shoved herself between and shed abundance of tears: some insisted on going home; others, still more affected, did not attend to their indiscreet partners, who were stealing from their lips sighs which were addressed to heaven. Some of the gentlemen retired below stairs to smoke their pipes in peace; and the rest of the company very willingly followed the lady of the house, who had the good sense to conduct us to a room darkened by close window-shutters. We had no sooner entered, than Charlotte began to place the chairs in a circle, made us sit down, and proposed we should amuse ourselves with some trifling game, in order to pass away the remainder of the evening. The prudes began to draw themselves up and look prim, and more than one of the belles shewed an impatient eagerness in expectation that *forfeits* or some such

game would be proposed. After a warm debate, Charlotte proposed the game of *counting*, the laws of which she thus explained. 'Observe, I shall go from right to left; you are to count as you sit, one after another, from one to a thousand; and you must count as fast as you can. Whoever stops or miscounts is to have a box on the ear.' It was pleasant to see her move round the circle, with her arms extended. 'One,' said the first; 'two', the second; 'three,' the third; and so on, till Charlotte began to increase the velocity of her motion, and then they lost their order and mistook: one had a box on the ear for laughing, another for saying the wrong number. I had two for my share; and was pleased when I imagined them harder than the rest. A general confusion and laughter put an end to the play long before we had counted the thousand. The storm by this time had considerably abated; and the company had formed into little parties: Charlotte and I returned to the assembly-room. As we were going, she observed to me, 'The blows I inflicted made them forget their apprehensions. I was as timid, perhaps, as any of them; but by affecting courage to keep up the spirits of the company, I really lost my fears.' We went to the window, and heard the thunder roll at a distance; a soft rain watered the fields, and filled the air with the most delightful and refreshing odours. Charlotte reclined her head upon her arm; her eyes surveyed the extent of country that lay expanded before us; then raised them to the skies, then turned them on me. I saw a tear rest upon them. She placed her hand upon mine, and pronounced, in an emphatic tone, 'Klopstock!'*

* A German Poet.

the sound beat upon my heart; I was overcome by a torrent of unutterable sensations. I sunk under the oppression of them. I reclined my face upon her hand imprinted on it a fervent kiss, and wetted it with tears. When I raised myself, I looked stedfastly in her face. Her countenance had changed; her eyes were suffused with tears. Divine Klopstock! why didst thou not see thy apotheosis in Charlotte's eyes? And thy name so often profaned, why was it ever pronounced by any voice but her's?

LETTER XI.

June 19.

I have already forgotten where I broke off my narration; all I know is that it was two in the morning when I went to bed; and if I could have talked, instead of writing, to you, I certainly should have kept you till day light. I believe I did not tell you what passed in our return from the ball; and to-day I have neither time nor inclination. It was one of the most beautiful and serene of mornings. All nature seemed refreshed, and the rain still dropped from the trees. Sleep had closed the eyes of our companions: Charlotte asked me if I were not inclined to sleep too; and desired I would not put any restraint on my inclinations on her account. 'So long as those eyes continue open,' said I, looking stedfastly in her face, 'I cannot close mine.' We continued to converse till the carriage stopped at her door, which was gently opened by the maid; who, in answer to Charlotte's enquiries, told her that her father and the children were well and in bed. I took my leave, promising to see her again in the course of the day; and I kept my word. Since that

time the spheres have revolved unnoticed. I am regardless of day or night. The universe is lost to me.

LETTER XII.

June 22.

My days are undoubtedly as happy as those which are said to be reserved for the elect; and whatever may be my fate hereafter, I will never say that I have not tasted of happiness, and the purest happiness of life. You know my little retreat at Walheim; I am now entirely settled there: it is only half a league distant from Charlotte; there, secluded from the rest of the world, I enjoy myself, and all the pleasures of which a mortal is susceptible. When I selected Walheim for my recess, I little thought of it's containing such a treasure. How often in my long rambles have I passed by that rural habitation, which now contains the object of my anxious care; how often have I looked at it; sometimes from the lofty summit of the mountain, and sometimes from the meadow on the opposite side of the river.

Man, unconscious of the riches which surround him, extends his view beyond his native clime, and wanders in search of new discoveries. Wearied or unsuccessful, he recals his former habits, and his mind like a spring extended to it's utmost limits, inclines him to return to his former circle, and to enjoy that repose which activity and exertion have denied. I was exceedingly attached to this spot the first time I saw it. The splendid beauties of the valley; the wildness of uncultivated nature; the romantic appearances of broken hills, pointed rocks, little woods, and rivulets of water, interspersed with cottages and inclosures for cattle, render it one of the most charming places

you can imagine. And yet I returned dissatisfied. Alas! my friend, distance is like futurity; a darkness is placed before us; and, in reflecting on the latter, our mental perceptions are involved in obscurity. We are powerfully attracted by the varied scene as it is presented in prospect; pursue it's flitting objects with enthusiasm; and, after a tedious chace, find we have followed a shadow! In like manner, the most determined traveller, returns at length to his native country, and finds in his own cottage, in the circle of his family and acquaintance, that peace of mind, in search of which he had vainly traversed the whole suface of the globe. Here, secluded from the intrusions of the world, I lead a simple life. I rise with the sun, gather my own pease, and sit and shell them with Homer open before me. I then put them into the pot, place myself by the fire, make soup of them, and stir them as they boil. Reflections on the patriarchal life give me the most calm and agreeable ideas; and which I now realize as my own. I feel, my dear friend, the innocent and simple pleasure of the peasant, who sees upon the table the cabbage he has raised with his own hand; and who, while he enjoys his vegetable meal, remembers with delight the fine morning on which he planted it, the mild evenings on which he watered it, and the pleasure he had in seeing it grow and flourish.

LETTER XIII.

June 26.

The day before yesterday the physician of the town came to pay a visit to the steward. He found me upon the floor playing with the children; we were romping, and making a great noise. The doctor is very ceremonious, very formal, and very solemn; adjusts the plaits of his ruffles whilst he is talking with you, and draws up his chitterling to his chin at the conclusion of every speech. He thought this conduct of mine very much beneath the dignity of man. I perceived from his countenance he was much out of humour. I however disregarded his frowns, and continued to rebuild the houses of cards which the children had blown down. He told every body, on his return, that the Steward's children were spoiled enough before, but now Werter was entirely ruining them. You know I am fond of children, their manners affect me. When I observe in the little beings the seeds of those virtues and qualities which will one day be so necessary to them; when I see in the obstinate, all the future firmness and constancy of a great and noble character; in the capricious, that levity and gaiety of temper which will make them lightly pass over the dangers and sorrows of life; and when I perceive them all openness and simplicity, then I call to mind the divine words of our teacher, "If you do not become like one of these." When I consider that these children are to succeed us on the stage of life, and perhaps act a great, a superior, part, when we are no more, I cannot forbear regarding their embrio ideas, or lamenting our defective mode of education, which regards them as

subjects and vassals, and suffers them not to have any will of their own. Have we then none ourselves? and whence derive we this exclusive right? Is it because we are older and more experienced? Adieu! my dear friend; I know this letter has not trespassed on your patience; I am acquainted with your heart, and you know mine. Farewell.

LETTER XIV.

July 1.

Charlotte is gone to spend some time in the town: she is with a very deserving woman, whose physicians have resigned her to fate, and who desired to have Charlotte with her in her last moments. I know from experience she is capable of administering the most balmy consolation to the sick, for my heart is much diseased. I went with Charlotte last week to see the vicar of S——; at a small village in the mountains, about a league from hence. Her youngest sister was with us. We reached the place about four o'clock. When we came into the court, which is shaded by two fine walnut-trees, the good old man was sitting upon a bench before his door. As soon as he perceived Charlotte, he forgot his old age and his oaken stick, and, rising from his seat, began to advance towards her: but she ran to him, and having made him sit down again, she placed herself by his side. She then presented her father's respects, and played with the youngest of his children. I wish you could have observed her attention to this good old man and have heard her raise her voice because he was a little deaf, and tell him of young and healthy people who had died suddenly in the bloom of life, when it was least expected; commending the virtues

of the Carelstad waters, and approving his intention of trying their efficacy next summer, and assuring him he looked better than he did when she saw him last. During this time I paid my respects to his wife who is some years younger than himself. The old man seemed in high spirits; and, as I was admiring the beauty of his walnut-trees, which formed such an agreeable shade over our heads, he could not withhold giving us the history of them. 'As to the oldest,' said he, 'we do n't know who planted it; some say it was by one vicar, and some another; as to the youngest, it is exactly the age of my wife; it will be fifty years old next October; her father planted it in the morning, and towards evening she came into the world. He was my immediate predecessor here, and I cannot express to you how fond he was of this tree; and it is certainly not less dear to me. My wife was sat knitting upon a log of wood, under this very tree, when I first set foot in this court five and twenty years ago.' Charlotte enquired after his daughter: he said, she was gone with Mr. Schmidt into the meadows, to see the haymaking. He then resumed his history, and told us how he proceeded to insinuate himself into the good graces of the old vicar, and his daughter; how he became first his curate and then his successor. He had scarcely finished his story, when his daughter returned accompanied with Mr. Schmidt, and affectionately saluted Charlotte. She is a genteel, lively, brown girl; with whom, in the country, a sensible man might pass, his time very happily. Her lover, for such Mr. Schmidt immediately appeard to be, has an agreeable person, but was very reserved, and would not join in the conversation, notwithstanding

the utmost endeavours of Charlotte to urge him. I was uneasy at it, because I perceived by his countenance that it arose from caprice and ill humour, and not from want of talents. This opinion was, unfortunately, soon confirmed: for as we were afterwards taking a walk, I entered into conversation with the vicar's daughter, the countenance of this gentleman, which is naturally dark, became so gloomy, that Charlotte pulled me by the sléeve to make me desist. There is not any thing gives me more concern than to see men engaged in tormenting each other; particularly when in the flower of their age, in the very season of pleasure, they waste their few short days of sunshine in idle disputes; and only feel their error when it is too late to repair it. This idea rested on my mind; and during our collation, the conversation turning on the happiness and misery of human life, I could not help taking that opportunity to inveigh severely against ill-humour. 'We are apt,' said I, 'to complain that our days of happiness bear a very unequal proportion to those which are tinged with misery; and it appears to me that we have little cause of complaint. If our minds were always disposed to enjoy the good things which providence has granted us, we should always acquire fortitude sufficient to support the pressure of unavoidable evil.' 'But,' said the vicar's wife, 'we cannot always command our tempers; so much depends on the constitution; when the body is all at ease, the mind is so likewise.' 'Well, let us consider this disposition then as a disease,' I answered, 'and see if there be not a remedy for it.' 'That is more to the purpose,' said Charlotte, 'and I think a great deal may be effected in that way. For instance, when any thing

disturbs our temper, let us try to avoid it by setting about some active employ, or by having recourse to any amusement that has been observed to tranquillize the mind.' 'That is precisely what I meant,' I replied; 'ill-humour may be compared to sloth. Man is naturally indolent; but if he once overcomes that propensity, he goes on with alacrity, and finds a real satisfaction in being active.' The vicar's daughter listened very attentively, but did not say any thing. The young man objected, that we were not masters of ourselves, and still less of our feelings. I observed, 'the habit in question was a disagreeable one, and one that every body wished to get rid of; that we do n't know the extent of our strength till we have tried it; that the sick consult physicians, and submit to the most scrupulous regimen and the most nauseous medicines, to recover their health.' I perceived that the worthy vicar inclined his head to listen to our conversation. I therefore raised my voice, and addressing myself to him said, 'There is scarcely a crime, sir, which the eloquence of the pulpit has not been employed to suppress; but I do n't believe that any person has hitherto preached against the spleen.' 'It is for those who preach in towns,' said he, 'to discourse on that subject, for peasants are strangers to it, tho', indeed, it would not be amiss to do it here now and then, were it only for the benefit of my wife and the steward.' This made us all laugh, and so did he very heartily; but it gave him a fit of coughing which interrupted us for some time. Mr. Schmidt resumed the subject. 'You have made ill-humour a crime,' said he, 'in which, I think, you have exaggerated the matter.' 'Far from it,' said I; 'if what is pernicious to ourselves, and to others,

deserves the name of crime. Are we not unfortunate enough in not having the power of communicating happiness to each other, without attempting to deprive each other also of that satisfaction, which, left to ourselves, we might often be capable of enjoying? Where is the man who inherits ill-humour, and who hides it; who bears the whole burden of it himself, without interrupting the pleasures of those about him? Ill-humour arises from a consciousness of our own want of merit; from a discontent, concomitant with envy, and engendered by weak vanity. We dislike to see others happy, when their happiness is not the work of our own hands.' Charlotte looked me in the face, and smiled at the warmth with which I spoke; and a tear starting from the eye of the young woman, induced me to proceed. 'Woe be unto those,' said I, 'who employ their power over a heart, to deprive it of that simple innocent pleasure it is formed naturally to enjoy! No gifts, however sumptuous; no attention, however marked; can, for a moment, repair the loss of that native satisfaction, which the envy of a tyrant has destroy'd!'

At this moment, my heart was full; I could not proceed: some recollections pressed on my mind; and my eyes were filled with tears. 'We should every day say to ourselves,' I exclaimed, 'in the words of a celebrated Roman, *What good can I do for my friends?* We can only endeavour not to interrupt them in their pleasures, and attempt to increase their happiness by participation; for when their souls are tormented by a violent passion, when their hearts are rent with grief, we cannot afford them the smallest consolation: and when, at last, a fatal malady seizes the unhappy being, whose untimely

grave was prepared by thy hand; when, stretched out and exhausted, he raises his dim eyes to heaven, and the damps of death are upon his brow—then thou standest before him like a condemned criminal; thou seest thy fault, but it is too late; then thou art conscious of thy want of power; thou feelest, with bitterness, that all thou canst bestow, all thou canst do, will not restore the strength of thy unfortunate victim, nor procure for him a moment of consolation!' In pronouncing these words, the remembrance of a like scene, at which I had been present, obtruded, with all it's weight. I put my handkerchief to my eyes, and retired abruptly; nor did I recover myself till I heard the sound of Charlotte's voice, which called me to go home. As we walked back, with what tenderness she chid me! How kindly she represented to me, that I was too much affected with what I undertook. She urged, that the deep interest, and the heat with which I entered into every thing, would wear me out, and shorten my days! Yes, Charlotte, I will promise to take care of myself; I will live *for you.*

LETTER XV.

July 8.

What a child I am! why should I sigh with impatience to meet a single look? How can I be so silly? We have been at Walheim: the ladies went in a carriage, but alighted to walk. Whilst we were walking I thought the eyes of Charlotte—but I was mistaking—however I will tell you in two words, for I am half asleep. When the ladies went into the carriage again, young Welst, Selfstadt, Andran, and myself, were talking to them at the window; the young

men were gay, and full of spirits; I watched Charlotte's eyes; they wandered from one to another, but did not fix on me; on me who stood motionless, and who saw nothing but her. My heart was bidding her adieu a thousand and a thousand times, and she deigned not to give me a single look. The coach went off, and a tear was ready to start. I followed her with my eyes. She put her head out at the window and looked back. Alas! was it for me that she looked out? I know not, and uncertainty perhaps is my comfort. Good night! I perceive my own weakness.

LETTER XVI.

July 10.

You cannot imagine, my friend, how foolish I look in company, when her name is mentioned, when any one speaks of her, or when I am asked how I like her. How I *like* her! I detest the phrase. What must the man be who can barely *like* Charlotte, whose mind and senses are not captivated by her? How I *like* her! Some time ago, I was asked how I *liked* the poems of Ossian.

LETTER XVII.

July 13.

No, I am not mistaking—her eyes declare the interest I have in her heart. I perceive it. Yes, the information of my senses confirms the flattering idea, that she——dare I pronounce it? Yes, I will write the interesting words— SHE LOVES ME! Oh! how the idea exalts me in my own mind. How—yet, I may tell you, for you are capable of understanding me. How I honour myself, and cherish my being, since I am beloved by the dear girl. Am I too pre-

sumptuous! No, it is a consciousness of truth. And who—who shall supplant me in the heart of Charlotte? Yet when she speaks of Albert with respect and tenderness, I feel as one may suppose a man does who is degraded from his rank, deprived of his power, and compelled to deliver up his sword.

LETTER XVIII.

July 16.

How my heart palpitates, and the blood boils in my veins when by accident I touch her hand!—when my feet meet her's under the table, I draw them back with precipitation; but a secret power causes me to place them forward again, and my senses become disordered. She makes me her confidant; but little knows what torment she puts me to, by communications in which Albert has a share. When she places her hand upon mine; or, when, in the eagerness of conversation, she draws her chair near to me; and when I feel on my face her balmy breath, the sudden effect of an electrical shock is not more striking. Oh! this ingenuous confidence! If I should ever dare——O, my friend! you are acquainted with my heart—you know it is not corrupt: it is weak, indeed, very weak; and I fear that may he a degree of corruption. I look on her as sacred. In her presence I have no further wish; I desire nothing; but my soul becomes expanded beyond it's usual narrow limits. There is a favourite air of her's, which she plays on the harpsichord with uncommon energy: it is striking, touching, and yet simple. As soon as she begins it, care, sorrow, pain, all is forgotten. I think I perfectly comprehend all that is said of the magic of ancient music. At times, when I am ready to lay

down the burden of existence, she plays that air, and the darkness which hung on my intellects and clouded my brow, is dispersed, and I am restored to tranquillity.

LETTER XIX.

July 18.

What is the whole world to our hearts without love? It is the optic machine of the Savoyards without light. As soon as it is illuminated, the whimsical figures appear on the whitened wall; and if love only shew us shadows which pass away, yet still we are happy, when, like children, we are transported with shining phantoms? I shall not see Charlotte to-day; company, which I could not avoid, prevents me. I however sent the little boy who waits on me to ask her for the favour of the book she was reading last night, that I might at least have something which had been lately in her hands. I waited for his return with impatience. As soon as he had withdrawn I could not forbear kissing the book. The famous stone of Bologna, when placed in the sun, is said to attract it's rays, and retain them, so as to transmit a light a considerable time after it is removed into the dark. The book was just the same to me. The thought that Charlotte's eyes had dwelt on it's pages, that her fingers had turned over it's leaves, made it dear, and interesting to me.—I would not at that time have parted with it for a thousand crowns. Beware of laughing at me, my good friend; nothing which makes us happy is an illusion.

LETTER XX.

July 19.

When I awoke in the morning, I opened my win-

dow, saying, 'To-day I shall see her,' and looked at the sun. Yes, I shall see her, and I have no further wish to form during the whole day, all is included in that thought.

LETTER XXI.

July 20.

I cannot approve your scheme of sending me to the ambassador. I hate subordination and ceremony; and we all know too, that he is a hard disagreeable man; he tires one with forms. You say my mother is anxious to hear I am employed. The idea makes me laugh. Am I ever idle? And if I be but shelling peas and beans, it is in fact just the same. In this world our greatest portion is misery; and those who in compliance with it's customs, are accumulating riches, or acquiring honours, in my opinion, are madmen.

LETTER XXII.

July 24.

Since you are so much interested about my progress in drawing, I am sorry to inform you that I have of late drawn very little. I have had, indeed, an historical piece a long time before me, but I cannot get forward with it. I am more inclined to copy Nature; I understand her better; I am fond of copying her sublime parts; but my state of mind is such that I am incapable of the application and perseverance necessary to enter into the minute details, and express the smaller beauties of her appearance. My executive powers fail; I cannot make an outline; every thing seems to swim before my sight! I think I should succeed better if I were to attempt something in relief. If this indisposition last much long-

er, I will make a trial with clay or wax. I have begun Charlotte's picture three times, and three times have dishonoured my pencil. I am not as usual. Not long ago I was accounted happy in taking likenesses; I know not how it is, but, at present, my hand is quite out. I have, however, taken a shade of her, and must content myself with that.

LETTER XXIII.

July 27.

I have frequently resolved not to see her so often; but it is more easy to talk than to act. Every day I yield to the temptation, and when I return at night, I say to myself, I will not go to-morrow, but on the morrow I find myself with her again. Don't imagine, however, that reasons are always wanting. One evening she said, 'You'll come again to see us to-morrow:' how could I then avoid going? Another day the fineness of the weather invites me to walk. I therefore stray to Walheim; when I am there, it is but half a league farther, and I must needs walk forwards. I remember well my grandmother's story of the huge mountain of loadstone. When any vessel came within a certain distance of it, the nails flew to the mountain, and the unhappy crew perished amidst the disjointed planks.

LETTER XXIV.

July 30.

Albert is arrived. Were he the best and most perfect of men, and I in every respect his inferior, I could not endure to see him in possession of so many charms, so many excellencies. I have seen him, my dear friend; I have seen this happy husband: he is a hand-

some, well bred, worthy man, whom one cannot help liking. It was a fortunate circumstance for me that I was not present at their first meeting, it would have rent my heart; and he has been so kind as wholly to restrain his fondness for Charlotte in my presence. Heaven reward him for it! I cannot but esteem him for the regard he entertains for her. He discovers to me attention and marks of respect; but I am certainly indebted to Charlotte for them. Women always endeavour to keep up a good understanding between their friends: sometimes it does not succeed; when it does, they are sure to be gainers by it. I really cannot withhold my esteem for this man. The even tranquillity of his temper forms a striking contrast with the impetuosity of mine; and yet he has a good deal of feeling, and seems to know the value of that treasure which he possesses in Charlotte. He appears very little subject to ill-humour; which, you know, of all faults, is the one I am least inclined to excuse. He looks on me as a man of understanding and taste. My attachment to Charlotte, the deep regard I shew for every thing that relates to her, augment his triumph and his love. I will not enquire whether he may or not, in private, sometimes tease her with little jealousies; for, were I in his place, I should not be quite easy. Be that as it may, the pleasure I have enjoyed in Charlotte's company is at an end. Shall I call it blindness, folly, or infatuation? It wants no appellation; it is too obvious. Before Albert arrived, I knew all that I do at present; I knew I could have no pretensions to her, nor did I claim any; and yet here I am, like an ideot, staring with astonishment, because another has taken her from me. I reflect on my past folly; I hate

and despise myself; but I should despise him still more, who could enter into a grave argument in order to convince me that, since no remedy was to be procured, I should act with becoming resolution; and——but I cannot endure such vain reasoners.

Yesterday, after having rambled a long time in the woods, I returned to Charlotte's house. I found her sitting in the arbour at the bottom of the garden, with Albert by her side. I knew not what to do with myself. I was seiz'd with a species of frenzy, danced, sung, played the fool, and was guilty of a thousand extravagancies. 'For heaven's sake,' said Charlotte, to-day, 'let me beg of you, that we may have no more acting like that of last night; you are quite alarming in your violent spirits.' Between ourselves, my friend, I have lately undertaken to watch Albert's motions, and when he is engaged in business I run there, and am pleased when I find Charlotte alone.

LETTER XXV.

August 8.

Believe me, my dear friend, when I talked of a person who might advise me, and said, 'I cannot endure such vain reasoners,' I was very far from thinking that you could be one of them: but perhaps you are in the right. I will only make one objection. Of two opposite methods which are proposed, one seldom takes either; there are as many various lines of conduct and opinion as there are turns of feature in the human countenance. Give me leave, then to grant all your conclusions and contrive a middle way for myself, to slide between them. You say, that I either perceive a possibility of obtaining Charlotte, or I do not. In the first case, I ought to continue

the pursuit, and spare no pains or time in the accomplishment of my wishes: in the second case, you advise me to act as becomes a man, and cast aside an unfortunate affection, which will consume my strength, and end in despair. All this is very proper, my dear friend, and it is what may easily be said. Would you require of a feeble man, languishing under a low disease, which is fast and insensibly wearing out his constitution, that he should put an end to his miseries by a dagger or a pistol? Does not the same disorder which exhausts his bodily strength, deprive him of that firmness of mind which is necessary in the application of so desperate a remedy? But, as there is no end of comparisons, you might, in return, send me a simile of the same kind.—Who would refuse to lose a limb, rather than risk his life by deferring the amputation? Perhaps many would.—But,—I will desist. There are times in which I have resolution to go away, but I know not where to go.

LETTER XXVI.

August 10.

There seldom happens in the life of any one man so many agreeable circumstances as combine to promote the happiness of mine. Yet extrinsic advantages alone do not constitute that desirable state. Alas! I feel it strongly, that happiness depends entirely on the mind. To be considered as forming a part of the most amiable family in the world; to be loved by the father as a son, by the children as a brother, and by Charlotte —— and the worthy Albert, who studies, by every cordial affection, to make me his friend, and prefers me to every one but her.

I say, if this can constitute happiness, why am I not the happiest mortal existing? You would be very much pleased to hear us converse about Charlotte as we walk together. In fact, nothing can be more ridiculous than our connection; and yet when I reflect on it's nature and tendency, I am frequently softened even to tears. When he talks to me of Charlotte's most respectable mother; when he describes her last moments, and that most affecting scene, in which she gave up to her daughter the care of her children and family; when he relates how this amiable and dutiful child immediately assumed another character; what a skilful economist, an active housewife, and what a tender mother she became; every day displaying all these qualities, and yet preserving her agreeable cheerfulness and vivacity; I walk by his side, pick up flowers by the way, and arrange them with great care in the form of a nosegay; I examine it as I walk, and then cast it into the first brook I come to, watching it gently glide down the stream and sink.
I do not recollect whether I told you that Albert is to settle here. He is much esteemed at court, and has obtained a place which brings in a considerable salary. I have seen few men so punctual and methodical in business.

LETTER XXVII.

August 12.

Albert is certainly one of the best of men. We had yesterday a very singular conversation together, which I will relate to you. I went to take leave of him; for I had determined to spend some days in the mountains, from whence I now write to you. As I was walking backwards and forwards in his appart-

ment, I observed his pistols. I asked him to lend them to me for my journey. 'You are very welcome to them,' said he, 'if you will take the trouble of loading them, for they are only hung there out of form.' I took them down, and he continued, 'ever since I had like to have suffered for my precaution, I have left off keeping loaded fire arms.' I desired him to tell me what the accident was. 'I was at a friend's house in the country, some time ago,' he replied, 'and had always slept in perfect tranquillity, tho' my pistols were not loaded; but the thought occurred to me, as I was sitting, in an indolent humour, one rainy afternoon, that it was possible the house might be attacked in the night, and robbed, and that the pistols might be useful, and that we might—in short, you know how one goes on when one has nothing better to think of. I therefore gave them to my servant to clean and load. He was thoughtlessly trying to frighten the maid, when one of the pieces went off; the rammer was in; it went against the girl's hand and tore off her thumb. You may imagine the lamentations and noise we had, and moreover a surgeon's bill to pay. Since that accident I have never kept any loaded fire-arms in my house. Vain, indeed, is all the precaution of man; alas! my friend, he cannot foresee or avert the dangers which impend over him!' I like every thing in this man except his perpetual *indeeds*; and yet every rule, you know, has it's exceptions. Nothing can exceed the correctness of Albert's behaviour. He is besides so ingenuous, and so fearful of giving offence, that whenever he thinks he has advanced a doubtful or too general an assertion, he never ceases to moderate, and qualify, and extenuate, till at length it appears that

he has said nothing at all. On the present occasion, he became, according to his custom, deeply immersed in his text. His words were unimportant to me, I no longer attended to him; but lost myself in reflections of my own. In my reverie, I put the mouth of the pistol to my forehead. 'What do you mean?' cried Albert, snatching the pistol from my hand. 'Why, it is not charged,' said I. And tho' it be not,' he answered, with impatience, 'what do you mean by it? I cannot imagine how a man should be so mad as to shoot himself, and the very idea of it makes me shudder.' 'Pray, sir,' said I, 'how is it possible that any person, when speaking of an action, can with justice pronounce, without hesitation, that it is mad, or wise, or good, or bad? What can such rash decisions mean? The interior motives of the action should rather be carefully examined.—The reasons which gave it birth, and which made it necessary, should be fairly unfolded. If you had done this, your decision would have been less abrupt.' 'However,' said Albert, 'you must own that some actions are criminal in their nature, from whatever motives they proceed.' I shrugged up my shoulders in assent. 'Still, my good friend,' said I, 'there are more exceptions to be made. Theft is a crime: but the man who is driven to it by extreme poverty, who takes from the superabundant wealth of his neighbour, with no other design than to save himself and family from perishing for want; must he too be punished? Is he not rather an object of our compassion? Who would throw the first stone at a husband, who, in the height of just resentment, sacrificed a faithless wife, and her insidious seducer? Or what person would be daring enough to stand

forth the accuser of a youthful maiden, who in a moment when the impulses of nature rose superior to the restraints of prudence, and her whole soul melted into love, falls a victim to the fascinating arts of an unprincipled seducer? Our very laws, in such cases, pedantic, cold, and cruel as they are, relax their severity, and withdraw their punishment.'

'These examples are not to the purpose,' said Albert; 'because a man, under the influence of a violent passion, is incapable of reflection, and is looked on as a drunkard or a madman.' 'O! ye men of cool reflection and sound understanding,' I replied, smiling, 'you are very ready to pronounce sentence, and talk of irregularity, and madness, and intoxication; you are calm and immovable; you avoid the drunken man and detest the extravagant; you pass on the other side like the Priest, and like the Pharisee, you thank God that you are not like one of them. I have more than once experienced the effects of drinking; my passions, at those times, have bordered on extravagance, and I am not ashamed to own it. In truth, has not every man of superior talents, who has done any great or extraordinary action, ever been treated as intoxicated or mad? Even in private life, if a young man do any thing uncommonly noble and generous, the world immediately says, he is out of his senses. Take shame to yourselves, ye people of discretion; take shame to yourselves, ye sages of the earth!' 'There now, this is one of your extravagant flights,' said Albert; you are perpetually going beyond the mark; and here you are most undoubtedly in the wrong, to compare suicide, which is the subject in question, with great actions; for it can only be looked on as a weakness.

It is much easier to die than to bear a life of misery with fortitude.' I was on the point of breaking off the conversation; for nothing deprives me sooner of patience than to hear common-place opinions, which mean nothing, whilst I am pouring out my soul in fervent ideas. However, I checked my rising indignation; for having often heard this pitiful argument, I am become accustomed to it. But I answered with some warmth, 'you call suicide a weakness; beware of being carried away by sounds! If a nation, groaning under the iron hand of oppression, were at last to throw it off, and break their chains, would you call them weak? The man who to save his house from flames which have already invaded it, exerts all his strength, carries burdens with ease which he could scarcely move when his mind was at peace; he who, rendered furious by insult, attacks and puts to flight half a score of his enemies; can these men be accused of weakness? My worthy friend! if resistance be an indication of strength, can the highest degree of resistance be called a weakness?' Albert hesitated; looked at me stedfastly; and said, 'Begging your pardon, I think all the examples you have brought are quite inapplicable to the subject in question.' 'That may not be wholly improbable,' I answered, 'for I have often been told, that my way of combining things appeared absurd. Let us attempt then to represent this matter in a different light. Let us enquire what is the situation of a man who resolves to lay down the burden of life—a burden that is in general so much desired—and let us enter into his sympathies; for we cannot otherwise reason fairly on the subject. 'Human nature,' I continued, 'has certain limits; there is a degree of

pleasure, sorrow, and pain, which it can support; but beyond that degree it is annihilated. We are not, therefore, to enquire whether a man be weak or strong, but whether he be able to sustain the portion of mental or corporeal evil, which has fallen to his share. It certainly is as absurd to say, that a man who terminates his own existence is a coward, as to call a man a coward who dies of a malignant fever.'

'Paradox! all paradox!' exclaimed Albert. 'Not so paradoxical as you imagine,' I replied: 'you must allow that we call a disease mortal, by which nature is so severely attacked, and her strength so far exhausted, that what remains is not sufficient to put her machinery again in motion. Let us apply this to the mind, and examine how impressions fix on it, and how ideas operate, till at length a violent passion takes entire possession, destroys all the powers it inherited before, and entirely subdues it. It is in vain that a man of sound understanding and cool temper sees the miserable situation of a wretch in such circumstances; it is in vain that he gives him advice; for he is in the situation of a man in health, who sits by the bed of his dying friend, without being able to communicate to him the smallest portion of strength.'

Albert thought this reasoning too general. I adduced the instance of a young girl who had lately drowned herself, and made him recollect her story. 'An innocent young creature, so accustomed to the narrow sphere of domestic labour, and the daily occupations of ordinary life, that her greatest pleasure consisted in taking a walk in the fields on a Sunday, dancing perhaps once in the holidays, and the rest of her time talking with her next neighbour about the news and little quarrels of the village. At length

her heart feels hitherto unknown wishes; her former amusements afford no gratification; they grow insipid. She accidentally becomes acquainted with a man, to whom a new affection imperceptably attaches her. From that time her hopes are all concentred in him; she is inattentive to the whole surrounding world; she sees, hears, desires nothing but him; and he alone occupies all her thoughts. Simple, unsuspicious, and ignorant of the baneful pleasures arising from light vanity, her wishes tend immediately to the object of them; she hopes to belong to him, and in eternal bonds expects to enjoy all the desires of her heart, and to realize the ideas of happiness which she has formed. His ardent vows and repeated promises confirm her hopes; his fondness encreases her passion; the joys of anticipation overwhelm her with delight. At length, she stretches out her arms to embrace the object of her affections—the delusion vanishes—her lover has forsaken her! Amazed! petrified! she stands senseless before the abyss of misery which she sees encompasses her; all around is darkness; for her there is no prospect, nor hope, nor consolation: she is forsaken by him in whom her life was bound up. The wide universe is to her a vacuum. Among so many who might repair her loss, she feels alone, and abandoned. Thus blinded, thus impelled, by the piercing grief which wrings her heart, she plunges into the watery deep; it's surface is for a moment ruffled; it closes over her; and her torments are at an end. Such, Albert, such is the history of many men. And is not the case parallel with that of illness? Nature had no way to escape: her exhausted powers were unable to contend with increasing torment, and death became the consequence. Woe unto that man

who can hear this situation described, and can say, "A foolish girl! why did she not wait till time had worn off the impression? her despair would then have been softened, and she would have found a new lover to comfort her." One might as well say, "An ideot! he died of a fever! Why did he not wait till his blood was cool,—till he had recovered his strength? then all would have been well, and he would now have been alive!"' Albert, who did not allow the comparison to be just, made many objections: amongst the rest, that I had only brought the example of a simple and ignorant girl; but he could not comprehend what excuse could be offered for a man of sense and education, whose views being more enlarged, render him capable of discovering greater sources of consolation.' 'My good friend,' said I, 'whatever be the education of a man, whatever be his understanding, still he is not more than man; and the reason he possesses, either does not act at all, or acts very feebly when the passions are let loose, or rather when the boundaries of human nature close in on him.—Nay more'——I recollected myself, broke off abruptly, said, 'we will talk on this subject another time,' and took up my hat. Alas! my heart was full. We parted without conviction on either side. How rarely do men understand each other!

LETTER XXVIII.

August 15.

It is certain, that what renders men necessary to each other, is a similarity of taste and sentiment. I perceive that Charlotte would not lose me without regret; and as to the children, they every day ask me to come again on the morrow. I went this after-

noon to tune Charlotte's harpsichord: but I was prevented from completing it by the children; for they all gathered about and joined in desiring I would tell them a story. Charlotte too was desirous that I should please them; so I related them my best tale of "Henry and Peter; or the Effects of Presumption and Inexperience." You cannot think how I myself am improved by this exercise, and am surprised at the impression that moral tales, adapted to the understandings of children, make on their minds. If I repeat a story that I have told them before, and omit any particular incident, or invent an additional one, the little rogues do not fail to tell me, 'it was not so the first time;' so that I now endeavour to relate them invariably in the same manner; and even to observe, as nearly as possible, the same tone of voice. From hence I perceive that an author may injure his works by altering them even for the better. First impressions are readily imbibed, and fix most deeply, whether they owe their force to reason or credulity. Whoever afterwards endeavours to efface them will seldom succeed, and never meet with commendation.

LETTER XXIX.

August 17.

Is it necessary that what at one time constitutes the happiness of man, should change and become the source of his misery? That ardent sensibility which animated my heart with joy at the contemplation of nature, which poured on my senses a torrent of delight, and raised an imaginary paradise around me, is now become an insupportable torment, a demon which pursues and harrasses me incessantly. In times past, I contemplated, from the tops of high rocks, the

broad river, which, far as eye could reach, watered the fertile plain. Every thing put forth, and grew, and was expanded. Around me all was in motion. I saw the mountains covered to their summits with high and tufted trees, and the vallies in their various windings sheltered by smiling woods; the peaceful stream gently glided through the trembling reeds, and in it's calm surface reflected the light clouds, which a soft zephyr kept suspended in the air. I heard the birds animating the woods with their song. Millions of insects danced in the purple rays of the sun. The arid rock afforded nourishment to the moss, and the sands below were covered with broom. The vivifying heat which animates all nature, was every where displayed before my eyes; it filled and warmed my heart. I was lost in the idea of infinity. Stupendous mountains encompassed me; precipices were before my feet; torrents fell by the side of me; impetuous rivers ran through the plain; rocks and mountains resounded from afar; and in the depths of the earth I saw innumerable powers in motion, and multiplying to infinity. All the beings of the creation, of a thousand tribes and a thousand forms, move upon the earth and in the air; and man hides himself in his little hut, and, vauntingly cries, "I am lord over this vast universe." Weak mortal! all things appear little to thee, because thou art little thyself. Craggy mountains, deserts untrodden by the foot of man, even the unknown confines of the immense ocean, are animated by the breath of the Eternal, and every atom to which he has given existence and life, finds favour in his sight. Ah! how often, at those times, has the flight of a sea-bird, which passed over my head, inspired me with a desire to traverse the in-

finite extent of space; that I might transport myself to the regions of eternal happiness; there to drink the pleasures of life, from the cup of Omnipotence; and to taste, if but for a moment, of the beatitude of the Creator, *in whom we live, and move, and have our being!* The bare recollection of these times still gives me pleasure: the vehemence of mind with which I recal the sensations that give me faculties to express them, raises me above myself and makes me doubly feel my present anguish. The curtain drops, the scene is changed; instead of prospects of eternal life, a bottomless pit is for ever open before me. Can we say of any thing that it exists, when all passes away, when time in it's rapid progress carries every thing with it, and our transitory existence, hurried along by the torrent, is either swallowed up by the waves or dashed against the rocks? There is not a moment which does not prey on me, and on all around me; and every moment I am destined to be a destroyer. The most innocent walk deprives of life thousands of inoffensive insects: one step destroys the curious fabric of the industrious ant, and changes a little world into a chaos. It is not the great and uncommon calamities of the world, the floods which sweep away whole villages, the earthquakes which swallow up our towns, that touch and affect me. What saps my heart, is that hidden, destructive power, which exists in every thing: the most compact bodies, the substances of the firmest texture contain the principles of their own dissolution. Nature has formed nothing which does not consume itself, and every thing that is near it: so that, surrounded by earth and air, and by an infinitude of active powers, I wander with an aching

heart; and the whole universe appears to me a frightful monster, eternally occupied in devouring and regorging.

LETTER. XXX.

August 20.

It is in vain that I stretch out my arms towards her, when I awake in the morning, after the ill omened visions of night; it is in vain that I seek her, when a pleasing dream has happily deceived me and placed me by her side in the fields, when I held her hand and pressed it to my lips: alas! while yet half asleep, I still fondly imagine I touch her, but when I awake entirely—tears flow from an oppressed heart; and, bereaved of all consolation, I weep over the woes to come.

LETTER XXXI.

August 22.

I am of late exceedingly altered. My active faculties have degenerated into uneasy indolence. I am listless—indifferent to every thing—and yet I cannot remain idle. I am unable to think—reflection harrows my soul. I am insensible to the beauties of nature, and books are disgusting to me. I have given myself up entirely to one object of contemplation, and every other faculty is grown torpid. I often wish I were a mechanic; for then, when the morning came, I should have some pursuit for the day; or, at least labour would divert expectation and anxiety. I often envy Albert, when I see him buried in a heap of papers and parchments; and I say to myself, if I were in your place I should be happy. Impressed by this notion, I have often thought of writing to the minister for the place which you have assured me I might obtain. I really believe I might have it; for

he has long shewn a regard for me, and has often told me I should seek some employment. But when I reflect, that if I suffer myself to be trammeled in the routine of office, I may repent the sacrifice of liberty. I say, when this reflection occurs, I know not on what to determine. Do not mistake me, my dear friend, this desire of change is not the consequence of a restless spirit which would equally pursue me in every situation; but to a desire to try if occupation and change would not tend to divert me from reflections on my wretched destiny, and soften the rigours of fate.

LETTER XXXII.

August 28.

If my misfortune could admit of any cure, I should certainly find it here. This is my birth-day. This morning I received a small parcel from Albert. It had been directed by the hand of Charlotte:—on opening it, I found one of the knots which she had upon her sleeve the first time I saw her, and which I had several times asked her to give me. Albert had inclosed two volumes in 12mo. of Wetstein's Homer, which I had long wished to have, the Ernesti edition being inconvenient to carry with me when I walked out. You see how they anticipate my wishes; how well they understand those little attentions of friendship, infinitely superior to the ostentatious presents of the great, which are always humiliating. I kissed the sleeve-knot in raptures, for it recalled the memory of happy days—days which can never return. Such, my friend, is our fate. I do not murmur at it. The flowers of life are of transient duration. Many of them fade ere they are mature, and leave no trace behind! How few are succeeded by fruit,

and the fruit how rarely does it ripen! And then, too often, alas! that little which has ripened and remains, is suffered to perish and decay! Adieu! The weather here is delightful. In Charlotte's orchard I often climb into a tree, and chuse pears for her, while she stands under it and catches them as I let them fall.

LETTER XXXIII.

August 30.

Wretch that I am! do I not take pleasure in deceiving myself! and am I not without understanding? I address no prayers but to Charlotte; my imagination sees nothing but her; all that surrounds me is of no account, but as it relates to her. In this state I enjoy some happy hours, till obliged to tear myself from her presence; which, alas! the strong emotions of my heart often render necessary. Sometimes, when I have been sitting by her two or three hours, quite absorbed by her manners, her intelligence, her various endowments, so congenial to my own, ideas by degrees steal on my senses, by which I am wrought up to madness.

LETTER XXXIV.

September 2.

I will go. I was in doubt, but you have determined me. My dear friend, I thank you sincerely. I have, for a fortnight past, been resolved to quit this place. It must be so. She is gone to the town, and is at the house of a friend. Albert is with her—and ——but I must, I will, go from hence.

LETTER XXXV.

September 3.

What a night, my friend, has been the last! But

it is over, and I can henceforth endure any thing. I shall see her no more. No, I shall see her *no more.* I am waiting for day-light, and shall then set out—but where can I go beyond the reach of myself? Charlotte is now at rest; she does not know that she will never see me more. I tore myself away; and had the resolution not to betray my intention during a conversation which lasted two hours. Albert had promised to meet me in the garden, with Charlotte, immediately after supper. I was standing upon the terrace, under the thick chesnut trees, looking at the setting sun; which my eyes, for the last time, saw descend beneath this delightful valley. I had often visited the same spot with Charlotte, and contemplated with her the same enchanting prospect. I repeatedly traversed this walk, so dear to me. A native sympathy had often detained me there, before I knew Charlotte; and we were pleased, when in the dawn of our friendship, we discovered in each other a parity of sentiment, and a predilection for this place. Under the chesnut-trees there is an extensive view—but I remember to have mentioned this to you before, and described how high copses enclose the end of it; how the walk through the wood becomes darker and darker, till it ends in a recess, formed by the thickest trees, and which has all the charms of gloomy solitude.—I still remember the tender melancholy which came over my heart the first time I entered this silent deep retreat. Perhaps it was a secret foreboding that it would one day become the scene of my happiness and of my torment. After passing half an hour in expectation, I had fallen into painful reflections on the uncertainty of human happiness, when I heard them walking up the terrace. I ran to meet

them, and, shuddering, I took Charlotte's hand and kissed it. Having reached the top of the terrace, we descried the moon, rising behind the wild shrubs that deck the mountain's top. We conversed on various subjects till we found ourselves at the dark end of the avenue. Charlotte entered my favourite recess, and sat down. Albert placed himself on one side of her, and I on the other. But my agitated mind would not suffer me to rest. I arose, stood before her, walked backwards and forwards, and sat down again;—my faculties were violently perturbed. Charlotte made us observe a fine effect of moonlight, at the end of the wood, which appeared the more striking and brilliant from the darkness which surrounded the place in which we were seated. The profound silence of the night, and the solemnity of this interview were particularly adapted to my situation of mind. But the unknown and dark envelope of futurity distracted me. We remained for some time in profound silence. Charlotte at length said, 'Whenever I walk by moonlight, I think of those who were dear to me, and who are no more; and I reflect on death and a future state. Yes,' continued she, 'we shall certainly exist hereafter; but, shall we find each other out? shall we know each other? Werter! what presages have you? What is your opinion?' 'Charlotte,' said I, holding out my hand to her, my eyes full of tears, 'I hope we shall meet again, both here and hereafter.' I could say no more. Ah! how could she put such a question to me, when the thoughts of a long separation was tearing my heart? 'Oh,' continued Charlotte, 'that those persons who have been dear to us did but know that we recal their memories with ten-

derness, and recollect the happy times which are past. I imagine the shade of my mother hovers round me, when in a serene evening I sit in the midst of her children—when they are assembled about me, as they used to be assembled about her! I hope she sees that I fulfil the promise which I made to her in her last moments, of being a mother to them! A hundred times I have exclaimed, 'Pardon, dearest of mothers, pardon me, if I am not to them all that you were! God knows, that I do all I can; they are properly clothed and fed; nay, more, they are well educated and beloved! If you could behold our mutual attachment, the harmony that subsists among us, you would give thanks to that being to whom, dying, you addressed such fervent prayers for our happiness.'' She said more than this, but it is impossible to do justice to her expressions; how should cold and unfeeling characters be affected by the effusions of genius! Albert gently interrupted her. 'My dear Charlotte,' said he, 'you are too much affected. I know these recollections are dear to you, but I intreat you not to pursue them.'—'Oh, Albert!' said she, 'I know you have not forgotten those tranquil evenings when, during the absence of my father, and when the children had retired to rest, we used to sit round our little table. You often had a book in your hand, but you seldom read any;—and who would not have preferred the conversation of that intelligent woman, to every gratification in the world! The benevolence of her mind corresponded to the placid serenity of her countenance; and her activity in the discharge of her domestic duties was invariably marked by cheerfulness and content. God knows how often I have humbled myself

before him, and prayed that I might be like her.' I threw myself at her feet; I took her hand, and wetting it with my tears exclaimed,—'Charlotte! Charlotte! the benediction of heaven is upon you, and the blessings of your mother ever attend you.'—'Werter, of you had but known her,' she said, and pressed my hand,—'she was worthy even of your acquaintance.' I was motionless; never had I received praise so flattering. 'And this charming woman,' she continued, 'died in the very flower of her age; the youngest of her children but six months old. Her illness was short, but she was resigned and calm; the only anxiety she experienced, arose from her concern for the fate of her children, and more particularly for that of the youngest. When she found her exit drawing near, she bade me bring them to her. I brought them, and they stood by her bed side. The little ones were not sensible of the loss they were going to sustain, but the great ones were quite overwhelmed with sorrow. I still see them round the bed. She raised her feeble hands, hung over them, and prayed God to be a father to them; she then kissed each of them, bade them all farewell, sent them away, and said to me, 'Charlotte! be you their mother!' I gave her my hand, in token of obedience. 'You promise much, my child, a mother's tenderness and a mother's care! But the goodness of your disposition assures me you will fulfil it. Shew the same kindness and affection to your brothers and sisters which you have ever shewn to me; 't is all I ask. To your father be dutiful and faithful as a wife, so will you be the comfort of his declining age.' She then asked for him. He had retired to resign himself to grief, and to conceal the

agonizing conflict. You, Albert, were in the room. She heard somebody move, enquired who it was, and desired you to come to her. She looked at us both with great composure and expressive satisfaction, saying, 'you will be happy; your union will constitute happiness!' At this part of Charlotte's narrative, Albert took her in his arms, and exclaimed, 'Yes, Charlotte, we are and shall be happy!' Her description was too affecting, even for the cold phlegmatic Albert, for he was moved. As for me, I was out of my senses. 'And this amiable and interesting woman,' she continued, 'was destined, Werter, to leave her family, where she was truly happy! Incomprehensible Providence! are the very objects we hold most dear, to be thus torn from us? The children, who were most keenly sensible of this calamity, cried and lamented for a long time afterwards, and said, that black men had carried away their dear mamma!' Charlotte now arose. I was rouzed; but continued to sit, holding her hand. 'We must, go,' said she, 'for it is late,' and attempted to withdraw her hand, but I held it fast. 'We shall meet again,' said I; 'we shall find each other out; whatever may be our state, whatever our form, we shall again know each other. I am going; I must go: yes; I am going from inclination: but if it were for EVER, the idea would be insupportable. Adieu, then, Charlotte! adieu, Albert!—But we *shall* meet again.' 'Yes, to-morrow,' added Charlotte, smiling. Charlotte's *to-morrow* struck on my heart. Alas! she scarcely knew when to withdraw her hand. They went down the avenue. I stood and looked after them, then threw myself upon the ground, violently agitated. After a short conflict, I arose, ran up to

the terrace, and under the shade of the lime-trees, could still discern her white gown waving near the garden-gate. I stretched out my arms towards her —but she disappeared.

LETTER XXXVI.

October 20.

I arrived here yesterday. The ambassador, is indisposed, and intends to remain here some days. If he were less peevish and morose all would go well. I perceive it, but too plainly, that fate has reserved me for severe trials; but I will not suffer my spirits to droop; with a little levity one may bear any thing. I cannot help smiling at the word which has just escaped me; a little of that *levity,* which I am totally without, would make me the happiest of men. And must I despair of my faculties and of the gifts of nature, whilst others, of far more inferior strength and talents, are parading before me, proud of their endowments? Almighty power! who hast given me the qualities I possess, why do I not inherit self-complacency and confidence? But patience, and all will, I hope, be better; for I acknowledge, my dear friend, that you were in the right: since I have been obliged to mix continually with other men; since I have had an opportunity of observing their designs, their behaviour, and their conversation, I am become more easy, and more satisfied with myself. As we naturally compare ourselves with every thing we meet, our happiness or misery depends on the objects we are conversant with. In solitude, our imagination, which is ever disposed to soar, feeds on fantastic images, and creates to itself orders of beings, of which man is the

last and most inferior. In this manner things appear of more importance than they are, and those seem our superiors who in reality are not. On the other hand, by directing our endeavours to some certain end, and steadily persevering in the pursuit, we shall often find, in spite of weakness and disappointment, that we have made more way by continually tacking, than others with all the assistance of wind and tide; and the judgment we form of ourselves, by comparison, will be true, whether we be equal or superior to them.

LETTER XXXVII.

Nov. 10.

I begin to think my situation more tolerable. I am much occupied; and the multitude of actors who surround me, and the different characters they perform, make a very amusing variety in the scene. I have made an acquaintance with Count C——, who daily gains on my esteem. He is a man of an extensive genius, and acute discernment; yet he is not, on that account, cold in his temper, or distant in his manner; his sensibility surpasses all his other qualities. He conceived a friendship for me the first time we met. I had some business to transact with him. He perceived we understood each other, which caused him to lay aside the ceremonial of form, and assume the most pleasing familiarity. His affability and candour afford me the highest satisfaction.. Indeed, I know not any thing capable of imparting greater pleasure to an ingenuous disposition, than the unreserved confidence of a great mind.

LETTER XXXVIII.

Dec. 24.

My fears are realized. The ambassador's conduct is really insupportable. He is the most punctilious blockhead I had ever the misfortune to meet with. He goes on, step by step, with the trifling minuteness of an old woman; and as he is never satisfied with himself, how is it possible he can be pleased with others? I like to go on with business regularly and with dispatch; and when it is finished that it should be finished. But when I present him a draught, he is capable of returning it, with 'It will do, but go over it again, there is always something to correct; one may find a better phrase or a properer word.' At those times I lose all patience. Not a conjunction, not one connecting word must be omitted; and as to the transpositions which I like, and which flow naturally from my pen, he is their mortal foe. If every sentence be not expressed exactly in the style of the office, he is quite lost. A man had better suffer martyrdom than have any connection with such a being! The friendship of Count C—— is my only consolation. He very frankly told me, the other day, how much he was displeased with the scrupulous circumspection and extreme tardiness of the ambassador. 'Men of his disposition,' said he, 'make every thing troublesome to themselves, and to all with whom they have any concern; but one must submit, as a traveller who is obliged to climb over a mountain; if the mountain were not in the way the road would undoubtedly be shorter and more convenient; but since it is there, it must be passed.' The old man perceives the Count's

partiality for me, which irritates his bad temper. He takes every opportunity to depreciate the Count, in my presence. I naturally undertake his defence, and his displeasure is increased. Yesterday, I perceived, that when he aimed a blow at my friend, he intended that it should also hit me.—'For the common affairs of the world,' said he, 'the Count may do very well; his style is good, and he writes with facility; but, like other great geniuses, he has no solid learning.' I longed to strike him; for to what purpose is argument with such kind of animal? However as that was not practicable, I was forced to content myself with telling him, with a considerable degree of warmth, that the Count was a man who had the strongest claims to respect, both on account of his understanding and character; that he was the only man I had ever met with, whose extensive genius raised him so high above the ordinary level, and yet was so complete an adept in all the minutiæ of business. This was algebra to his conceptions; and I withdrew while he was gaping for an explanation, lest some new absurdity should disturb me still more.

It is you who are the authors of my slavery; you, all of you, who forced me to bend my neck to this yoke of servitude, by continually preaching on the subject of activity. Activity! if the man who plants potatoes, and carries them to market, be not more usefully active than I am, then let me labour ten years longer at the cursed galley to which I am now chained! What splendid misery and disgusting lassitude are visible in the fashionable societies of this town! How the ambition of rank impels them to toil and watch for precedency!—Wretched and contemptible passion, which they have not the

sagacity to hide! There is a woman here, for example, who is perpetually endeavouring to entertain the company with long accounts of her family and possessions. If a stranger were to hear her, he would suppose her a weak creature, whose brain had been disordered by the unlooked-for bequest of an estate, or the unexpected devolution of a title: but what is most ridiculous, she is no more than the daughter of a steward's clerk in the neighbourhood. I cannot conceive how any human being can be so devoid of common sense, as to render herself such an object of contempt. Indeed, my friend, I perceive more than ever how absurd it is to judge of others by one's self. Since my own heart and imagination are so impatient of restraint, that it is with much difficulty I stop the ferment of my blood, and keep my heart at peace. I willingly allow others to pursue the paths they have chosen, and I desire them to permit me to move in mine. I am extremely dissatisfied with the ridiculous distinctions which prevail among the citizens. I know that inequality of condition is inevitable and necessary, and that I derive advantages from it; but I would never suffer it to operate as an obstacle to any earthly enjoyment. I have lately become acquainted with a Miss B——, a very agreeable girl; who has preserved the unaffected freedom of nature amidst the pride, formality and stiffness of those about her. The first time we met we were mutually pleased with each other's conversation; and, when we parted, I requested permission to pay my respects to her at home; which she granted with so pleasing a frankness, that I waited with impatience for the time to avail myself of it. She is not of this place, but re-

sides here at present with an aunt. The old woman's countenance was far from pleasing; however I paid her great attention, and often addressed myself to her. In about half an hour, I nearly guessed what her niece has since acknowledged; that in her old age, with a small portion of wealth, and still smaller share of understanding, she has no satisfaction but in running over a long list of her great ancestors; no protection but her noble birth, with which she surrounds herself as with a rampart; and no amusement but in standing at her window to look down with sovereign contempt on the ignoble heads which pass under it in the street. This ridiculous old woman appears to have been formerly handsome, but her life has been trifled away. Many a young man was the sport of her caprice; that was the golden age. When her charms had faded, she was forced to accept of an old officer, and be subservient to his rigid discipline; that was the age of brass. She is now a widow, and would lead a life of perpetual solitude, if the disposition of her niece was not amiable; this may be called the iron age.

LETTER XXXIX.

Jan. 8, 1772.

What men are these!—Their whole study is the science of forms. They employ their time and thoughts for a whole year, in meditating how they may advance nearer to the upper end of the table by one chair only. But do n't suppose them to be idle people; for, on the contrary, they increase their labours by giving to these trifles that attention which ought to be employed on important concerns. One day last week, a grand party was formed for an ex-

cursion upon the ice in sledges; but when every thing was ready, a dispute commenced on a point of precedency, and it ended by breaking up the party. What ideots! who are incapable of perceiving, that rank, in place or precedency, does not constitute true greatness. The man who occupies the highest station is often a mere cipher. Many a king is governed by his minister, and many a minister by his secretary. Who, in these cases, should be accounted the first and chief?—That man, certainly, whose merit is superior to his associates; and who is able to render their passions and power subservient to his own designs.

LETTER XL.

Jan. 20.

I now write to you, my dear Charlotte, while I am seated here in a little cottage, which has afforded me shelter from the violence of a storm. During my melancholy residence in the town of D——, among strangers—strangers indeed to my disposition—I was never inclined to write to you. But the moment I found myself in this solitary hut, whilst the snow and hail are driving against the window, I was restored to you and to myself. On my entrance, your image rushed on my imagination, and the remembrance of you filled my heart! Sacred remembrance! tender recollections! Gracious Heaven! restore to me that first moment in which I beheld you! O that you could but see me, my Charlotte, in that vortex in which I have been lately involved, where every thing dissipates, and nothing touches me! My senses are become callous; I never experience that fulness of heart which flows from excess of pleasure; nor do

I shed a single tear of sensibility or tenderness; the fountain is dried up. I stand motionless, as the astonished spectator of some curious piece of mechanism; in which puppets move before my sight, and I frequently question myself, whether the whole be not a visual illusion. The puppets become objects of my amusement; or I form the object of their's. I lay hold of my neighbour's hand, I feel that it is made of wood, and draw back my own with horror!

I have found but one being here who is of the same order with you,—a Miss B. She certainly resembles you, my dear Charlotte, if it be possible that any one can resemble you. 'Ah!' you will say, 'he has learnt to make elegant compliments.' And there is some truth in the remark. I have lately been exceedingly polite, not having it in my power to be any thing better. The women tell me I possess a great portion of wit, and that nobody understands better how to deal out panegyric—'and *lies*,' you will add, for one always accompanies the other.——But I meant to talk to you of Miss B. She has great sensibility, and a superior understanding, which beam from her fine blue eyes. Her rank is a burden to her, and gratifies no one propensity of her mind. She dislikes the frivolity of high life; and we often indulge ourselves, for hours together, in talking of happiness in retired and rural scenes. You are not forgotten in our conversations. She knows you, she does homage to you; and it is not exacted, for she loves you, and delights to hear me talk of you.

Oh! why am I thus distant from you! Why am I not seated with you in your favourite little room, and the children playing around us! If their noise became troublesome to you, I would tell them a story,

and they would croud about me with silent attention.

The sun is now setting; his retiring rays glisten on the snow which covers the face of the country; the storm has subsided; and I must return to my prison. Adieu! Is Albert with you? and in what capacity? Fool that I am, for having asked this question!

LETTER XLI.

Feb. 17.

The ambassador and I do n't seem likely to continue much longer together; the man grows really insupportable. His manner of transacting business is so truly ridiculous, that I cannot refrain from contradicting him; and frequently pursue the dictates of my own judgment, in opposition to his directions; which, of course, displeases him. Of this he has lately made a complaint to the minister, from whom I have received a reprimand; conveyed, indeed, in terms of mildness; but still it was a reprimand; and I had resolved to resign, when I received a private letter from the same hand—a letter which humbled me, and excited my adoration of the wise, the exalted genius which dictated it. He has employed the most sublime sentiments to correct my painful sensibility; and, with a candour which reflects the highest honour on his mind, bestows great approbation on my schemes; commends my activity, penetration, and influence, as springing from an ardent disposition, equally natural and becoming to youth. I am exhorted, not wholly to subdue my impetuous disposition, which carries me on too violently, but to soften it, and keep it within due bounds, that my abilities may have a fair field for exertion. Thus am I reconciled to myself, and encouraged to proceed a

little longer—at least for a week to come. Content, and peace of mind, are valuable acquisitions, my dear friend; but if they be precious they are also transitory.

LETTER XLII.

Feb. 20.

The benedictions of the Almighty attend you, my dear friends! and may he bestow on you that happiness which he has denied to me! I thank, you, Albert, for having deceived me. I expected to have been informed when the nuptials were to have been celebrated, and on that day had determined to take down Charlotte's picture from the wall, and to have buried it with some papers. You are now united and the picture is still there. Well, let it remain. Why should it not? Does not Charlotte find room for me in her heart? Yes, Albert, without an infringement of your rights, I hold, at least, a second place in that sacred repository of virtue, and no earthly consideration shall induce me to forego it. I should run distracted if I thought she could forget me—there is hell in that thought. Albert, farewell! Charlotte, most accomplished of women! farewell!

LETTER XLIII.

March 24.

I have written to court for permission to resign; and I sincerely hope to obtain it. You must pardon me for not having perviously consulted you. It is absolutely necessary that I leave this place; and I am aware of every thing you can urge to induce me to stay; but I was determined on the measure. I beg of you to soften this account, as much as you

can, to my mother, when you acquaint her with it. I am unable to do any thing for myself, how therefore can it be expected I can assist another? She will undoubtedly be grieved to find her son has stopped short in that career which would have raised him to the rank of a privy counsellor, or ambassador, and to see me thus returning to my original nothing. You may argue on the subject as long as you please, and combine all the reasons which should have urged me to remain, to no purpose, for I am resolved to go. But that you may not be ignorant whither, let me inform you that the Prince of —— is here, who having heard of my intention to resign, has given me a pressing invitation to pass the spring months with him, at his country house. He has promised to lay no restraints on me; and as we agree tolerably well, I shall venture to accompany him.

LETTER XLIV.

April 19.

I thank you for your two letters. I waited for my answer from court before I wrote to you. I was under continual apprehension lest my mother should apply to the ambassador, in order to defeat my purpose. However the business is done, and my dismission is in my pocket. I will not tell you with what reluctance it was given, nor what the minister wrote in his letter to me; you would only have fresh cause for lamentations. The hereditary Prince has made me a present of twenty-five ducats, accompanied with an expression that affected me almost to tears; my mother, therefore, need not send the money I wrote for.

LETTER XLV.

May 5.

I shall set out to-morrow; and as my native place is but six miles out of the road, I will pay a visit to it, and recal to my rememberance the days of my childhood, when care and sorrow were unknown. I shall enter at the same gate which I came through with my mother, when after my father's death, she left that delightful retreat to immure herself in your wretched town. Adieu, my dear friend; you shall have some account of my journey.

LETTER XLVI.

May 9.

I performed my excursion to the place of my nativity with the devotion of a pilgrim; and experienced many affecting sensations, which I little expected.

When I had approached near the large lime-tree, which stands about a quarter of a league from the village, I alighted from the carriage, and ordered the postillion to go on, that alone and on foot, I might more fully, and without interruption, enjoy the pleasures of recollection. I stopped beneath that lime-tree which generally marked the end of my walks. How things have since changed! At that period of happy ignorance, I languished after a world I did not know, in which I hoped to find all the enjoyments my heart often felt the want of. And now, that I am returned from that world, what, my dear friend, have I brought back? Disappointed hopes, unsuccessful plans. I beheld again that chain of mountains which had often excited the most pleasing sensations. I used to sit looking at them, for

whole hours, ardently longing to lose myself in those thick woods and valleys, which render the prospect so charmingly variegated; and when my leave of absence had expired, with what reluctance did I quit this favourite spot! As I drew near to the village, I recognized such of the gardens and summer-houses, as had been familiar to me. I disliked the new ones, and all the alterations which had been made since I was there. I entered the village, and once more felt myself at home. I shall not attempt to detail all the circumstances of this visit, because the trivial objects which were interesting to me, would prove tedious in the recital. I had determined to lodge in the market-place, near our old house. In going thither, I remarked that the school-room, formerly tenanted by a venerable matron, had become the habitation of an unlettered mechanic. I recollected the tears I had shed, the little anxieties and heart-achs I had suffered in that confinement. Every step was marked by some particular impression. No pilgrim in the Holy Land ever met with more vestages to attract his attention, or ever experienced stronger sentiments of devotion. I will mention one sensation of the thousand which I experienced.—Having followed the course of a little brook to a farm, which likewise was formerly a favourite walk, and where I and other boys used to amuse ourselves with making ducks and drakes upon the water. I was here most forcibly struck with what I then was; remembering how often I had looked at the water as it flowed, and formed romantic ideas of the different countries through which it was going to pass, till my imagination was exhausted and my mind bewildered in the contemplation of inaccessible

distance. Exactly such, my dear friend, were the sentiments of the proud lords of antiquity. And is not the style of Ulysses, when he talks of the immeasurable ocean, and of the unlimited earth, better adapted to the circumscribed faculties of man, than when, in this philosophic age, every school-boy thinks himself a prodigy of science because he can repeat, after his master, that the earth is round?

I am at present with the Prince at one of his lodges. He is a man of great candour and simplicity, and I am much pleased with him: what I dislike is his credulity, which urges him frequently to talk of things, that he has only slightly read or heard of, with the same degree of positiveness, as if his knowledge were derived from investigation and experience. I am sorry to say, that he values my talents and acquirements much more highly than the solidity of my judgment, and ardent love of virtue, which constitute my sole pride; from whence I derive all my perseverance, happiness, misery, and every thing—which makes me all I am, and are truly my own. Alas! the small portion of knowledge which I possess may be easily acquired by any one.

LETTER XLVII.

May 25.

I had formed a plan which I did not intend to communicate to you till it was accomplished. Now that it has failed, I may acquaint you with it. I had taken a resolution to go into the army, and it was my principal motive for accepting the invitation of the Prince. He is a general in the service of ——. I communicated my design to him in one of our walks. He disapproved of it, and assigned reasons, which it would have been madness to oppose.

LETTER XLVIII.

June 11.

Say what you please, I can stay in this place no longer. What should I do here? I am weary of it. The Prince, it is true, treats me in all respects as his equal; but still I perceive I am out of my sphere; our souls are not congenial. He has a good understanding, but it is quite of that common kind which affords me no better amusement than the perusal of a well written book. I shall stay here one week longer, and then return to my former itinerant life. What I have done best, since I came to this place, are some drawings. The Prince has some taste for the arts, and would have more if it were not cramped by scientific jargon and learned rules. When a glowing imagination is giving to art and nature the most lively expression, he will stop me with elaborate criticisms, on which he highly values himself. Then I frequently lose all patience.

LETTER XLIX.

June 18.

Whither am I going? I will tell you. I am obliged to continue here a fortnight longer; after that I intend to visit the mines of ——. But, to be sincere with you, this is a delusion. The real truth, then, is, I want to be nearer to Charlotte. Tho' I perceive this weakness of my heart, yet I cannot refuse to obey it's dictates.

LETTER L.

July 29.

Oh no; 't is well—'t is all well. I her husband!—

Eternal Power that gave me being, if such happiness had been reserved for me my whole life would have been one continued thanksgiving! But I will not murmur. These fruitless desires may be forgiven. What pleasure would it be to clasp in my arms the most amiable of her sex! My whole frame is convulsed when I see Albert put his arm round her waist.

I am certain, my dear friend, that she would have been happier with me than with Albert. He was not made for her. He wants sensibility or sympathy; he wants——in short, their hearts do not beat in unison! Ah! my dear friend, how often in reading to her an interesting passage, has an indescribable unison of sympathy and opinion been unfolded; how often have I perceived, that nature intended us for each other! Yet Albert loves her with his entire soul; and what does not such love deserve?

I have been interrupted by an insufferable visit. My sorrows are somewhat dissipated. Adieu!

LETTER LI.

Aug. 4.

I am not alone unfortunate. All mankind are disappointed in their hopes, and deceived in their expectations. I have been to see the good woman who lives upon the green near the lime-trees. The eldest boy ran to meet me; he screamed for joy, which brought out his mother. She looked much dejected. 'Alas! my good sir,' said she, 'our poor little John is dead.' He was the youngest of her children. I said nothing.—'And my husband,' she continued, 'came back from Holland without any money; he was taken ill with an ague; and if some good people had not kindly relieved him, he must have been o-

bliged to beg along the road.' I was unable to speak to her: I gave some money to the boy; and she offered me some apples, which I accepted; and, full of sorrow, left the place.

LETTER LII.

Aug. 21.

The transitions of my mind are as rapid as they are violent. A sudden gleam of joy will sometimes interpose it's friendly light, to cheer my drooping spirits; but, alas! it is momentary. When I am thus lost in reveries, I cannot help saying,—'If Albert were to die, I then might——yes, Charlotte would'——and I pursue the phantom till it leads me to the brink of a precipice, from which I start back with horror! When I go out at the same gate, when I take the same road which conducted me, for the first time, towards Charlotte, my heart sinks within me; and I feel, with bitterness, how changed a being I am. The happiness I then knew is fled—fled for ever! The world is no longer the same. My heart beats with different sensations. No traces of the past remain. If the shade of a departed prince could return to visit the superb palaces he had built in happy times, and left to a beloved son; and were to find them reduced to ruins by the destructive incursions of an enemy, such would be his sensations.

LETTER LIII.

Sep. 3.

Sometimes I cannot comprehend how she can love another—how she dares love another, whilst I carry her in this heart—whilst she fills and engrosses it—whilst I think only of her, and have nothing but her in the world.

LETTER LIV.

Sep. 6.

I have left off, with the greatest reluctance, the blue frock which I wore the first time I danced with Charlotte; tho' it was perfectly shabby: but I have procured one exactly like it, and with a buff waistcoat and breeches. I do not however like it so much as the original, yet I hope it will in time become equally dear to me.

LETTER LV.

Sep. 15.

I often wish myself out of the world when I reflect on the number of contemptible beings which exist in it, who are so wholly devoid of sensibility, that they neglect entirely the very objects which are worthy the attention of themselves and others.

You will recollect the walnut trees at S——, under which I sat with Charlotte at the worthy old vicar's. These beautiful, these beloved trees, how they adorned the parsonage yard! over which their venerable branches cast a respectable shade, and carried one back, with pleasing ideas, to the good pastors who planted them. The schoolmaster has often repeated to me the name of him who planted the eldest, which he had learnt from his grandfather. 'Ah! he was a most excellent man,' he would say, 'and under these trees his respectable memory was ever sacred to me.' The same schoolmaster had tears in his eyes yesterday, when he told me they were cut down. Cut down! Had I been present, I should, in my fury have murdered the ruffian who dared to aim the first blow. Must I indure this? I who would have

put on mourning if I had had two such trees in my court, and one of them had died of old age? But this is not all. Humanity was concerned in the act, for the whole village murmur at it, and I hope the good peasants will make no more presents to the vicar's wife, and that she will suffer for the mischief she has done, for *she* did it, the wife of the present incumbent. Our good old man went before his trees! A tall skeleton, who is continually indisposed, and, having little enjoyment of life, despises the world, and is despised by it in return; an ideot, who affects learning, pretends to examine the canonical books, and to be writing a New Moral and Critical Reformation of the Christian Religion; who sagaciously shrugs up her shoulders when the enthusiasm of Lavater is mentioned; such a being only could have cut down my walnut-trees. The recollection of this conduct rouses my indignation. And the reasons she gives are absurd. The leaves which fell from them made the court damp and dirty; the branches intercepted the light, and little boys, throwing stones at the nuts, affected her nerves and interrupted her profound meditations, while she was employed in weighing the separate merits of Kennicott, Semler, and Michaelis. When I found all the inhabitants of the village, and particularly the old people, displeased, I asked them why they suffered it? 'Ah! sir,' said they, 'when the steward gives orders, what can we poor peasants do?' One circumstance, however gives me pleasure; the steward and the vicar—who for once expected to derive some advantage from this woman's caprice—had agreed to divide the trees between them; when the revenue officer being informed of it, took possession of all the trees and

sold them to the best bidder. They are still lying upon the ground. Oh! that I were a sovereign prince, how I would deal with the vicar's wife, the steward, and the revenue officer!—But if I were a prince, what should I care for the trees which grew in my dominions?

LETTER LVI.

Oct. 10.

Only to look at her dark eyes is to me happiness. What affects me is, that Albert appears not so happy as he expected to be, as I should have been. If —— I hate broken sentences; but at present I cannot express myself otherwise. Heavens! and am I not explicit enough?

LETTER LVII.

Oct. 12.

Ossian has taken the place of Homer in my heart and imagination. Into what a world does the illustrious bard carry me! To wander in heaths and wilds, surrounded by impetuous whirlwinds, in which, by the feeble light of the moon, we discover the spirits of our ancestors;—to hear from the tops of the mountains, amidst the roaring of the waters, their plaintive sounds, issuing from deep caverns, and the sorrowful lamentations of a maiden, who sighs and dies upon the mossy tomb of the warrior by whom she was adored! I meet this bard with silver hair, wandering in the valley; he seeks the footsteps of his fathers. Alas! he finds only their tombs! Then contemplating the pale moon, as she sinks beneath the waves of the foaming sea, the memory of time past strikes on the mind of the hero; those times

when the approach of danger filled his heart with exultation, and gave vigour to his nerves—when the moon shone upon his bark, laden with the spoils of his enemies, and lighted up his triumph—when I read in his countenance his deep sorrow—when I see his sinking glory tottering towards the grave—when he casts a look on the cold earth which is to cover him, and cries out, "The traveller will come, he who has seen my beauty will come, and he will ask, 'where is the bard? where is the illustrious son of Fingal?' he will walk over my tomb, and he will seek me in vain!" Then, then, O my friend! I could seize the sword of some true and noble knight, and rescue my prince from the tedious langour of life, and afterwards plunge it into my own breast, that I might follow the demi-god whom my hand had set at liberty.

LETTER LVIII.

Oct. 19.

Alas! the void the fearful void, which I feel in my bosom! I frequently imagine, if I could but once, only once, just press her to my heart, I could be afterwards happy.

LETTER LIX.

Oct. 26.

I am every day more confirmed in my opinion, that the existence of any individual is of very little consequence to society. A friend of Charlotte's came just now to pay her a visit. I retired into an inner room and took up a book; but finding no inclination to read, I have taken up a pen to write to you. I at this moment hear their conversation. They are repeating the little news of the town; one is going to be married, another is ill, very ill indeed

'She has a dry cough, and frequent faintings; it is impossible she can recover.' 'N—— is also very ill,' says Charlotte. 'He begins to swell already,' answers the other. My imagination carries me to their sick beds; I see them struggling with death, dreading to leave this scene of complicated misery. And these good women are talking of their dying friends with the same calm indifference as of strangers! When I look round the room in which I am sitting, when I see Charlotte's apparel lying round me; her ear-rings, Albert's papers, and various things which are familiar to me; even the ink-stand I am now using,—I reflect on what I am to this family. I am every thing—they esteem me—I am capable of contributing to their pleasure—and am exceedingly attached to them. Yet if I were now suddenly to quit this circle, how long would they be sensible of that void which my absence would occasion? How long? Alas! such is the frailty of man, that where he is most conscious of the pleasures of existence, where his presence makes a real and strong impression, even in the hearts and memory of those who are dear to him; even there his name must perish and disappear; and that—quickly!

LETTER LX.

Oct. 27.

I could tear open my breast, I could beat my head against the wall, after the disappointment of opening my soul to another who is incapable of partaking in my sensations and ideas. I cannot receive from another the love, the joy, the warmth, the pleasure, that I do not naturally possess; nor with a heart glowing with the most lively affection, can I impart

to another that happiness which he is, by nature, unable to participate.

LETTER LXI.

Oct. 30.

A hundred times have I been on the point of clasping her in my arms! What torment it is to see such loveliness, such charms, passing and repassing continually before one, without daring to touch them! To touch is so natural: do not children endeavour to touch every thing they see? and I!——

LETTER LXII.

Nov. 3.

How often, when I have lain down upon my bed, have I earnestly prayed that I might never awake again! yet in the morning have opened my eyes, beheld the sun again, and again was wretched! Ah! why am I not hypochondriacal or insane? Why cannot I attribute my woes to intemperate seasons, to disappointed ambition, or to the persecutions of an enemy? for then this heavy load of discontent would be less insupportable. But I feel too sensibly the origin of my unhappiness is in myself. This very bosom, which formerly contained a fund of satisfaction, is now the source of all my grief. Am I the same man who formerly experienced only agreeable sensations? who, at every step he took, saw paradise before him, and whose liberal heart glowed with universal benevolence? Alas, no!—that mind is now become torpid, and dead to every enjoyment: my eyes are dry, and my senses, no longer refreshed by soft tears, wither away, and perish, and consume my brain. My sufferings are great: I have lost the only charm

of my life; that active sacred power, which created worlds around me; it is no more. I see from my window the distant hills; the rising sun dispels the morning clouds, and gilds the opening prospect with his rays; the soft stream gently winds through the naked willows. Nature still displays all her beauties before me, exhibits the most inchanting scenes, and yet my heart is now unmoved; I remain blind, insensible, petrified. Often have I implored heaven for tears, as the labourer prays for dews to moisten his parched corn. But, I perceive it, heaven does not grant sunshine or rain to importunate intreaties. Those times, the memory of which now torments me, were comparatively happy, because I patiently endured afflictions; and, when blessed, my heart was filled with delight and gratitude.

LETTER LXIII.

Nov. 8.

Charlotte has tenderly reproved me for my excesses. For the truth is, that in order to dissipate my cares, I have, of late, where I used to drink a single glass, drank an entire bottle. 'Do n't do so,' said she, 'think of Charlotte.' 'Is the advice to think of Charlotte necessary? I do think of you continually, nay, more than *think* of you; you are ever before my eyes, you are in my heart. This very morning I was sitting in the place where you stopped the last time'—— She immediately changed the subject, to prevent me from going on. My dear friend, I am no longer any thing; this amiable dear girl makes me whatever she pleases.

LETTER LXIV.

Nov. 15.

Ah! when will this waking dream of life be over? Is there no reversion in the fate of things in favour of the unfortunate? Wearied, and dejected, last night I stretched myself upon the grass, on which I fell asleep. I dreamed that Charlotte was dead, that she appeared to me, and reminded me of our attachment. Of our future condition I am uncertain, but we cannot have merited unhappiness. Of this I am however certain, that my strength is insufficient to endure the portion of calamity allotted to me. I shall at last drop under the accumulated depression of spirits which each day increases. Oh! my dear friend, may I ever regain peace of mind? What will become of me? Destined to love the wife of my friend, and yet that friendship to remain sincere!

LETTER LXV.

Nov. 21.

Charlotte does not perceive that she is preparing a poison which will destroy us both; and this deadly poison which she presents to me I swallow in large draughts. What mean those tender looks which are sometimes discoverable, that complacency with which she hears the sentiments that sometimes escape me, and the tender sympathy for my sufferings which appears in her countenance? Yesterday, when I took leave of her, she held out her hand to me, and said, 'Adieu! my dear Werter.'—*Dear* Werter!—It was the first time she had ever called me dear; the sound sunk deep into my heart: I have since repeated it a thousand times; and, at

night, when going to bed, I said, 'Good night, *my dear Werter!*'—I recollected myself and laughed.

LETTER LXVI.

Nov. 24.

Charlotte is sensible of my sufferings. To-day her looks quite overpowered me. I found her alone—I was silent. She fixed her eyes stedfastly on me. The charms of beauty, and the fire of genius, were fled. But I saw in her countenance an expression much more touching;—the expression of the tenderest concern, and the kindest compassion. Why did I suffer the cold impression of respect to deter me from throwing myself at her feet? from folding her in my arms, and declaring my gratitude by a thousand kisses? In the interval of my confusion, she had recourse to her harpsichord, and in a low and sweet voice accompanied the melancholy sounds. Never did her lips appear so lovely; they seemed to open, just to receive the plaintive tones of the instrument and to assist the vibration with swelling harmony. I cannot express my sensations! I was overcome, and, bending down, pronounced this vow: 'Beautiful lips! which celestial spirits guard, never will I profane you.' I wish——but oh! my friend, an eternal barrier is placed between us. And yet I wish I could taste this felicity, and then die and expiate my crimes—my crimes!

LETTER LXVII.

Nov. 30.

It is past. My fate is decided. Each succeeding day brings some additional cause of distraction to add to and fill up the bitter portion of existence.

Oh destiny! oh man! To-day, at dinner-time, finding no inclination for food, I took a walk by the river side. The country seemed deserted; the day was gloomy; a cold and damp easterly wind blew from the mountains, and black heavy clouds spread over the plain. I perceived a man at a distance in an old great coat; he was wandering amongst the rocks, and appeared to be looking for plants. When I reached him, he turned round, and I saw a countenance remarkably interesting, where a settled melancholy was predominent. His fine black hair flowed gracefully upon his shoulders. 'What are you looking for, friend?' said I. He answered, with a deep sigh, 'I am looking for flowers, and can't find any.' 'Why this is not the season for flowers,' said I. 'O yes, there are many flowers,' he said, 'I have in my garden roses and lilies of different sorts, my father gave me one of them; they grow every where; I have been looking for them these two days, and I can't find them. There are always flowers here in the fields, both yellow, blue, and red; and that centuary that grows in such pretty clusters; I cannot find any of them.' I asked him what he intended to do with these flowers. He smiled, and holding up his finger with a mysterious air, said, 'Do n't now betray me; I have promised my mistress a nosegay.' 'That is very proper,' said I. 'Ah! she has every thing,' he answered, 'she is very rich.—'And yet,' said I, 'she is fond of your nosegays?' 'Oh! she has jewels and a crown!' he exclaimed. I enquired her name. 'If the States General would pay me,' he cried, 'I should be quite another man! Alas! there was a time when I was as happy as the day was long. But now it is all over with me, and I am'——

He raised his swimming eyes to heaven.—'You were, then, *once* happy?' said I. 'Ah, would I were still the same!' said he; 'I was so happy, so gay, so contented—I was like a fish in the water.' An old woman who was coming towards us, called out, 'Henry! Henry! where are you? I have been looking every where for you; come to dinner!' 'Is that your son?' said I to her. 'Yes, my poor unfortunate son,' said she; 'the Lord has sent us this affliction.' I asked how long he had been in that state. 'It is about six months,' she answered, 'since he has been calm as he is now, and I thank Heaven for it; he was one whole year quite raving, and chained down in a mad-house; now he is not troublesome to any body, yet he talks of nothing but kings and emperors. He was formerly a very good young man, and helped to maintain me; he wrote a very fine hand; but suddenly grew melancholy, was seized with a burning fever, became distracted, and is now as you see. If I were to tell you, sir'—— I interrupted her by asking, what time it was that he regretted so much, and in which he boasted of having enjoyed such perfect happiness. 'Poor boy!' said she, with a smile of compassion, 'it is the very time when he was entirely out of his senses; he continually regrets it; it was the time when he was confined and absolutely raving.' I was thunderstruck. I put some money into her hand and went away. 'You were happy!' I exclaimed, as I walked hastily towards the town; 'you were like a fish in the water!' God of heaven! is this the destiny of man? is he only happy before he possesses his reason, and after he has lost it? Unhappy being! And yet I envy thy lot: full of hopes thou goest, even in winter! to

gather flowers for thy mistress; art afflicted at thy disappointment; and canst not conceive the reason. —But, as for me, I wander without hope, without design, and return as I went. To your disordered imagination it appears, that if the States General would but pay you, you would be a man of consequence; and fortunate it is that you can attribute your sufferings to any foreign power. You do not know, you do not feel, that your wretchedness is in your agitated heart, in your disordered brain, and that all the kings and potentates upon earth cannot restore you. Let their death be without consolation who can laugh at the sick man who travels to distant springs, only to find an accumulation of disease, and a death more painful! or, that can exult over the depressed mind, which to obtain peace of conscience, and to alleviate remorse, makes a pilgrimage to the Holy Land! Every step which wrings his feet in rugged paths, is balm to his soul, and the nearer he advances to the goal of his desires, he feels himself gradually relieved from the weight which oppressed him. Will you dare to call this extravagance, you who raise yourselves upon stilts to make pompous declamations? Extravagance! O God! is not our inevitable portion of misery sufficient, without the persecution of our fellow-creatures, who would deprive us of all consolation, and take away our trust in thee, in thy love and mercy? The strengthening vine, the salutary herb, the healing root, come from thy hand—relief and saving health are thine. Father, whom I know not!—thou who wert wont to cheer my drooping senses, but now hidest thy face from me!—call thy wanderer back, speak to his heart! my soul is no longer able to sup-

port thy silence. What father's wrath would be excited against his son, for rushing unexpectedly into his presence, hanging on his neck, and crying out, 'Oh, my father! forgive me for having shortened my journey, and returned before the appointed time! I found the world uniformly the same. Labour and pain, pleasure and reward, abounded every where, but they were all indifferent to me. I am convinced that happiness is to be found only in thy presence, and here will I remain whatever be my fate!' And wouldst, thou heavenly and adored Father! banish such a child from thy presence?

LETTER LXVIII.

Dec. 1.

The enviable maniac I described to you, in my last, was clerk to Charlotte's father. He conceived an unfortunate passion for her; he cherished, concealed, and at length discovered it—was dismissed, and became such as I yesterday saw him. Think, if you can, what an impression these few words made on me! which Albert repeated with as much calm indifference, as perhaps you will read them.

LETTER LXIX.

Dec. 4.

I can support this state no longer. To-day I was sitting beside Charlotte; she was playing some favourite airs upon her harpsichord, with an expression it is impossible for me to describe. Her little sister was turning over her book of pictures upon my lap. Soft melancholy sensations stole on my senses. Her wedding-ring started into my sight: my spirits sunk. Immediately she began to play a divine air, which

had often inchanted me. At first it afforded me consolation, but it soon recalled to my mind the times which are past.—Grief! disappointed hopes!—I rose, and traversed the room with hasty steps. At length I went up to her, exclaiming, 'For heaven's sake, play no longer!' She stopped, and looking stedfastly at me, said, with a smile that sunk deep into my heart, 'Werter, you are indeed very ill: you are disgusted with your most favourite food. Pray go and endeavour to compose yourself.' I tore myself from her. Great God! thou seest my torments, and wilt put an end to them!

LETTER LXX.

Dec. 6.

How her image haunts me! Awake or asleep she is ever present to my imagination. As soon as I retire to rest and close my weary eyelids, I find her dark eyes imprinted on my brain. Here—I do n't know how to describe it:—but those expressive orbs are ever present to my sight and absorb all my faculties. O what is man! that boasted demi-god! whose strength deserts him, even in the very moment when he should exert it all; and whether he swims in pleasure, or bends under a load of sorrow, he is compelled to stop; and, while grasping at infinity, finds only this certainty, that he must return again to his original cold existence.

LETTER LXXI.

Dec. 8.

Surely, my dear friend, I am affected in the manner of those wretches who were formerly supposed to be possessed by devils. I am often in this situation.

It is not agony; it is not passion; it is a secret rage, that excites an inward agitation, and threatens me with instant suffocation. I cannot weep, but I am wretched, and feel gratified only in wandering at midnight amidst the gloomy scenes which this unfriendly season exhibits. Last night I was thus impelled to go out. I had heard that the river, and all the brooks in the neighbourhood, had overflown their banks, and that from Walheim to this place, my favourite valley, was under water. I ran out immediately, tho' it was past eleven o'clock: it was a gloomy and awful sight! the moon was behind a cloud, but a few scattered rays served to discover the foaming waves rolling over the fields and meadows, and beating against the bushes; the whole valley was as a stormy sea tossed by furious winds. The moon then appeared resting on a dark cloud; the splendor of her light increased the disorder of nature. The echoes repeated and redoubled the roarings of the wind and waters. I drew near to the precipice; I wished and shuddered; I stretched out my arms, I leaned over, I sighed, and lost myself in the happy thought of burying all my sufferings, all my torments, in that abyss, and tossing amidst the waves. Why were my feet rooted to the earth? why could I not have terminated my miseries? I feel it, my dear friend, my hour is not yet come. With what delight should I have changed my nature, and have incorporated with the whirlwinds to rend the clouds and disturb the waters! Perhaps I may one day quit my prison and taste these pleasures. I looked down, with sorrow upon a little spot where I had sat under a willow by the side of Charlotte, after a summer's walk; which also was under water. I could scarcely

distinguish the tree. Alas! I then thought of the steward's house, the adjacent fields, the walks, the green recesses, which I had so often traversed, now perhaps laid waste by the torrent: and the memory of time for ever lost entered my heart. Thus, to the sleeping captive, dreams recal all the blessings he is deprived of. I hesitated. Yet I do n't reproach myself, for I have the courage to die; I should have. At present, I am like an old and decrepit woman, who picks dry sticks along the hedge side, and begs bread from door to door, in order to prolong, for a few moments, a feeble and miserable existence.

LETTER LXXII.

Dec. 17.

Is not my love for her the purest and most sacred? Is it not the love of a brother for his sister? Has my heart ever formed a wish that it need blush to own? To attest this truth by oaths were needless. But now——such dreams! They were certainly in the right who attributed contending passions to external powers. Last night—I tremble as I write it—I held her in my arms, I pressed her to my bosom, and imprinted burning kisses on her trembling lips, while our eyes beamed with the most lively expressions of pleasure. Can the delight I now experience in recalling these transports be deemed a crime? Oh! Charlotte! Charlotte, my fate is decided! my mind can no longer endure this state; my senses are disordered!—for seven days I have not been myself; —my peace of mind is entirely fled;—all places are alike indifferent to me;—I ask nothing, I desire nothing, life itself is an insipid possession.—Ah! 't were better to depart!

[*The Editor to the Reader.*

In order to give a connected account of the last days of Werter, I find myself obliged to interrupt the course of his letters, by a narrative, the particulars of which were supplied by Charlotte, Albert, his own servant, and some other witnesses.

Werter's unfortunate passion had insensibly diminnished the harmony which subsisted between Charlotte and her husband. The affection of Albert for his wife, was sincere, but calm, yet had, by degrees, given place to his attachment to business. He was unwilling, indeed, to own that there really did exist this material difference between the days he now passed, and those which preceded his marriage; but he felt a settled displeasure at Werter's marked attentions to Charlotte—attentions which appeared to him an infringement on his rights, and which conveyed a tacit reproach. This idea increased a moroseness excited by the harassing nature of an employment which was full of difficulty and produced little emolument. The grief which preyed on the heart of Werter, had extinguished the fire of his genius; he had lost all his vivacity and quickness of perception; in company he was spiritless and moping. Charlotte saw him every day; observed his situation; and became also thoughtful and melancholy, which Albert attributed to a growing attachment to her lover, and Werter to the apparent change in the conduct of her husband. A want of confidence in these two friends made their society irksome to each other. Albert avoided going to his wife's apartment when he knew Werter was there; and

Werter, who perceived it, after several ineffectual efforts to discontinue his visits entirely, took those opportunities of seeing her, when he knew Albert was engaged. This afforded additional subject for discontent, till at length Albert very dryly told his wife, that, were it for the sake of appearance only, she should behave differently to Werter, and not see him so often. About the same time this unhappy young man was confirmed in his resolution to quit life. His most favourite thoughts had long contemplated this design, and particularly since his return to the neighbourhood of Charlotte, but he had determined not to commit such an act with rashness or precipitation; he thought it should be taken as became him, with resolution and firm conviction, yet with calmness and tranquillity. His doubts and struggles may be seen by the following fragment, which was found, without any date among his papers, and which appears to have been the beginning of a letter to his friend.]

—Her presence, her fate, the interest she discovers for mine, have not power to drain a tear from my exhausted brain! To draw the curtain; to pass on the other side—that is all! Whence then this hesitation? whence these fears? 'Tis because we are ignorant of what is behind, and because there is no resource, no alternative. The mind is inclined to form objects of intimidation where there is uncertainty.

[His various mortifications, while he was secretary to the ambassador, had given him an entire disgust to public business and all political affairs. Dissatisfied with the world and all he had found in it, he gave way to those singular opinions which appear in these letters; and to a passion which knew no bounds, but

which was destined to consume all his remaining vigour. The unalterable nature of his situation; the sadness of his intercourses with the most amiable and most beloved of women, whose peace he continually disturbed; his conflicts and struggles, and his reflections on enduring a painful existence, passed without design or end, impelled him, at length, to the resolution of terminating his life.]

LETTER LXXIII.

Dec. 20.

I thank my dear William for his friendship in having employed a word so well adapted to my ideas. Yes, it is undoubtedly better that I should quit my unmeaning station. Your proposal, however, of returning to your neighbourhood, does not entirely meet my approbation: at least there is one excursion I wish to take first, particularly as one may expect a frost and good roads. Your intention of coming to fetch me affords me great pleasure; but I intreat you to defer your journey for a fortnight, and do not set out till you have received another letter from me. One should engage in nothing prematurely, and in the space of a fortnight many incidents may occur. Desire my mother to think of me in her best wishes; tell her I sincerely ask her pardon for the unhappiness I have occasioned her. It was ever my fate to create misery where I wished to have communicated joy. Adieu! my best of friends! may eternal blessings await you! Farewell!

[The day on which he wrote this letter was the Sunday preceding Christmas. He went out in the dusk of the evening to call on Charlotte, and found her alone. She was busy in preparing some play-

things as a Christmas present for her brothers and sisters. He began to talk of the innocent happiness of children, and of that age when the opening of the door, and the sudden appearance of the desert, decorated with fruit and sweetmeats, and lighted up with wax-candles,* causes such transports of joy. 'You shall have a present too, if you behave well,' said Charlotte, hiding her embarrassment under a smile. 'What do you call behaving well, my dear Charlotte?' said he. She answered, 'Thursday night will be Christmas eve; the children and my father will all be here; you must come also; I have a present for each; but do not come before that time.' Werter started. 'Nay,' continued she, 'it must be so; I ask it as a favour; my own peace and tranquillity demand it; we must not go on in this manner any longer.' He turned away his face, walked, with hasty steps, up and down the room, repeatedly muttering, 'We must not go on in this manner any longer.' Charlotte seeing the violent agitation into which these words had thrown him, endeavoured, by different questions, to divert his thoughts; but her endeavours were ineffectual. 'Well, Charlotte, I will see you no more!' 'Why so, Werter? we may, we must, see each other again, only let it be with more discretion. Oh! why were you born with such an impetuous temper, with such an ungovernable passion for every thing to which you become attached? Then, taking his hand, she said, 'Let me beg of you to be more calm; what variety of pleasure

* This alludes to a custom which prevails in Germany, of concealing a tree, thus embellished, every Christmas eve, in some private place, for the purpose of agreeably surprising the children, by producing it at a time when they least expect it.

and entertainment is your fine understanding, your genius, and talents, capable of supplying to yourself and others! Exert the spirit of a man, engage in the important avocations of life, and subdue an unfortunate attachment to me, who can only esteem and pity you. He bit his lips, and looked at her with a countenance dark and angry. She continued to hold his hand.—'Be cool for one moment, Werter!—Are you not sensible that you are deceiving yourself, that you are madly pursuing the means of your own destruction? Why should I be the sole object of your attachment—I, who belong to another? I fear, Werter, I much fear, that the impossibility only of possessing me renders the desire of it strong.' He withdrew his hand, and with the most severe and discontented look, exclaimed, 'What consummate prudence! Pray, did Albert furnish you with this profound reflection?' 'It is a reflection which might very readily occur to any one,' said Charlotte: 'what! is there not in the wide world one woman who is at liberty, and who has the power to gratify the wishes of your heart? Become as before I knew you; search for such a person; and believe me when I tell you that you will certainly find her? I have long been anxiously concerned for your health and welfare. The solitude, to which you have for some time past devoted yourself, induces melancholy reflections, and every cheerful prospect is beclouded. Make an effort; a journey would tend to dissipate your gloominess. Seek and find an object worthy of your tenderness; then return, and let us mutually enjoy all the happiness which can arise from the most perfect and uninterrupted friendship.' 'That speech, my dear Charlotte,' said Werter, with marks of irri-

tation, 'ought to be printed for the use of all peda-gogues. Allow me a little time longer and all will be well.' 'But however, Werter,' she said, 'grant me one request—do not come again before Christmas eve.' He was going to answer, when Albert came in. Werter and he coolly saluted each other, and then walked up and down the room with evident embarrassment. They conversed on unconnected subjects, and soon discontinued them. Albert questioned his wife concerning several trifling commissions he had given her; and finding they were not executed, made use of some harsh expressions, which pierced the soul of Werter. He wished to go, but had not power; and he remained thus situated, till eight o'clock, during which time uneasiness of temper and acrimony continued to increase. When the servant came to lay the cloth for supper, he took leave, whilst Albert very coldly asked him, if he would not stay supper. Werter returned home, took the candle from his servant and went up to his room alone. He was heard to talk with great earnestness, and walk hastily backwards and forwards, sighing with great emotion. At length, without undressing, he threw himself upon the bed, where his servant found him at eleven o'clock. He assisted Werter to take off his boots; but received orders not to come in again till he rung. In the morning of Monday, the twenty-first of December, he wrote the following letter, which was found after his death upon his bureau, and sealed. It was given to Charlotte. I shall insert it in fragments, as it appears, by several circumstances, to have been written.]

——Charlotte! I am resolved to die. This is no hasty resolution, no sudden transport of romantic

rage. On the morning of that day on which I shall see you for the last time (with perfect coolness and deliberation, I acquaint you with it), ere you read these lines, dearest and best of women! a cold grave will contain the inanimate remains of that agitated unhappy man, who in the last moments of his life knew no pleasure so great as that of conversing with you. I have passed a dreadful night, or rather a propitious one, since it has dispelled my doubts and fixed my wavering resolution. When I tore myself from you yesterday, my senses were in the greatest tumult and disorder; my heart was oppressed; hope and every ray of pleasure were fled; and a petrifying cold surrounded my wretched being. I could scarcely reach my room; I threw myself upon my knees. For the last time I felt the consolation of shedding tears. My troubled soul was agitated by a thousand ideas, a thousand different schemes! which terminated in my favourite decision—I will die. I went to bed; and, when I awoke in the morning, refreshed by the wholesome balm of sleep, still was that resolution deeply engraven on my heart,—"I will die." It is not despair, it is a conviction that the whole world can afford me no inducement to prolong my stay; it is a certainty that I have completed my career, and that this sacrifice is necessary to my tranquillity.—Yes, Charlotte, to your tranquillity—why should I conceal it? One of us three must pertsh—it shall be Werter. Oh! my dear Charlotte! this mind, governed by rage and fury, has conceived the horrid idea of murdering your husband—you—myself!—I must depart. When in the fine evenings of summer, you walk towards the mountains, remember how often you have seen

me traverse the valley below; look towards the spot where the weary sojourner reposes; and by the beams of the setting sun, see how the evening breeze waves the high grass which grows over me.

[About ten in the morning, Werter called his servant, and, as he was dressing, told him, that in a few days he was going so take a journey, directed him to lay his clothes in order, call in his bills, fetch home some books he had lent, and give two months' pay to some poor people who were accustomed to receive a weekly allowance. He passed the morning in his room; and, after dinner, went to the steward's, whom he did not find at home. He walked pensively in the garden, and seemed desirous of recalling all the ideas which were most painful to him. The children did not allow him to be long alone; they all went in pursuit of him; and skipping and dancing round him, told him, that after to-morrow, and to-morrow, and one day more, they were to have their Christmas-gifts from Charlotte; and described to him all the wonderful things their imaginations had formed an expectation of. "To-morrow," he repeated, "and to-morrow, and one day more!"—and he embraced them tenderly. He was going, when the youngest stopped him, to whisper in his ear, that his brothers had written very fine congratulations on the new-year—very fine, indeed, and very long,—one for Papa, and one for Albert and Charlotte, and one for Mr. Werter too; and that they were all to be presented very early in the morning on new year's day. This last stroke overcame his fortitude. He gave something to each of the children, mounted his horse, and charging them to give his compliments to their father, left them,

very much affected. He returned home about the hour of five, and ordered his servant to keep up the fire; told him to pack up his books and linen at the bottom of the trunk, and his clothes upon the top. He then appears to have written the following fragment of his letter to Charlotte.]

——You do not expect me. You think I shall obey you, and that I shall not see you again till Christmas-eve. Oh! Charlotte to-day or never! On Christmas-eve you will hold this paper in your hand; and, trembling, wet it with your tears. It must be so—how well satisfied I am that my destiny is resolved!

[At half past six he went to Albert's and found Charlotte alone, who was much distressed at seeing him. She had, in conversation with her husband, mentioned that Werter would not be there before Christmas eve; and very soon afterwards Albert ordered his horse, and, notwithstanding the rain, set out in order to settle some business with an agent in the neighbourhood. Charlotte knew that he had for a long time delayed this visit, which was to keep him a night from home. She felt his want of confidence and was hurt. Alone and full of sorrow, she recalled her past life, and the retrospect produced no cause of reproach. She had a sincere affection for her husband; in whom, instead of happiness, she found only causes of misery. She then thought of Werter, and blamed, but could not hate him. A secret charm had attached her to him from their earliest acquaintance; and now, after so long a friendship, after the varied scenes and changes they had experienced during that interval, he had made impressions on her mind never to be eradicated.

Her depressed soul was relieved by tears, which introduced a soft melancholy, in which she was absorbed; when with great astonishment and emotion, she heard Werter below asking if she were at home? It was too late to deny herself, and she had not recovered her confusion when he came in. 'You have not kept your word,' she cried out. 'I did not promise any thing,' he answered. 'You should, however, Werter,' said Charlotte, 'have complied with my request, our mutual peace demanded it.'—She sent to some of her friends, and desired them to come and pass the evening with her; not only that they might be witnesses of the conversation, but from an intention that Werter, thinking himself obliged to wait on them home, would go sooner away. He had brought her some books; she talked of them and of some others. She introduced also other general topics of conversation, during the time of expecting her friends; but the servant presently returned with different excuses from them all. This intelligence for a few minutes disconcerted her, but the consciousness of her innocence inspired a firmness which raised her mind above the influence of Albert's suspicions. She thought of calling in her maid, which intention she discarded; and after a short recourse to her harpsichord, became perfectly composed, and went and sat beside Werter upon the sofa. 'Have you nothing to read to me, Werter?' said she. 'Nothing,' he answered. 'Open, then, that drawer,' said Charlotte, 'and you will find your own translation of some of the songs of Ossian; I have not yet read it; I have waited an opportunity of hearing you read it; but for some time past you have been fit for nothing.' He smiled, and went to

fetch the manuscript; then sat down to read; and, after some time, came to that affecting passage where Armin deplores the loss of his beloved daughter.

"Alone on the sea-beat rock his daughter was heard to complain. Frequent and loud were her sighs, nor could her father afford her relief. All night I stood on the shore. I saw her by the faint light of the moon. All night I heard her cries. Loud was the wind, and the rain beat hard on the mountain's side. Before morning appeared, her voice was weak; it died away like the evening breeze among the grass of the rocks. Spent with grief, she expired; and left thee, Armin, alone! Gone is my strength in the war; and fallen my pride among women.

"When the storms of the mountain come, when the north lifts the waves on high, I sit by the sounding shore, and look on the fatal rock. Often by the setting moon I see the shades of my children. Half viewless they walk in mournful conference together. "Will none of you speak in pity?" They do not regard their father! I am sad, O Carmor! nor small my cause of woe!" Here a torrent of tears streamed from the eyes of Charlotte, which gave some relief to the oppression of her heart. Werter threw down the paper, and seized her hand. Charlotte leaned upon the other arm, and held her handkerchief to her eyes. They were both of them in the utmost agitation. In this unhappy story they felt their own misfortunes; and they sympathized with each other. The ardent eyes and lips of Werter were rivetted to her arm. She trembled, and made a faint effort to go from him; but sorrow and soft compassion pressed on her, and prevented her from moving. After some vain attempts to compose

herself, she begged him to proceed. Werter, much exhausted, took up the manuscript, and, with a faultering voice continued.— "Why dost thou awake me, O gale! It seems to say, 'I am covered with the drops of heaven. The time of my fading is near, and the blast that shall scatter my leaves. To-morrow shall the traveller come: he who saw me in my beauty shall come; his eyes will search the field, but they will not find me.'" These words were so applicable to the present situation of Werter, that he felt them most forcibly. He threw himself at Charlotte's feet in a transport of despair, seized her hands, and put them to his eyes and to his forehead. A secret apprehension of his fatal design now entered the mind of Charlotte for the first time; her senses were bewildered; she pressed his hands, pressed them to her bosom; and as she gently inclined her head towards him, with emotions of tenderness, her glowing cheek touched his. In these moments of frenzy, they were insensible to every thing but to affection for each other. He clasped her in his arms, pressed her to his heart, and imprinted a thousand burning kisses on her trembling lips. 'Werter!' she cried, in a faint voice, and turned her face from him; 'Werter!' she repeated, and, with a feeble hand, put him from her. At length, with the firm determined voice of prudence, she cried, 'Werter!' He was awed; suffered her to escape from his arms; and fell on his knees before her. Charlotte rose, and as she retired, with trembling steps, said, in a voice of love blended with resentment, 'This, Werter, is the last time; you shall never see me again!' Then, casting a look of the utmost tenderness on her unhappy lover, she hastened

into her own room, and locked the door. Werter extended his arms towards her, but did not dare to detain her. He continued upon the ground with his head resting upon the sofa for nearly an hour, when he was roused by the noise of the maid, who came to lay the cloth for supper. He then walked up and down the room; and as soon as he found himself alone, he went to the door of Charlotte's apartment, saying, in a low voice, 'Charlotte! Charlotte! but one word more, one last farewell!' He listened; but she made no answer. He intreated; and listened again. Obtaining still no answer, he cried, Charlotte, farewell! farewell for ever!' and tore himself from the place. As he approached the gate of the town, the guard knew him and let him pass. The night was dark and stormy. He reached home about eleven. His servant perceived he was without hat, but ventured not to make any enquiry. In assisting to draw off his clothes he found them all very wet. His hat was afterwards found upon the summit of a rock, situated on the declivity of a mountain which commands an extensive prospect of the valley. It is inconceivable how he could climb so steep a place, in such a night, without falling down the precipice and being dashed to pieces. He went to bed and slept till late next day. His servant found him writing when he carried his coffee to him. He was adding what follows to Charlotte's letter.]

——For the last time I now open my eyes. They will behold the sun no more: a thick and gloomy fog hides it. Let Nature put on mourning,—her child, her friend, her lover, draws near his end! The sentiment I now feel, stands alone in my mind—it is strongly marked; and yet nothing appears to me

more like a dream than when I say, This is my last day. The *last!* Charlotte, that word LAST conveys no fixed idea to my mind. To-day I stand upright, I am in full possession of my strength; to-morrow I shall lie, cold and stiff, extended upon the ground. What is death? we dream when we talk of it. I have seen many die; but such are the limits of our circumscribed understandings, that we cannot attain any clear conception of the beginning and end of our existence. At this moment I am myself; or, rather, dearest of women! I am thine. The next, separated —disunited—perhaps, for ever! No, Charlotte; no. We now exist, how then can we suffer annihilation? What does annihilation mean? this also is a mere sound, which conveys no fixed idea to my mind. Dead! Charlotte!—buried in a dark confined corner of the cold earth! I had once a friend, who in my early days was every thing to me. She died. I followed her hearse, and stood by the side of her grave. I heard the creaking of the cords which let down her coffin. When the first shovelful of earth was thrown in, the coffin returned a hollow sound, which grew fainter and fainter, till it was entirely covered. I then threw myself upon the ground; my heart was smitten, grieved, rent; but I knew not what had happened to me, or what was to happen to me afterwards. Death! Grave! how unmeaning are such words! Oh, forgive me! forgive me! Yesterday! Alas! that moment should have been the last of my life! Then, for the first time, did my soul experience the pure sensation of unbounded joy —of joy unpolluted by doubt. Thou lovest me, Charlotte—O thou lovest me! My lips still glow with the sacred warmth imbibed from thine! Tor-

rents of joy yet flow in upon my heart. Forgive me, my Charlotte! oh forgive me! I knew that I was dear to you; I saw it in the first animated look which you directed to me; I was convinced of it the first time you pressed my hand: yet when I was absent from you, or when I saw Albert by your side, my doubts and fears returned. Do you recollect the flowers you sent to me, when at a disagreeable and crowded assembly you could neither speak to me, nor give me your hand? They were the pledges of affection; I passed half the night in the most pleasing reflections: but this impression grew fainter, and was at length effaced. Every thing passes away; but a whole eternity could not extinguish the memory of yesterday. She loves me! these arms have embraced her, these lips have trembled on her's: she is mine! Yes, Charlotte, you are mine for ever! Albert is indeed what the world has made your husband; but what of that, 't is a name only which impales not wishes and affections,—these act unrestained, at will. As to love you is denominated a crime, I will punish myself for it. I have, perhaps, drank deep of it's full delights. I will not stay then to endure a surfeit. From this moment, you are mine—yes, Charlotte, you are my own. I go but a little time before you, to my father, to your father; at the foot of whose throne I will carry my sorrows, and receive consolation till you arrive. Then will I fly to meet and claim you, and remain with you for ever. "We shall still exist, we shall find each other out, we shall know each other again," we shall see each other—*hereafter!* I shall see your respected mother, and shew to her my heart.—Your mother! your image!

[About eleven o'clock Werter asked his servant whether Albert was returned. He told him he was, for he had seen him ride by. On which Werter gave him the following note, unsealed, and ordered him to carry it to Albert's house!

'I am going to take a journey. Be so good as to lend me your pistols. Adieu!'

Charlotte had passed the night in great agitation and distress; her heart was torn by a thousand different sensations. The ardour of Werter's passionate embraces, had, in spite of every other consideration, left deep impressions in her breast. At the same time she contrasted, with regret, the days of her innocence and tranquillity, which appeared to her with new charms. She dreaded the looks of her husband, and the pointed irony of his questions, when he should hear of Werter's visit. She had not learnt to dissemble; no falsehood had ever passed her lips; but she now found the necessity, at least, of equivocation. The repugnance and distress she felt, made her fault appear of magnitude; and yet she could neither hate the author of it, nor resolve to see him no more. Melancholy and languid, she was scarcely dressed when her husband came in. His presence was, for the first time, unwelcome to her. She trembled lest he should perceive she had been weeping, and had had no sleep; and the anxiety she experienced on this account increased her embarrassment. She received him with a kind of eagerness, which rather betrayed remorse and confusion, than expressed any real satisfaction. Albert perceived it; and, after opening some letters and packets, which had arrived in his absence, he dryly asked her, whether there were any news, and by whom she had been vis-

ited. After some hesitation she answered, 'Werter called yesterday, and spent an hour with me.' 'He chuses his time well,' said Albert; and went into his room. Charlotte remained alone for a quarter of an hour. The presence of a man whom she esteemed and loved, gave a new turn to her thoughts. The native integrity and goodness of his heart, his generous disposition, and his attachment to her, all recurred to her mind, and she reproached herself for having so ill requited him. An involuntary impulse prompted her to follow him. When she entered the room, she asked, if he wanted any thing? He answered, 'No,' and began to write. She took a chair, and sat down to work, as usual. Albert frequently rose from his seat, to walk up and down the room, scarcely taking any notice of the discourse which Charlotte addressed to him. This behaviour was rendered more painful, by her endeavours to hide the concern she felt from it, and to restrain the tears which were every moment ready to flow. They had passed an hour in this irksome situation, when the arrival of Werter's servant completed her misery. As soon as Albert had read the note, he turned coldly to his wife, and said, 'Give him the pistols; I wish him a good journey.' To Charlotte, these words were a thunder-stroke. She rose from her seat. With a slow, feeble, tottering pace, she walked to the wall; with trembling hands, took down the pistols, and, hesitatingly, wiped off the dust. She would have made still more delay if Albert had not asked, with a significant look, what she was waiting for? She then delivered the fatal arms to the servant, without being able to speak a single word; folded up her work, and went directly to her room,

overcome with mortal grief, and foreboding dreadful calamities. Sometimes she was on the point of returning to her husband, to throw herself at his feet, acquaint him with every circumstance of the preceding evening, confess her fault, and disclose her apprehensions. She thought, for a moment, that she might persuade him to go to Werter. Soon, however, the advantage to be derived from the adoption of such a measure disappeared, and she saw nothing but it's inconveniences. At length, the cloth was laid; and a friend of Charlotte's, who had called, being prevailed on to stay dinner, helped to support the conversation. When Werter heard that Charlotte had given the pistols to his servant with her own hands, he received them with transport. Having ordered some bread and wine to be brought, he sent his servant to dinner, and began to write.]

To Charlotte, in continuation.

——They have been in your hands; you wiped the dust from them. I give them a thousand kisses, for you have touched them. Ah! heaven approves and favours my design! My servant tells me, you trembled as you gave him the pistols; but did not bid me one farewell! Wretched! wretched, that I am!—not *one* farewell! Can your heart be shut against me in that hour which unites me to you for ever? Oh, Charlotte! ages cannot obliterate the impression; and it is impossible you can hate the man who loves you thus passionately.

[After dinner he told his servant to pack up every thing; tore a great number of papers; and went out to discharge some trifling debts. He returned home, then went out again, notwithstanding the rain, first

to the Count's garden, and then farther into the country. He returned, when night came on, and began to write.]

——My dear friend! I have, for the last time, beheld the fields, the mountains, the forest, and the sky.—Farewell! My dearest mother, forgive me! Pardon your unhappy son! My friend, console her griefs. My affairs are all arranged. Farewell! we shall meet again, we shall meet when we are more happy.

——I have ill requited your friendship Albert; but you will forgive me. I have disturbed the tranquillity of your family, and occasioned a want of confidence between you. Farewell! I am going to put an end to all this. May my death remove every obstacle to your happiness! Albert, make that charmer happy; and may the benediction of heaven be on you!

[He was much occupied among his papers, during the whole evening, many of which he tore and burnt, others he sealed up and directed to his friend. They contained loose thoughts and maxims, some of which I have seen. About ten he ordered his fire to be made up, and a pint of wine to be brought, and then dismissed his servant; who, with the rest of the family, slept in a distant part of the house. The servant laid down in his clothes, that he might be ready at a moment's warning, his master having told him that the post-horses were ordered to be at the door before the hour of six.]

To Charlotte, in continuation.

Past eleven.

——All is silent around me, and my soul is calm!

I render thanks to thee, O God! that thou grantest me, in these last moments, warmth and vigour. I have just been looking out at the window, and through clouds which were driven rapidly along, I perceived a few stars. Celestial bodies! you will not fall: the Eternal supports both you and me! I also saw the greater Bear—favourite of constellations! When I quitted you in an evening, it shone opposite your door. How often have I contemplated it with rapture! how often raised my hands towards it, and made it a witness of my happiness! Oh Charlotte! what is there which does not recal you to my recollection? Do you not surround me on all sides? and have I not, with childish fondness, collected together every thing which was yours? Your profile, which was so dear to me, I return to you, Charlotte; and I conjure you to honour it. Thousands of kisses have I imprinted on it, and never have I quitted or entered my apartment without addressing myself to it. I have written to your father, desiring him to protect my remains. At the corner of the church-yard, adjoining to the fields, there are two lime-trees: it is there I wish to rest: this is in your father's power, and I know he will do it for his friend. Join your intreaties to mine. Perhaps pious Christians will not chuse that their bodies should be interred near the corpse of an unhappy wretch like me. Ah! let it then be laid in some remote valley; or by the side of the highway, that the priest and the levite, when they pass my tomb, may lift their eyes to heaven, and render thanks to the Lord, whilst the Samaritan will give a tear to my fate. Charlotte! I hold, with a firm hand the fatal instrument of death. All the remaining wishes and hopes of my

life will now be fulfilled. Why, Charlotte, was the satisfaction denied me of dying for you, of sacrificing myself for you? Could I restore peace and happiness to your bosom, with what joy, with what rapture should I meet my fate! But to a chosen few only is allotted the privilege of shedding their blood for those who are dear to them, and by that means augmenting their happiness. I wish, Charlotte, to be buried in the clothes I now wear. You have touched them. They are sacred. I have also requested this favour of your father. My soul hovers over the grave. My pockets are not to be searched. The knot of pink ribband, which you wore on your bosom the first time I saw you, surrounded by the children—(Dear children! I think I see them playing round you; give to each of them a kiss for me, and tell them the fate of their unhappy friend. At that moment how powerfully was I attached to you! how unable ever since to loosen myself from you!)—This knot of ribband is to be buried with me; you presented it to me on my birth-day. With what joy did I receive it! How little was I aware of consequences! Let me intreat you, be at peace! They are loaded—the clock strikes twelve—I go—Charlotte, farewell! farewell!

[One of the neighbours saw the flash, and heard the report of the pistol; but as perfect silence succeeded he took no further notice. At six in the morning, Werter's servant went into the room with a candle. He found his master stretched upon the floor and weltering in his blood. He took him up in his arms and spoke to him, but received no answer. Some symptoms of life still appearing, the servant ran to fetch a surgeon, and then went to Albert's.

When Charlotte heard the bell ring, she shuddered with horror: she waked her husband and they both arose. The servant, in tears, imparted the dreadful tidings. Charlotte fell senseless at Albert's feet. When the surgeon arrived, the unfortunate Werter was still lying upon the floor. His pulse continued to beat; but having shot himself through the right eye, the ball had pierced his brain. A vein was opened in his arm; he bled and continued to breathe. It was supposed, from the blood round the chair, that he had committed this rash action, as he was sitting at his bureau; and that he afterwards fell upon the floor. He was found lying upon his back near the window. He was dressed in a blue frock and buff waistcoat, and had boots on. Every body in the house, and from all parts of the town flocked to see him. Albert came in; Werter was laid upon his bed, his head was bound up, and the paleness of death rested upon his countenance. His limbs were motionless, yet some indications of life remained; but every moment he was expected to expire. He had drank only one glass of the wine. "Emilia Galotti" was lying open upon his bureau. I will say nothing of Albert's deep distress, nor of the situation of Charlotte. As soon as the old steward heard of this dreadful event, he hurried to the house: he embraced his dying friend, and wept bitterly. His sons followed him on foot; they threw themselves upon their knees, at the side of Werter's bed, and kissed his hands and face in agonies of grief. The eldest, who had been his favourite, held him in his arms till he expired, and he was even then taken away by force. . . At twelve Werter breathed his last. The presence and authority of

the steward prevented any disorder among the populace during the next day, and about the hour of eleven at night the body of Werter was deposited in the place which he had himself chosen. The steward and his sons followed him to the grave. Albert was not able to attend. Charlotte's life was despaired of. The body was carried by labourers, and no priest attended.]

A FRAGMENT OF CHARLOTTE'S.

——Oh! Harriot, when I recollect the many happy hours I have spent in my native village, when I wandered with you in the valley below our garden, and beheld the sun rising in all it's splendor; when I listened to the cheerful birds, whose warblings inspired me with pleasure, while love was a stranger to my breast, I feel more sensibly my present anguish, and pity the misfortunes of Werter. His image is ever present to my imagination, and seems to remind me of his love and tenderness to me; even gratitude would have caused me to return his passion, had I not been the wife of Albert. When the damp dew descends upon the earth, and the north wind

blows cold across the plain, I wander to his grave, and shed a tear to his memory. Gentle Werter! thou wast born to be unhappy, to nourish a fruitless passion for the miserable

CHARLOTTE.

"Lady's Magazine."

AMATORY.

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PERFECT LOVE;

&c. &c.

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PERFECT LOVE.

BY THE LATE —— HIRD, M. D. OF LEEDS.

Say, what art thou? thou wonderous energy, that, with such astonishing power pervades the human frame, and triumphs over all our affections! Oh! for a muse of fire, which might ascend the brightest heaven of expression! Then would I speak of thee unblamed, thou mystic essence! in language, fervent as the feelings of my soul. I feel thy elastic step bounding through all my faculties, and giving vigour to my trembling tongue. Thou art covering my head with thy immortal ægis, and under the shadow of it will I dare to describe thee; thou art scattering before my steps thy charming tablets; I will gather them and present them to the feeling mind.

Shall I speak of thee in thy mighty walks through creation's ample range? The heavens are full of thee, and the heaven of heavens, thou all pervading spirit! But what aspiring thought, up-born on wing of angel, shall dare to explore thee? parent of good! In thy immensity, in thy goings forth from everlasting! A flame of love, ineffable, amidst thy glorious works.

But I may speak of thee, as thou deignest to appear, pure emanation of the all-perfect mind! illuming the habitations of men; for man alone is permitted to know, and to enjoy thy refining influences. In his breast alone is erected the throne of reason.

Thou art an holy temple, wherein virtue presides as sovereign priestess, upon whose shrine is offered up the vow of purity, and whose altars blaze with the choicest incense of congenial spirits. Thou art Dian's

hallowed grove, sacred to the repose of virtue, in which the foot of licentiousness shall not step with impunity. Thou art the Vale of Tempe, fanned by the ever-living zephyrs, in whose enchanting shades the soul of man is permitted to refresh itself, after toiling on the arduous steeps of this life. Thou art a robe of rapture, spread by the hand of mercy, over the chaste dwellings of poverty. Thou art a seraphic flame, kindling in the soul, each nobly generous, each exalted purpose, and irradiating, with mild lustre, the whole mount of honour. Thou art an immortal cherubim! in thy right hand is an effulgent spear, drawn from the everlasting armory, whose shaft is of beaming gold, whose point is tipped with fire, and whose touch nothing can bear, save what is in thy radiant train, O heaven-born virtue! Thou art a divine paladium; a sacred shaft, mounted high against the hand of oppression, under whose expanded orb, the soul, in security, smiles at the drawn dagger of malevolence, and defies it's point. Thou art that delicious drop which sparkles in our cup of life, and makes nectarious the palling draught. Thou art an intoxicating interchange of spirit; a dear delirium, in which we quaff the bowl of forgetfulness to all care. Sappho and the muses loved thee; the dying strain of melody is the soft whispering of thy voice, and it's loftiest raptures are the touches of thy finger. It is thy spirit which, brooding in the bosom of rusticity, makes sentient the torpid mass. Without thy inpiring influences, the Horatian lyre would have remained unstrung, and the Doric reed of thy Theocritus would not have sounded in the Sicilian valleys. Not thy lay, divine Maro! not thy sweet bucolic lay, would have charmed the Mantuan shepherds, nor yet

the soft warbling of thy lute, Phæbean Orpheus! would have moved in savage breasts, and things inanimate, had not thou deigned to join, sweetest of minstrels! the soft modulations of thy voice, thy tuneful voice, well known in Rhodope. And say, ye wanton gales, did not ye rejoice as ye wafted the living symphonies along the rock-clad hill? These are but thy various forms, celestial maid! beauteous as various, whether thou art seen in thy eastern robes, with step majestic, or thou art straying in the academic groves, holding sage converse with philosophy, or thou art seen, by the muses, in thy iris mantle, tripping along the side of Helicon, and leading thy votaries to the Castalian spring. These are but thy various, thy all-pleasing images.

Come, then, thou fairest daughter of the sky! come, with thy train of smiles, and revisit my deserted shores. Wave thy magic wand over my dreary solitudes. Touch with thy finger yon dusky mantle, and it shall pass away like a vision from the face of Heaven. Spread over my abodes thy glorious arch of pure azure, and let thy sun-beams dance upon the tops of my cliffs. Let thy retiring ray leave it's golden girdle upon my horizon, as a sure pledge of thy return; then will I retreat, joyful to thy soft blandishments, thou enchanting deity! until thy sweetly effulgent morning step is seen by the shepherds, quivering upon the dewy summit. Open thy clear fountains in my dry places, and let thy rills flow irriguous along my parched valleys. Roll down thy rivers among the windings of my desolate hills, and cover my bleak and barren mountains with thy waving foliage. Spread thy green savannahs on the bosom of my forests, and, on jocund wing, let loose thy sweet warblers among their

branches. Let thy silver footed wood-nymphs trip along the margin of the stream, and thy festive naiads sport on the glady surface of the waters. Bring Favonius with his train of soft breezes, among the bowers of thy planting, and let him wanton amid the intricacies of the groves. Then will I choose the cool sequestered shade, thou chaste monarch of the heart of man! and I will raise a fane to thy honour. I will encircle thy temples with a flowery wreath, gathered by the Aönian virgins upon the tops of Pindus, and thy name shall be called Pleasure, attired by the hand of Virtue.

DESERTION OF THE HEART.

FROM MARY WOLLSTONECRAFT'S "LETTERS WRITTEN IN SWEDEN."

At Tonsberg, a young woman who is wet-nurse to the mistress of the Inn where I lodged, receives only twelve dollars a year, and pays ten for the nursing of her own child; the father had run away to get clear of the expense. There was something in this most painful state of widowhood which excited my compassion, and led me to reflect on the instability of the most flattering plans of happiness. I was ready to ask whether the world was created to exhibit every possible combination of wretchedness. I listened to a melancholy ditty sung by this poor girl. It was too early for thee to be abandoned, thought I, and I hastened out of the house, to take my solitary evening walk. But I could think only of the pangs arising from the discovery of estranged affection, and the lonely sadness of a deserted heart.

RULES FOR PROMOTING MATRIMONIAL HAPPINESS.

The likeliest way either to obtain a good husband or to keep one so, is to *be good yourself.* Never use your lover ill, whom you design to make your husband, lest he should either upbraid you with it, or return it afterwards; and if you find, at any time, an inclination to play the tyrant, remember these two lines of truth and justice:

> "Gently shall those be rul'd, who gently sway'd;
> abject shall those obey, who, haughty, were obey'd."

Avoid, both before and after marriage, all thoughts of *managing your husband.* Never endeavour to deceive or impose on his understanding, nor give him uneasiness to try his temper; but treat him always with sincerity, and with affection and respect.

Be not over-sanguine before marriage, nor promise yourself felicity without alloy; for it is what is impossible to be attained in this present state of being. Consider, beforehand, that the person you are going to spend your days with is a man, and not an angel; and if, when you come together, you discover any thing in his humour or behaviour that is not altogether so agreeable as you expected, pass it over as a human frailty; smooth your brow, compose your temper, and try to amend it by cheerfulness and good-nature.

Remember always, that whatever misfortunes may happen to either, they are not to be charged to the account of matrimony, but to the accidents and infirmities of human life; a burden which each has engaged to assist the other in supporting, and to which both

parties are equally exposed. Instead therefore, of murmurs, reflections, and disagreement, whereby the weight is rendered abundantly more grievous, readily put your shoulder to the yoke, and render it easier to both. Resolve every morning to be cheerful and good-natured through the day. If any accident should happen to break that resolution, suffer it not to put you out of temper with every thing besides, and especially with your husband. Dispute not violently with him, whatever be the occasion, but much rather deny yourself the trivial satisfaction of having your own will, or gaining the better of an argument, than risque a quarrel, or create a heart-burning, which it may be impossible to know the end of. A woman's power, as well as happiness, has no other foundation than her husband's esteem and love, which it is her interest to preserve and increase. Study *his* temper and command *your own*; enjoy his satisfactions; share and sooth his cares; and, with the utmost diligence, conceal his infirmities. Always wear your wedding ring; there lies more virtue in it than is usually imagined: if you be ruffled unawares, assaulted with improper thoughts, or tempted against your duty, cast your eyes upon it, and recollect who gave it to you, and what passed at the solemn time. Express your tenderness with decency, delicacy, and prudence; that so you may be distinguished from the designing harlot. As you are concerned on account of your own ease and your husband's good opinion; so in your expenses and desires have regard to his income and circumstances; lest necessity should follow, and you be deprived of both. Examine frequently your conduct and behaviour, and when you have been guilty of omissions, be more careful in future.

"European Mag."

PATIENCE AND FORBEARANCE IN THE CONNUBIAL STATE RECOMMENDED.

I am grieved that your domestic affairs are still in so bad a situation, and that your wife, by her excessive expenses, labours continually to make them worse. There is nothing but patience and mildness which can affect her. Gain her confidence, and you will afterwards gain what you please. You should find some means capable of opening her eyes. Speak reason to her; seem to enter into her views, so as not to have the appearance of contradicting her; and, insensibly, by candid representations, by good treatment, by sensible argument, by the effusions of the heart, she may be brought to relish the morals you may preach; but you must not assume a pedantic manner, or the tone of a moralizer. Above all things, do not complain of your wife before your children, but still less before your servants; they will acquire the habit of no longer respecting her. Women require attention; and the more so as their peevishness is almost always owing to the temper of their husbands, or domestic vexations. Their tender forms demand consideration, as well as their situation, which does not permit them to divert their cares so easily as we can, whose lives are divided between business and study. While the husband goes abroad, the wife often remains confined at home, necessarily employed in minute attentions, which are generally teazing. Women who love reading have a resource, but they cannot be always reading: besides, most women who read much are infected with vanity. Let her creditors come frequently to persecute her when she

is in their debt. She will grow tired of their visits, and she will perceive that there cannot be a greater misfortune than to be in debt when we cannot pay. You will engage her attention by mentioning the necessity of saving something for her children. She loves them tenderly, and that motive will be the best lesson which can be given to her. I formerly knew an old officer at Pesaro, who had suffered much by the passionate freaks of his wife. When she fell into a rage, he remained immoveable, and did not speak one word; and this silence very soon cooled her passion. The passionate are to be disarmed by mildness. How pleased am I, my dear doctor, that I am married to my cell! it is a quiet companion, which does not speak one word, which does not put my patience to the trial, and which I find always the same at whatever hour I return; always tranquil and ready to receive me. The vexations of the monks are nothing when compared with those of people who live in the world; but it is necessary that every man should suffer patiently, and reflect that this life is not eternal. St. Jerome said, that he advised marriage to those only who were fearful in the night, that they might have a companion to keep up their courage; but as he was never fearful, he never inclined to marry. "Ganganelli's Letters."

ON BEAUTY WITHOUT ACQUIREMENTS.

A beautiful woman, without internal prefections, is like a most sumptuous and magnificent piece of furniture in a room, in which are nothing besides but broken glasses, chairs, and tables, and those of the coarsest materials.

AN EXTRAORDINARY INSTANCE OF FEMALE AFFECTION.

Woman is not near so selfish a creature as man. When a man is in love, the object of his passion is himself. When a woman is enamoured of a man, she forgets herself, the world, and all that it contains, and wishes to exist only for the object of her affection. How few men make any violent sacrifices to sentiment! but how many women does every man know, who have sacrificed fortune and honours to noble, pure, and disinterested motives! A man mounts a breach; he braves danger, and obtains a victory. This is glorious and great. He has served his country, he has acquired fame, preferment, riches. Wherever he appears, respect awaits him, admiration attends him, crowds press to meet him, and theatres receive him with bursts of applause. His glory dies not with him. History preserves his memory from oblivion. That thought cheers his dying hour; and his last words, pronounced with feeble pleasure, are *I shall not all die.* The husband of a woman goes to the war; she lived but *in* that husband. Her soul goes with him. She trembles both for the dangers of the sea and the land. Every billow that swells she thinks it is to be his tomb; every ball that flies she imagines is directed against *him.* A brilliant capital appears to her a dreary desert: her universe was a man; and that man's life, her terrors tell her is in danger. Her days are days of sorrow; her nights are sleepless. She sits immoveable, her mornings, in all the dignity and composure of grief, like Agrippina in her chair; and when at night she seeks repose,

repose has fled her couch; the silent tears steal down her cheek, and wet her pillow; or if by chance exhausted nature finds an hour of slumber, her imagination, sickened by her distempered soul, sees in that sleep a bleeding lover or his mangled corse. Time passes, and her grief increases; till worn out, at length, by too much tenderness, she falls the victim of too exquisite a sensibility, and sinks with sorrow to the grave. No, cold unfeeling reader! these are not pictures of *my* creation. They are neither changed nor embellished; but both copied faithfully from nature.—The Count d'Estaing and Lady Cornwallis.

Sherlock's "Letters."

A LETTER

written by a young lady to Theodosius, with whom she is in love, under an idea that his modesty and slender fortune checked a proposal from him.

Sir, The subject on which I am to address you is of so very extraordinary a nature, that I scarcely know in what words to clothe it. Yet why should I hesitate? if to distinguish merit, and to value it as it deserves, be a crime, I am indeed highly criminal; but as I stand acquitted by my own conscience (that severest of judges), I doubt not but I shall be so by him, whose opinion is of the greatest moment to me. Know then, sir, that accustomed as I have been to the flattery of your sex, ever since I came into life, you are the only one that ever made an impression on my heart. When I first knew you, I thought you the most amiable and deserving man I had ever met with; your present situation of mind (for I have seen Mr. Mordaunt,*) renders you now the most interesting. It will not be accounted vanity if I say, Augusta

* In a letter to this gentleman Theodosius had expressed himself as follows: "Love, which is the source of happiness to others, must now become a source of torment and misery." This she concluded alluded to her.

Beverley cannot be supposed to be reduced to the necessity of offering herself; but her knowledge of your character has convinced her, that the only man she can be happy with, is, perhaps, the only one to whom an explicit address would be necessary. To be plain with you, sir, I am convinced, from what I know of you, that the trifling advantage of fortune on my side would for ever keep you silent (as it has caused so many others to speak), were I not to assure you, that it is of no value to me but as you consent to share it with me. I offer you with that fortune a friend, a companion, who desires no other happiness in life than that of rendering you happy. The only favour I have to request of you is, in case of your declining my offer, that you will not wrong me in your judgment, by withdrawing your esteem from,

sir, your most obedient,

AUGUSTA BEVERLEY.

A LETTER

from an unknown lady to a young gentleman, on whom she had unfortunately fixed her affections; but as she never had it in her power to make any proper impressions on him, or a better opportunity of having her inclinations signified to him, she wrote as follows.

Sir, I rely on your goodness to redress and conceal the misfortunes I now labour under; but with what words shall I declare a passion which I blush to own. It is now a year and a half since I first saw, and (I must say) loved you, and so long have I strove to forget you; but frequent opportunities of seeing, and of obtaining the most flattering accounts of your talents and disposition, have made my endeavours prove vain. I dare not subscribe to this letter, lest it should fall into hands which may expose it; but if you, sir, have

any curiosity or desire to know who I am, I shall be in the park to-morrow exactly at two o'clock. I cannot but be under apprehensions least you should come more out of curiosity than compassion; but, however, that you may have some notion of me, if you do come, I will give you a short description of my person, which is tall and slender, my eyes and hair dark; perhaps you will think me vain, when I tell you that I am altogether what the flattering world calls handsome; and as to my fortune, I believe you will have no reason to find fault with it. I doubt you will think such a declaration as this, from a woman, ridiculous; but, you will consider, it is custom, not nature, that makes it so. My hand trembles while I write, so that I believe you can scarcely read it.

The gentleman did not give himself the trouble to meet the lady, but took great pains to expose and ridicule her letter, tho' reproved for it by his acquaintance; which coming to the lady's knowledge, she sent him the following.

Sir, You will the more easily pardon this second trouble from a slighted correspondent, when I assure you it shall be the last. A passion like mine, violent enough to break through customary decorums, cannot be supposed to grow calm at once; but I hope I shall undergo no severer trials, or censures, than what I have done by taking this opportunity of discharging the remains of a tenderness which I have so unfortunately and imprudently indulged. I would not complain of your unkindness and want of generosity in exposing my letter, because the man who is so unworthy of a woman's love, is too inconsiderable for her resentment; but I cannot forbear asking you, what could induce you to publish my letter, and so cruelly to sport with the misery of a person whom you know

nothing worse of, than that she had entertained too good, too fond an opinion of you? How ungenerous your behaviour has been, I had rather you were told by those gentlemen who universally condemn it, than say any thing severe. This event furnishes me with an evidence of my own weakness, in lavishing my esteem on a person who did not deserve it. That face which I have so often examined with a mistaken admiration, I will therefore look on hereafter with indifference.

THE BIRD,

a pastoral, in the manner of Gessner.

Colin had taken a linnet in a thicket; he caged it first in the hollow of his hands, and then ran, delighted with his prize, to rejoin his flock. Putting his hat on the ground, he placed the little captive under it. 'There, little flutterer!' said he, 'quiet thyself in this confinement till I fetch from the neighbouring streams the oziers for thy cage. In less than an hour I promise my little prisoner an apartment more commodious. What pleasure will it be to offer the charming Chloris this new pledge of tenderness! she must at least give me two kisses—I could not afford it for less: and if she should *give* me but one, with a little address I can *take* five or six. Oh! that the cage were already finished!' he said, and making the best of his way, soon gained the lake, cut the oziers, and returned with a bundle under his arm. But who will form any certain reliance on worldly expectation! Guess the surprise and sorrow of our shepherd on his return! a perfidious wind had overset his hat! away had flown the bird, and carried with it the kisses under it's wings!

THE SPEECH OF MISS POLLY BAKER,

delivered before a court of judicature in the colony of Connecticut, in New England, where she was prosecuted for having a bastard child.

May it please the honourable bench, to indulge me in a few words: I am a poor unhappy woman, who have no money to fee lawyers to plead for me, being hard put to it to get a tolerable living. I shall not trouble your honours with a long speech, for I have not the presumption to expect, that you may by any means be prevailed on to deviate in your sentence from the law in my favour. All I humbly hope is, that your honours would charitably move the governor's goodness on my behalf, that my fine may be remitted. This is the fifth time, gentlemen, that I have been dragged before your court on the same account; twice I have paid heavy fines, and twice have been brought to public punishment, for want of money to pay those fines. This may have been agreeable to the laws, and I don't dispute it; but since laws are sometimes unreasonable in themselves, and therefore repealed; and others bear too hard on the subject in particular circumstances, and therefore there is left a power somewhat to dispense with the execution of them, I take the liberty to say, that I think this law, by which I am punished, is both unreasonable in itself, and particularly severe with regard to me, who have always lived an inoffensive life in the neighbourhood where I was born; and defy my enemies (if I have any) to say I ever wronged man, woman, or child. Abstracted from the law, I cannot conceive (may it please your honours) what the nature of my offence is. I have brought five fine children into the world at the risque of my life, and have main-

tained them well by my own industry, without burdening the township; and should have done it better, if it had not been for the heavy charges and fines I have paid. Can it be a crime (in the nature of things I mean) to add to the number of the king's subjects in a new country that really wants people? I own it, I should think it praise-worthy rather than a punishable action. I have debauched no other woman's husband, nor enticed any youth: these things I never was charged with, nor has any one the least cause of complaint against me, unless perhaps the minister or justice, because I have had children without being married, by which they have missed a wedding-fee. But can ever this be a fault of mine? I appeal to your honours. You are pleased to allow I do n't want sense; but I should be stupid to the last degree, not to prefer the honourable state of wedlock, to the condition I have lived in. I always was, and am still willing to enter into it; and doubt not my behaving well in it, having all the industry, frugality, fertility, skill, and economy appertaining to a good wife's character. I defy any person to say I ever refused an offer of that sort. On the contrary, I readily consented to the only proposal of marriage that ever was made me, which was when I was a virgin; but too easily confiding in the person's sincerity that made it, I unhappily lost my own honour by trusting to his. That very person you all know; he is now become a magistrate of this country; and I had hopes that he would have appeared this day on the bench, and have endeavoured to moderate the court in my favour; then I should have scorned to have mentioned it; but I must now complain of it as unjust and unequal, that my betrayer and undoer, the first cause of all my faults and mis-

carriages (if they must be deemed such) should be advanced to honour and power in the government, that punishes my misfortunes with stripes and infamy.

I shall be told, 't is like, that were there no act of assembly in the case, the precepts of religion are violated by my transgressions. If mine then be a religious offence, leave it to religious punishment. You have already excluded me from the comforts of your church communion: is not that sufficient? You believe I have offended Heaven, and must suffer eternal fire; will not that be sufficient? What need is there then of your additional fines and whippings? But how can it be believed that Heaven is angry at my having children, when to the little done by me towards it God has been pleased to add his divine skill and admirable workmanship in the formation of their bodies, and crowned it by furnishing them with rational and immortal souls? Forgive me, gentlemen, if I talk a little extravagantly on these matters; I am no divine: but if you, gentlemen, must make laws, do not turn natural and useful actions into crimes by your prohibitions. But take into your wise consideration the great and growing number of bachelors in this country, many of whom, from the mean fear of the expenses of a family, have never sincerely and honourably courted a woman in their lives, and by their manner of living, leave unproduced (which is little better than murder) hundreds of their posterity to the thousandth generation. Is not this a greater offence against the public good than mine? Compel them then by law, either to marriage, or to pay double the fine of fornication every year. What must poor young women do, whom custom has forbid to solicit the men; and who cannot force themselves on husbands,

when the laws take no care to provide them any; and yet severely punish them if they do their duty without them; the duty of the first and great command of nature, and of nature's God, INCREASE AND MULTIPLY; a duty from the steady performance of which nothing has been able to deter me; but for it's sake I have hazarded the loss of public esteem, and have frequently endured public disgrace and punishment; and therefore ought, in my humble opinion, instead of a whipping, to have a statue erected to my memory.

ON SEDUCTION.

If you have been the first debaucher of a girl, you have broken a link in the chain of providence which can never be pieced again. You have robbed some sincere lover of a chaste mistress, perhaps a wife; robbed her of her honour, the most brilliant jewel in the character of a woman; robbed her of her station in the world, for no virtuous one will hereafter rank with her; robbed her of the peace of a conscience which will be always flying in her face; brought a disgrace upon her father, mother, brothers, sisters, and all her family, who have as great a right to set as great a value upon the honour of it, as you have upon that of your own; and it is much to be feared she has been prevailed on to submit to all this variety of evil, by the fair promises of unchangeable love which you made to her, but never meant to keep.

ANECDOTE OF A CHORISTER.

A village chorister of Hanover, on the death of a young and beautiful country girl, with whom he was enamoured, after erecting in the cemetery of the cathedral a sepulchral stone to her memory, carved on it, in an artless manner, the figure of a blooming

rose, and inscribed beneath it these words. *C'est ainsi qu' elle fut.*—"*It is thus she was.*"

DIALOGUE BETWEEN OCTAVIA, PORTIA, AND ARRIA

in the shades.

From Lord Lyttelton's "Dialogues of the Dead."

Portia. We will sit down in this myrtle grove, and listen to your story with pleasure. *Octavia.* Noble ladies, the pride of our sex and of Rome, I will not refuse to obey your commands, tho' it recalls to my mind some scenes which my heart would wish to forget. The trial of my conjugal virtue has been harder than your's. *Arria.* What! madam, harder than to die for your husband? we died for our's. *Oct.* You did; for husbands who loved you, and were the most virtuous men of the ages they lived in; who trusted you with their lives, their honour, their fame. To outlive such husbands is harder than to die for them, or with them. But Mark Antony, to whom my brother, for reasons of state, gave my hand, loved another, not me. And yet he has told me himself I was handsomer than his Cleopatra. Younger I certainly was; and, to men, that is generally a charm sufficient to turn the scale in one's favour. I had been used to be loved: I was loved by Marcellus. Antony said he loved me, when he pledged to me his faith. Perhaps he did for a time: a new handsome woman might, from his natural inconstancy, make him forget his former attachment. He was but too amiable. His very vices had charms beyond other men's virtues. Such spirits! such fire! such a towering pride! He seemed made to command; to govern the world; to govern it with such ease, that the weight of it did not rob him of an hour of pleas-

ure. And while his inclination for me continued, this haughty lord of mankind, who could hardly bring his high spirits to treat my brother, his partner in empire, with proper respect, was as obedient to every wish of my heart, as the most humble lover that ever sighed in the vales of Arcadia. Thus he seduced my affections from the manes of Marcellus, and fixed them on himself. He fixed them, ladies (I confess it) more fondly than ever they had been fixed on Marcellus. And when he had done so he scorned me, he left me, he returned to Cleopatra. Think who I was: the sister of Cæsar sacrificed to a vile Egyptian queen, the harlot of Julius, the disgrace of her sex. Every outrage was added to incense me still more. He gave her, as public marks of his love, a great part of the empire of Rome in the east. He read her love-letters openly in his tribunal, even while he was judging the causes of kings. Nay, he left his tribunal, and one of the best Roman orators pleading before him, to follow her litter, in which she chanced to pass by at that time. But what was more grievous to me than all these demonstrations of his extravagant passion, in a letter he wrote to my brother himself, he had the assurance to call her his wife. Which of you, ladies, could have borne this? *Arr.* Not I, madam, in truth. Had I been in your place, the dagger with which I pierced my own bosom, to shew my dear Pætus how easy it was to die, that dagger should I have plunged into Antony's heart, if piety to the gods, and respect to the purity of my own soul had not stopped my hand. But, I believe, I should have killed myself; not, as I did, out of love to my husband, but out of shame and indignation at the wrongs I endured. *Por.* I must own, Octavia, that to

bear such treatment as your's was harder to a woman than to swallow fire. *Oct.* Yet I did bear it, madam, without a complaint, which could hurt or offend the cruel man. I used my utmost endeavours to hinder my brother from making war against him on my account. Nay, more; at his return from his Parthian expedition, which his impatience to bear a long absence from Cleopatra had made unfortunate and inglorious, I went to meet him in Syria, and carried with me magnificent presents of clothes and money for his troops, a great number of horses, and two thousand chosen soldiers, equipped and armed like my brother's Prætorian bands. He sent to stop me at Athens, because his mistress was with him, and he was ashamed to see us together. I obeyed his commands: but I wrote to him, by one of his most faithful friends, a letter, expressing great resignation, and such a tenderness for him, as I thought might have power to touch his heart. My envoy served me so well, he set my fidelity in so fair a light, and gave such reasons to Antony why he ought to see and receive me with kindness, that Cleopatra was extremely alarmed. All her arts were employed to prevent him from seeing me, and to draw him again into Egypt. Those arts prevailed. He sent me back into Italy, and gave himself up more weakly than ever to the witchcraft of that Circe. He added Africa to the states he had bestowed on her before, and declared Cæsario, her spurious son by Julius Cæsar, heir to all her dominions, except Phœnicia and Cilicia, which, with the Upper Syria, he gave to Ptolemy, his second son by her; and at the same time declared his eldest son by her, named Alexander, whom he had espoused to the Princess of Media, heir to that kingdom, and king of Armenia; nay, and of

the whole Parthian empire, which he proposed to conquer for him. The children I had brought him he wholly neglected. I wept; I lamented his fate and my own; but I never reproached him. My brother provoked at so many indignities, commanded me to quit the house of my husband at Rome, and come into his. I refused to obey him. I remained in Antony's house, I persisted to take the same care of his children by Fulvia as of my own. I gave all his friends at Rome my protection, and all the assistance that was in my power. I implored my brother not to make my jealousy or my wrongs the cause of a civil war. But the injuries done to the empire and Rome by Antony's conduct, could not be forgiven. When he found he should draw the Roman arms on himself, he sent orders to me to leave his house. I did so, but carried with me all his children by Fulvia, except Antyllus, the eldest, who was then with him in Egypt. After his death and Cleopatra's, I took her children by him, and bred them up with my own. I married her daughter to Juba, king of Mauritania, the most accomplished and the handsomest prince in the world. I raised Julius Antonius, the second son of my husband by his first wife, to such a degree of favour and power, that except Agrippa, and the sons of Livia, he saw none above him in the court of Augustus. In short, I did for Antony's children, even those whom he had by Cleopatra, my rival, all that Portia or Arria, could have done for their children by Brutus and Thrasea, if they had survived them.

Port. I thank the Gods that my virtue was not put to such trials. *Arr.* I confess your superiority, Octavia, Yet tell me, did not your pride and resentment entirely cure you of your passion for Antony,

as soon as you saw him go back to Cleopatra? And was not all your conduct after that time the effect of cool reason, undisturbed by the agitations of jealous, unhappy and tortured love? *Oct.* You probe my heart very deeply. That I had some help from my pride and resentment, I will not deny; but I was not become indifferent to my husband. His idea was dear, too dear to me still. I loved the Antony who had been my lover and friend, more than I was angry with the Antony who forsook me, and loved another woman. Had he left Cleopatra and returned to me again with his former affection, I should have loved him as well as before.

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LETTERS
of
YORICK & ELIZA

"A Friend has the same right as a Physician."

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THE PREFACE.

The LETTERS OF ELIZA *are now incorporated with those of* YORICK, *in compliance with the prevailing opinion that they are equally authentic. Yet much doubt may reasonably be entertained on this subject; for of Yorick's Letters, which have been more universally considered as authentic, two editions have appeared, by different editors, both printed in London in the year* 1775. *One of those editors begins his preface with an ostentatious Phillipic on the causes which have brought posthumous works into disrepute, adding, "Any one of the anecdotes detailed in the letters are sufficient to prove their authenticity." But we cannot understand how a well-known anecdote, tho' ever so ingeniously detailed or embellished, can prove the authenticity of any publication in which it may be introduced. Our other editor asserts, that she too was "a most intimate friend of Mrs. Draper," and disputes the assertion of her predecessor, when he says, that "he had the perusal of the originals; and by Eliza's permission, faithfully copied them." In this clashing of evidence in two anonymous editors what conclusion can be drawn? Under such an envelope they were at liberty to assume any character or connexion they choose, for have not the most plausible fabrications, with all the parade of circumstance, time, and place, been obtruded on the public in the same manner? The Letters of Yorick have been long and justly admired; if they be not* really *Sterne's they are an admirable imitation of his style and sentiments. Those of Eliza cannot fail of proving a desirable counterpart. The present publisher received them from a friend, who assured him that they had been found in Mr. Sterne's library after his decease; that the possessor of the original copy would never consent to print them, but allowed transcripts, which are now in many hands. An impression of* 2000 *of Eliza's Letters has been disposed of in a detached form, respecting which public animadversion was courted, but without effect. They are, therefore, now given on the presumption of being authentic.*

The following account of MRS. ELIZABETH DRAPER, *is taken from the former of the editions referred to of Yorick's Let-*

ters. " *She was wife of Daniel Draper, esq., counsellor, at Bombay, and chief of the English factory at Surat, a gentleman very much respected in that part of the world. She was an East Indian; but the circumstance of being born in that country not proving sufficient to protect her delicate constitution from the effects of it's burning climate, she came to England for the recovery of her health, when by accident she became acquainted with Mr. Sterne. He immediately discovered in her a mind so congenial with his own, that a mutual attraction soon united them in the closest union which purity could admit of; he loved her as his friend, and prided in her as his pupil; all her concerns became his; her health, her circumstances, her reputation, were his; and his fortune and time, were at her disposal. It was most unfortunate that they did not meet before either were legally engaged, or that they ever met; but what human prudence can provide for contingencies, or rigorously maintain the limits of involuntary, yet cool affection? Mr. and Mrs. James, so frequently and honourably mentioned in these letters, were the worthy heads of an opulent family in London. Sterne's partiality for Eliza has betrayed him into an unjust reflection on Miss Light, in Letter* XIII, *who is said to have been amiable and accomplished; she afterwards married George Strattan, esq., counsellor at Madras. Of the family referred to by asterisks, Mr. Sterne has shed his bitterest gall; it is, however, evident that Eliza did not harbour so bad an opinion of them.*

As Mr. Sterne was a clergyman and Eliza an Indian, it was customary with her to call him her Bramin, which he also uses as a signature. It is scarcely necessary to explain that the principal cast or tribe among the religious Indians are the Bramins, and out of the chief class of this cast arise the priests, who are much famed for their austerites." *We add, with regret, that Eliza, after her return to Bengal, is said to have conducted herself, towards a very excellent man, unworthily. But what woman, possessed of Eliza's fire of sentiment, flattered, adored, and fascinated with ideas of participated, yet severed, congeniality, could find herself returned to move in the placid and sober duties of life with composure or pleasure? We will admire, therefore, the superior talents and virtues of our correspondents, but we must also lament their misfortunes and imprudences; or, in other words, the imbecility of human powers, when encountered by passion.*

LETTERS OF YORICK AND ELIZA.

LETTER I. TO ELIZA.

Eliza will receive my books with this. The sermons all came hot from the heart: I wish that I could give them any title to be offered to your's.—The other's came from the head—I am more indifferent about their reception. I know not how it comes about, but I am half in love with you—I ought to be wholly so; for I never valued (or saw more good qualities to value) or thought more of one of your sex than of you; so adieu,

your's, faithfully,
if not affectionately,
L. Sterne.

LETTER II. TO YORICK.

My Bramin!

I received your Sentimental Journey.—Your imagination hath strange powers.—It has awakened feelings in my heart, which I never before knew it possessed.—You make me vain—you make me in love with my own sensibility. I bedewed your pathetic pages with tears—but they were tears of pleasure—my heart flowed through my eyes,—every particle of tenderness in my whole frame was awakened. You take the surest method to improve the understanding—you convince by touching the soul. Surely the greatest compliment an author can receive, is, the sighs and tears of his readers.—Such

sincere applause I amply gave you. I beg, if you value me, that you will not flatter. I am already too vain, and praise from a man of sense is dangerous.

I am,
in the utmost extent of the word,
your cordial friend,
Eliza.

LETTER III. TO ELIZA.

I cannot rest, Eliza, tho' I shall call on you at half past twelve, till I know how you do.—May thy dear face smile, as thou risest, like the sun of this morning. I was much grieved to hear of your alarming indisposition yesterday; and disappointed too, at not being let in.—Remember, my dear, that a friend has the same right as a physician. The etiquettes of this town (you 'll say), say otherwise.—No matter! delicacy and propriety do not always consist in observing their frigid doctrines. I am going out to breakfast, but shall be at my lodgings by eleven; when I hope to read a single line under thy own hand, that thou art better, and wilt be glad to see thy

9 o'clock. *Bramin.*

LETTER IV. TO YORICK.

My Bramin!

It is with pleasure I write that I am better, because I believe it will give *you* pleasure.—You tell me that "a friend has the same right as a physician." Then you may claim a double right, for you are my friend and physician—the most valuable of physicians—the physician of the mind. Come, then, and bring the best of cordials, the cordial of

sentiment.—If thy conversation does not eradicate my disorder entirely, it will make me forget that I am ill. —I shall feel no pain while you are present. To wish to see you, you find, is the interest, as well as desire, of *Eliza.*

10 o'clock,

LETTER V. TO ELIZA.

I received thy letter last night, Eliza, on my return from Lord Bathurst's, where I dined, and where I was heard (as I talked of thee an hour without intermission) with so much pleasure and attention, that the good old Lord toasted your health three different times; and, now he is in his eighty-fifth year, says, he hopes to live long enough to be introduced as a friend to my fair Indian disciple, and to see her eclipse all other nabobesses as much in wealth, as she does already in exterior, and (what is far better) in interior merit. I hope so too. This nobleman is an old friend of mine.—You know he was always the protector of men of wit and genius; and has had those of the last century, Addison, Steele, Pope, Swift, Prior, &c. &c. always at his table.—The manner in which his notice began of me, was as singular as it was polite.—He came up to me, one day, as I was at the Princess of Wales's court. "I want to know you, Mr. Sterne; but it is fit you should know also, who it is that wishes this pleasure, You have heard," continued he, "of an old Lord Bathurst, of whom your Popes, and Swifts, have sung and spoken so much: I have lived my life with geniuses of that cast; but have survived them; and, despairing ever to find their equals, it is some years since I have closed

my accounts, and shut up my books, with thoughts of never opening them again: but you have kindled a desire in me of opening them once more before I die; which I now do; so go home and dine with me."

This nobleman, I say, is a prodigy; for at eighty-five he has all the wit and promptness of a man of thirty.—A disposition to be pleased, and a power to please others beyond whatever I knew; added to which a man of learning, courtesy, and feeling. He heard me talk of thee, Eliza, with uncommon satisfaction; for there was only a third person, and of sensibility, with us.—And a most sentimental afternoon, till nine o'clock, have we passed! But thou, Eliza, wert the star which conducted and enlivened the discourse.—And when I talked not of thee, still didst thou fill my mind, and warmed every thought I uttered; for I am not ashamed to acknowledge I greatly miss thee.—Best of all good girls! the sufferings I have sustained the whole night on account of thine, Eliza, are beyond my power of words.—Assuredly does Heaven give strength proportioned to the weight he lays upon us! Thou hast been bowed down, my child, with every burden which sorrow of heart and pain of body could inflict upon a poor being; and still thou tellest me, thou art beginning to get ease;—thy fever gone, thy sickness, the pain in thy side vanishing also.—May every evil so vanish that thwarts Eliza's happiness, or but awakens thy fears for a moment! —Fear nothing, my dear!—Hope every thing; and the balm of this passion will shed it's influence on thy health, and make thee enjoy a spring of youth and cheerfulness, more than thou hast hardly yet tasted.

And so thou hast fixed thy Bramin's portrait over thy writing-desk; and wilt consult it in all doubts and

difficulties.—Grateful and good girl! Yorick smiles contentedly over all thou dost; his picture does not do justice to his own complacency? Thy sweet little plan and distribution of thy time—how worthy of thee! Indeed, Eliza, thou leavest me nothing to direct thee in; thou leavest me nothing to require, nothing to ask—but a continuation of that conduct which won my esteem and has made me thy friend for ever. May the roses come quickly back to thy cheeks, and the rubies to thy lips! But trust my declaration, Eliza, that thy husband (if he be the good feeling man I wish him) will press thee to him with more honest warmth and affection, and kiss thy pale, poor, dejected face, with more transport than he would be able to do, in the best bloom of all thy beauty;—and so he ought, or I pity him. He must have strange sensations, if he knows not the value of such a creature as thou art! I am glad Miss Light goes with you. She may relieve you from many anxious moments.—I am glad your ship-mates are friendly beings. You could least dispense with what is contrary to your own nature, which is soft and gentle, Eliza.—It would civilize savages.—Tho' pity were it thou shouldst be tainted with the office! How canst thou make apologies for thy last letter? 't is most delicious to me, for the very reasons you excuse it. Write to me, my child, only such. Let them speak the easy carelessness of a heart which opens itself any how, and every how, to a man you ought to esteem and trust. Such, Eliza, I write to thee,—and so I should ever live with thee, most artlessly, most affectionately, if providence permitted thy residence in the same section of the globe; for I am all that honour and affection can make me,

Thy Bramin.

LETTER VI. TO YORICK.

Kind Yorick!

I perused your letter, as usual, with infinite pleasure—I am charmed with your account of that worthy nobleman, Lord Bathurst.—Half a score, such as he, would make old age amiable, redeem it from the character of moroseness, and render it the most desirable period of life.—The company his Lordship has kept, and the friendship he has courted, sufficiently evince his understanding. The manner of his introducing himself to you at the Princess of Wales's court, is sufficient to render his name respectable.—I am obliged to his Lordship for his good opinion of me, tho' I only shone, like the moon, with borrowed light.—I cannot merit his encomiums —they are not due to myself,—but to my picture, as drawn by your brilliant imagination,—your kindness was the sun which gave the fancied light his Lordship admired.—You speak with seraphic truth, when you say,—"Heaven gives us strength proportioned to the weight it lays upon us."—I have experienced it—for I have found fortitude increase with my indisposition;—and as my health decayed, my dependence on Providence grew stronger.—But, thank Heaven, I am better.—You bid me "hope every thing."—I do—hope is the balm of my soul, and the kind soother of my anguish, on all occasions.—The time approaches for my departure from England.—I could wish you to be of the voyage;—your conversation would shorten the tedious hours, and smooth the rugged bosom of the deep.—I should find no terrors from the wavering elements, nor dread the dangers around

my floating prison.—Yet why should I wish to call you from your peaceful retirement, and domestic happiness, to trust the precarious elements, and seek an inclement sky.—Barbarous thought!—Be content, Eliza, to bear in mind thy Yorick's image, and to treasure his instructions in thy heart—then wilt thou be well sustained against the changes of fortune, and dangers of the deep—then wilt thou be, in the true sense of the expression, Yorick's *Eliza.*

BILLET. TO YORICK.

Kind Yorick!

My nerves are weak, and my hand trembles exceedingly. I fear this scrawl will be unintelligible.—I am extremely ill, indeed.—It is not without considerable exertions that I am able to write.—Present my kind respects to Mr. and Mrs. James—they interest my heart,—they occupy a share of cordial friendship with my Bramin.—May Heaven preserve you all from experiencing the anguish which oppresses me!—But, think not, Yorick, that I mean to complain—No!—Bountiful Heaven! I thank thee that my afflictions are tolerable.—Undoubtedly thou chastisest me for good.—My vain heart has wandered far from the thoughts of futurity.—Thou hast brought it back, and fixed it's attention to that point where it ought to rest.—O God preserve me from the sin of repining, and give me strength to bear my afflictions with patience! The family of the ****s have been with me, they are truly amiable beings—I admire them greatly—they were extremely affected at my situation.—I believe they felt for me.—I am taken with a strange dizziness.—I can only add, adieu! *Eliza.*

LETTER VII. TO ELIZA.

I write this, Eliza, at Mr. James's, while he is dressing, and the dear girl, his wife, is writing beside me to thee.—I got your melancholy billet before we sat down to dinner. 'T is melancholy indeed, my dear, to hear so piteous an account of thy sickness! Thou art encountered with evils enow, without that additional weight! I fear it will sink thy poor soul, and body with it, past recovery.—Heaven supply thee with fortitude? We have talked of nothing but thee, Eliza, and of thy sweet virtues, and endearing conduct, all the afternoon. Mrs. James and thy Bramin, have mixed their tears a hundred times, in speaking of thy hardships, thy goodness, thy graces.—The ****s by heavens, are worthless! I have heard enough to tremble at the articulation of the name.—How could you, Eliza, leave them (or suffer them to leave you rather) with impressions the least favourable? I have told thee enough to plant disgust against their treachery to thee, to the last hour of thy life! Yet still thou toldest Mrs. James at last, that thou believest they affectionately love thee.—Her delicacy to my Eliza, and true regard to her ease of mind, have saved thee from hearing more glaring proofs of their baseness.—For God's sake write not to them; nor foul thy fair character with such polluted hearts.—*They* love thee! What proof? Is it their actions that say so? or their zeal for those attachments, which do thee honour, and make thee happy? or their tenderness for thy fame? No.—But they *weep*, and say *tender things*.—Adieu to all such for ever! Mrs. James's honest heart revolts against the idea of ever returning them one visit.—I

honour her, and I honour thee, for almost every act of thy life, but this blind partiality for an unworthy being. Forgive my zeal, dear girl, and allow me a right which arises only out of that fund of affection I have, and shall preserve for thee, to the hour of my death! Reflect, Eliza, what are my motives for perpetually advising thee; think whether I can have any, but what proceed from the cause I have mentioned! I think you are a very deserving woman; and that you want nothing but firmness, and a better opinion of yourself, to be the best female character I know. I wish I could inspire you with a share of that vanity your enemies lay to your charge; (tho' to me it has never been visible) because I think in a well turned mind it will produce good effects. I probably shall never see you more; yet I flatter myself you 'll sometimes think of me with pleasure; because you must be convinced I love you, and so interest myself in your rectitude, that I had rather hear of any evil befalling you, than your want of reverence for yourself. I had not power to keep this remonstrance in my breast.—It's now out; so adieu. Heaven watch over my Eliza!

Thine,

Yorick.

LETTER VIII. TO YORICK.

My Bramin!

To-day I find myself better; my head is easier.—Accept my grateful thanks—make them acceptable to Mr. and Mrs. James, for the concern you have all had on my account;—my overflowing heart thanks you, tho' my expressions be too weak

to describe it's feelings.—You have certainly been misinformed,—I cannot believe the****'s family deserve the asperity you have bestowed on them—I cannot think ill of any being without some occasion;—I wish not to be a slave to suspicion—that were to be miserable indeed.—Yet, I am certain, my Bramin would not conceive a hard opinion of any one without some ground;—but it is possible he may have been deceived; his good heart may have been too open to design, and the****s may have been misrepresented.

I must now be exceedingly troublesome to you; I want your asistance to execute some commissions,—but you will excuse your Eliza, when she tells you she cannot take that freedom, or trust any one else.—You must procure directions from Mr. Zumps, in what manner I am to tune my piano-forte, as I design it to be my principal companion during the voyage.—I should be glad of a dozen brass screws to put up in my cabbin, upon which I may hang any thing.—I want a proper journal book, and an arm-chair will also be useful.—Be kind enough to send any parcel for me, to the address of Mr. Abraham Walker, pilot, at Deal. Tho' my health improves, my mind is not entirely at ease;—but let me not communicate pain to one whose heart feels already too much for me.—My warmest affections to Mrs. James—she is a dear creature,—my respects to Mr. James.—Heaven bless them both.—May the smiles of health and prosperity attend them! God is my eternal friend, to him I look for protection; yet while I breathe the air of mortality, my attention will fix on you.—You are my friend, my monitor, my better genius.—May our reciprocal affection continue pure and unchanged, even till our dissolution;—and, if an intercourse be

hereafter allowed between the spirits of the departed, may we enjoy that exalted, refined, ethereal rapture, of seraphic beings!—Till the angel of death wing thee to the regions of bliss, mayest thou enjoy uninterrupted happiness. Adieu! *Eliza.*

LETTER IX. TO ELIZA.

To whom should Eliza apply in her distress, but to her friend who loves her? why, then, my dear, do you apologize for employing me? Yorick would be offended, and with reason, if you ever sent commissions to another, which he could execute. I have been with Zumps; and your piano forte must be tuned from the brass middle string of your guitar, which is C. I have procured you a hammer too, and a pair of pliers to twist your wire with; and may every one of them, my dear, vibrate sweet comfort to my hopes! I have bought you ten handsome brass screws, to hang your necessaries upon: I purchased twelve; but stole a couple from you, to put up in my own cabin, at Coxwould.—I shall never hang, or take my hat off one of them, but I shall think of you. I have bought thee, moreover, a couple of iron screws which are more to be depended on than brass, for the globes. I have written also to Mr. Abraham Walker, pilot at Deal, that I had dispatched these in a packet, directed to his care; which I desired he would seek after, the moment the Deal machine arrived. I have, moreover, given him directions, what sort of an armed chair you would want, and have instructed him to purchase the best that Deal could afford, and take it with the parcel in the first boat that went off. Would I could, Eliza, so supply

all thy wants, and all thy wishes! It would be a state of happiness to me.—The journal is as it should be—all but it's contents. Poor, dear, patient being! I do more than pity you; for I think I lose both firmness and philosophy, as I figure to myself your distresses. Do not think I spoke last night with too much asperity of ****; there was cause; and besides, a good heart ought not to love a bad one; and indeed, cannot. But adieu to the ungrateful subject. I have been this morning to see Mrs. James.—She loves thee tenderly, and unfeignedly.—She is alarmed for thee—she says thou lookedst most ill and melancholy on going away. She pities thee. I shall visit her every Sunday, while I am in town. As this may be my last letter, I earnestly bid thee farewell.—May the God of Kindness be kind to thee and approve himself thy protector, now thou art defenceless! And for thy daily comfort, bear in thy mind this truth, that whatever measure of sorrow and distress is thy portion, it will be repaid to thee in a full measure of happiness, by that Being thou hast wisely chosen for thy eternal friend. Farewell, farewell, Eliza; while I live, count on me as the most warm and disinterested of earthly friends. *Yorick.*

LETTER X. TO YORICK.

Dear Bramin!

This is my birth day;—I am twenty-five years of age;—yet years, when past, seem but so many hours—the moments of our anguish are the only portions of time which we count—we feel their weight, they pass tediously on,—we blame them for being tardy, tho' their speed continually takes from

the span of our existence.—How fleeting are the moments in which we enjoy pure happiness!—they steal unperceived away, and all our pleasures are but short-lived dreams. To a mind debased by vice, or clouded by doubts, how dreadful must be the rapidity of time! Every minute takes from their much loved existence, and leads them to be "they know not what, they know not where;" or sinks them into nothing.—Does not annihilation appear terrible? yet such is the sceptic's situation. But to virtuous minds, time's swift wings impart not one momentary pang.—Tired with an encumbrance of clay, and the pains of mortality, they pant for dissolution.—To them time is an enemy, who bars their speedy passage to that desirable felicity, which is only to be found in the regions of bliss.—The time I have passed is nothing—it is now not mine—it is a blank stamped on the memory.—Then let me value what yet remains—let me from past misfortunes learn wisdom, and from former follies aspire to future virtues.—I bow, with resignation to my afflictions, and thank the bountiful author of nature for making them useful monitors to me. May Heaven bless my friends, forgive my enemies, and grant me peace of mind! *Eliza.*

LETTER XI. TO ELIZA.

My dearest Eliza!

I began a new journal this morning; you shall see it; for if I live not till your return to England, I will leave it to you as a legacy. 'T is a sorrowful page; but I will write cheerful ones; and could I write letters to thee, they should be cheerful ones too: but few, I fear, will reach thee! How-

ever, depend upon receiving something of the kind by every post; till thou wavest thy hand, and bid'st me write no more. Tell me how you are; and what sort of fortitude heaven inspires you with. How are you accomodated, my dear? Is all right? Scribble away, any thing, and every thing to me. Depend on seeing me at Deal, with the Jameses, should you be detained there by contrary winds.—Indeed, Eliza, I should with pleasure fly to you, could I be the means of rendering you any service or doing you kindness. Gracious and merciful God! consider the anguish of a poor girl.—Strengthen and preserve her in all the shocks her frame must be exposed to. She is now without any protector but thee! Save her from all accidents of a dangerous element, and give her comfort at the last. My prayer, Eliza, I hope, is heard; for the sky seems to smile upon me as I look up to it. I am just returned from our dear Mrs. James's, where I have been talking of thee for three hours.—She has procured your picture, and likes it: but Marriot, and some other judges agree that mine is the better, and expressive of a sweeter character. But what is that to the original? yet I acknowledge that her's is a picture for the world, and mine is calculated only to please a very sincere friend or sentimental philosopher. In the one, you are dressed in smiles, and with all the advantages of silks, pearls, and ermine;—in the other, simple as a vestal—appearing the good girl nature made you; which, to me, conveys an idea of more unaffected sweetness than Mrs. Draper, habited for conquest in a birth-day suit, with her countenance animated, and her dimples visible.—If I remember right, Eliza, you endeavoured to collect every charm of your person

into your face, with more than *common* care, the day you sat for Mrs. James;—your colour too, brightened; and your eyes shone with more than usual brilliancy. I then requested you to come simple and unadorned when you sat for me—knowing (as I see with *unprejudiced* eyes) that you could receive no addition from the silk-worm's aid, or jeweller's polish. Let me now tell you a truth, which I believe I have uttered before.—When I first saw you, I beheld you as an object of compassion, and as a very plain woman. The mode of your dress (tho' fashionable) disfigured you.—But nothing now could render you such, but the being solicitous to make yourself admired as a handsome one.—You are not handsome, Eliza, nor is your's a face that will please the tenth part of your beholders,—but you are something more; for I scruple not to tell you, I never saw so intelligent, so animated, so good a countenance; nor was there, (nor ever will be) that man of sense, tenderness and feeling, in your company three hours, who was not, (or will not be) your admirer, or friend, in consequence of it; that is, if you assume or assumed, no character foreign to your own, but appeared the artless being nature designed you for. A something in your eyes, and voice, you possess in a degree more persuasive than any woman I ever saw, read, or heard of.—But it is that bewitching sort of nameless excellence, which men of nice sensibility alone can be touched with. Were your husband in England, I would freely give him five hundred pounds (if money could purchase the acquisition) to let you only sit by me two hours in a day, while I wrote my Sentimental Journey. I am sure the work would sell so much the better for it that I should be reimbursed

the sum more than seven times told.—I would not give nine-pence for the picture of you, the Newnham's have had executed.—It is the resemblance of a conceited, made-up coquette. Your eyes, and the shape of your face (the latter the most perfect oval I ever saw) which are perfections that must strike the most indifferent judge, because they are equal to any of God's works in a similar way, and finer than any I beheld in all my travels, are manifestly injured by the affected leer of the one, and strange appearance of the other; owing to the attitude of the head, which is a proof of the artist or your friend's false taste. The ****'s, who verify the character I once gave of teazing, or sticking like pitch, or birdlime, sent a card that they would wait on Mrs. **** on Friday.—She sent back, she was engaged.—Then to meet at Ranelagh, to-night.—She answered she did not go.—She says, if she allow the least footing, she can never get rid of the acquaintance; which she is resolved to drop at once. She knows them. She knows they are not her friends, nor your's; and the first use they would make of being with her, would be to sacrifice you to her (if they could) a second time. Let her not then; let her not, my dear, be a greater friend to thee, than thou art to thyself. She begs I will reiterate my request to you, that you will not write to them. It will give her, and thy Bramin, inexpressible pain. Be assured, all this is not without reason on her side. I have my reasons too; the first of which is, that I should grieve to excess, if Eliza wanted that fortitude her Yorick has built so high upon. I said, I never more would mention the name to thee; and had I not received it, as a kind of charge, from a dear woman who loves you, I should not have broke

my word. I will write again to-morrow to thee, thou best and most endearing of girls! A peaceful night to thee. My spirit will be with thee through every watch of it. Adieu.

LETTER XII. TO YORICK.

Let me see your journal, my Yorick!—at least send a copy of it before I leave England,—for far—far hence be the time destined for it's descending to me as a legacy.—I shall be happy even in perusing thy sorrowful pages.—They will humanize my heart. I shall feel, as thou hast felt, when I read them, and that will be to experience the most refined sensibility. The sympathy of sentiment bestows the most inexpressible pleasure,—such sorrows, are sorrows to be coveted.—When you compel the tears from my eyes, and make my heart throb, I will say, 'Here my Bramin, when he penned this passage, wept—let me catch a pleasing contagion from each heart-felt sentence, and bedew thy leaves with mutual streaming sorrows.'—But I will turn to the cheerful effusions of thy imagination,—revel in the bright sallies of thy wit, and calm the perturbations of my soul, with thy inimitable humour.—The big tear shall then cease to tremble in my eye,—a tender anguish shall no longer heave my heart,—but Yorick shall heal the sorrows which my Bramin gave.—Such refined amusement shall gild the tedious hours of my passage. A kind something you promise by every post,—then be assured, I shall never wave my hand to stop the silent messenger, but with open arms receive it.—I am considerably better, and, thank Heaven, am inspired with a fortitude, which I hope renders me worthy of

the name of your disciple, and of your friend.—My accomodations are tolerable; I cannot complain.—You say you will see me at Deal, with the Jameses, should I be detained there by contrary winds.—It has been my petition ever since, to the supreme Being, to interest the elements in my behalf, that I may once more be indulged with a sight of my friends.—Thus, while the captain, the crew, and the other passengers, are wishing for a favourable gale, I am importuning the Heavens to deny their prayer, and still to detain the vessel, from proceeding on her destined voyage. I will not give my opinion concerning my resemblance on canvas, in the various styles desired by my friends.—I sat to oblige them,—and would not, on any account, obtrude a dissembling picture on their judgment—but of this they may rest assured, that, however the picture may appear, the original is their's.—You say, when you first saw me, the mode of my dress (tho' fashionable) disfigured me.—I thought so myself, but wore it in compliance with the reigning taste.—There is no pride so strong as that which is couched under an affected singularity.—Above all things I wish not to appear singular,—that is, to be importantly absurd. When I consider the distinguished friendship with which you honour me, and reflect on that purity of affection which has interested you in my most trivial concerns, and engaged you to devote your most valuable moments to my service;—I cannot but glory in the compliment you pay me, in saying "you are not handsome, Eliza—nor is your's a face that will please the tenth part of your beholder's."—How happy am I, not to owe your attachment to frail and fading beauty—but to sentiment alone.—The compliment is the

strongest I ever received, or wish to receive:—it is not composed of common-place flattery, or paid to the simple features of a face;—it is genuine applause—it is paid to the head,—to the heart:—yet I must not indulge my vanity so far, as to apply it in it's strength to myself.—You rather draw me, as you are prejudiced in my favour, and partial to my defects;—yet will I often look on my picture, as finished by your hand.—I am persuaded it is what I ought to be; I will strive to attain it's colouring, in order to be as perfect as my nature will admit—or, perhaps, as Providence designed I should be. You mention my husband; that dear name has made the tide of my blood ebb tumultuously towards my heart.—I turn my imagination towards India;—sigh at the distance, and almost unsay all I have expressed in the former part of my letter.—But why should I revoke a singl esentence, or wish to recall one sentiment? Are not love and friendship equally sacred?—Then let me learn to keep them both inviolate—to be worthy of such a husband,—such a friend!—Yes, my Yorick, my husband would grant thee my company, if it would be of service to thee. While thou wast continuing thy Sentimental Journey, he would not deprive mankind of the improvement and pleasure thou art capable of giving them, by denying thee any thing. Say no more of the ****s, I yield to your ardency—I give up every thing to your friendship.—I quit the ungrateful intercourse, and will not write to them any more. I shall impatiently expect your promised letter to-morrow.—Farewell, thou best of men, and sincerest of friends.—May Heaven protect thee during thy secluded hours, and guard thy more exposed moments. Adieu! *Eliza.*

BILLET. TO YORICK.

Kind Yorick!

I am very happy in the company of Miss Light—she is an amiable and deserving young lady; I am thoroughly pleased that she is to sail with me. There is to be of the voyage a military officer, in the Company's service—he, yesterday, intruded on us to tea;—I durst not shew any resentment—but I rallied him,—and said, that impudence was certainly one of the principal accomplishments of a Soldier:—he excused his own impoliteness with as good a grace as he could. He seems to be greatly attentive to Miss Light; I dare engage, that before we have sailed together the space of a fortnight, he will be in love with her. The passengers I am to sail with are genteel people, and the officer now behaves with decorum. My Yorick,—my friend,—divides my thoughts with the dear name which duty binds me to.—I often dream of you.—Do not forget me, in return, in your prayers—think of me when waking, and let me also, like an illusion, steal through your fancy, while you sleep. I am your's, *Eliza.*

LRTTER XIII. TO ELIZA.

I think you could not have acted otherwise than you did with the young soldier. There was no shutting the door against him either in politeness or humanity. Thou tellest me he seems susceptible of tender impressions; and that before Miss Light has sailed a fortnight, he will be in love with her.—Now I think it a thousand times more likely that he attaches him-

self to thee, Eliza; because thou art a thousand times more amiable. Five months with Eliza—and in the same room; and an amorous son of Mars besides!—"It can be no masser." The sun, if he could avoid it, would not shine upon a dunghill; but his rays are so pure, Eliza, and celestial,—I never heard that they were poluted by it.—Such will thine be, dearest child, in this, and every situation to which thou wilt be exposed, till thou be fixed for life.—But thy discretion, thy wisdom, thy honour, the spirit of thy Yorick, and thy own spirit, which is equal to it, will be thy ablest counsellors. Surely, by this time, something is doing for thy accommodation.—But why may not clean washing and rubbing do, instead of painting your cabin, as it is to be hung? paint is so pernicious, both to your nerves and lungs, and will keep you so much longer too, out of your apartment; where, I hope you will pass some of your happiest hours.— I fear the best of your shipmates are only genteel by comparison with the contrasted crew, with which thou must behold them. So was—you know who!—from the same fallacy which was put upon the judgment, when—but I will not mortify you. If they be decent and distant, it is enough; and as much as is to be expected. If any of them be more, I rejoice;—thou wilt want every aid; and 't is thy due to have them. Be cautious only, my dear, of intimacies. Good hearts are open, and fall naturally into them, Heaven inspire thine with fortitude, in this, and every deadly trial! Best of God's works, farewell! Love me, I beseech thee; and remember me for ever! I am, my Eliza, and will ever be, in the most comprehensive sense, thy friend, *Yorick.*

P. S. Probably you will have an opportunity of writing to me by some Dutch or French ship, or from the Cape de Verd Islands—it will reach me some how.—

LETTER XIV. TO YORICK.

My Bramin!

I have received the box.—You have taken much trouble—my heart feels your kindness, and overflows with gratitude.—The ship I am to sail in is extremely neat,—my cabin is convenient, but small,—it is to be painted white; so that I shall be obliged to land, in order to accommodate myself with lodgings.—I therefore shall expect by every post a continuance of the happiness which the effusions of my Bramin's fancy, and his preceptive sentiments, always give me. May Heaven continue your health for the benefit of mankind, and to bless Eliza! since the effusions of a friendship, at once so delicate and rational, are the most salutary pleasures, which can be felt by the sensibility of *Eliza.*

LETTER XV. TO ELIZA.

My dear Eliza!

Oh! I grieve for your cabin.—And the fresh painting will be enough to destroy every nerve about thee. Nothing so pernicious as white lead. Take care of yourself, dear girl! and sleep not in it too soon. It will be enough to give you a stroke of an epilepsy. I hope you will have left the ship; and that my Letters may meet, and greet you, as you get out of your post-chaise, at

Deal.—When you have received them all, put them, my dear, into some order.—The first eight or nine, are numbered; but I wrote the rest without that direction to thee; but thou wilt find them out by the day or hour, which, I hope, I have generally prefixed to them. When they are disposed in chronological order, sew them together under a cover. I trust they will be a perpetual refuge to thee, from time to time; and that thou wilt (when weary of fools, and uninteresting discourse) retire, and converse an hour with them, and me. I have not had power, or the heart, to aim at enlivening any one of them, with a single stroke of wit or humour; but they contain something better; and what you will feel more suited to your situation—a long detail of much advice, truth, and knowledge. I hope, too you will perceive loose touches of an honest heart, in every one of them; which speak more than the most studied periods; and will give thee more ground of trust and reliance on Yorick, than all which laboured eloquence could supply. Lean then, thy whole weight, Eliza, upon them and upon me. "May poverty, distress, anguish, and shame be my portion, if ever I give thee reason to repent the knowledge of me."—With this asseveration, made in the presence of a just God, I pray to him, that so it may speed with me, as I deal candidly and honourably with thee! I would not mislead thee, Eliza; I would not injure thee in the opinion of a single individual, for the richest crown the proudest monarch wears.

Remember, that while I have life and power, whatever is mine, you may style, and think your's—tho' sorry should I be if ever my friendship was put to the test thus, for your own delicacy's sake.—Money

and counters, are of equal use, in my opinion, they both serve to set up with. I hope you will answer me this letter; but if thou art debarred by the elements, which hurry thee away, I will write one for thee; and knowing it to be such a one as thou wouldst have writen, I will regard it as my Eliza's. Honour, and happiness, and health, and comforts of every kind sail along with thee, thou most worthy of girls! I will live for thee, and my Lydia—be rich for the dear children of my heart—gain wisdom, gain fame, and happiness to share with them—with thee—and her, in my old age.—Once for all, adieu! Preserve thy life; steadily pursue the ends we proposed; and let nothing rob thee of those Powers Heaven has given thee for thy well-being.

What can I add more, in the agitation of mind I am in, and within five minutes of the last postman's bell, but recommend thee to Heaven, and recommend myself to Heaven with thee, in the same fervent ejaculation, "that we may be happy and meet again; if not in this world, in the next."—Adieu! I am thine, Eliza, affectionately, and everlastingly,

Yorick.

LETTER XVI. TO YORICK.

My Yorick!

I hope your fears respecting my health, on account of my newly-painted cabin, will prove groundless; but, as it will give you pleasure, I promise to take care of myself,—particular care, for your sake. I received your letters,—received them with heart-felt satisfaction, and have arranged them in the order which you desired.—I found no difficulty

in doing this, as the dates supplied any deficiency in the numbering.—I have put them under a cover,—I will carefully preserve them; they shall indeed be my refuge; my kind, my silent monitors; I will peruse them with reverence, and obey them with respect; —I have always treasured them in my memory, and experienced their efficacy.—They are animated by knowledge and truth,—thy honest heart appears in every line, and makes them glow with sensibility;— mine reverberates to every sentence, and sympathizes with thine. I return thy asseveration with equal sincerity, and imprecate the same wrath, if my candour be not equal to thine. You say, if I am debarred by the elements, which hurry me away, you will write a letter for me, and, knowing it to be such a one as I would have written, you will regard it as your Eliza's. O, my Yorick! when I have left the British shore—while I 'm combating the uncertainty of the boisterous elements—when I can no longer behold the white cliffs of thy native land (a land happy in thy birth), do write such a letter for thy Eliza.— Stretch thy imagination to it's utmost bounds—imagine all that is tender, delicate, kind, and pure;— decribe an affection the most ardent, and believe the powers of thy imagination cannot exceed the dictates of my heart.—You ejaculate—" May we be happy, and meet again, if not in this world, in the next!"— I will extend the petition.—May we meet both here, and hereafter! *Eliza.*

LETTER XVII. TO ELIZA.

I wish to God, Eliza, it was possible to postpone thy voyage to India, for another year; for I am firmly persuaded within my own heart, that thy husband could never limit thee with regard to time. I fear that Mr. B—— has exaggerated matters.—I like not his countenance. It is absolutely killing.—Should evil befall thee, what will he not have to answer for? I know not the being who will be deserving of so much pity; or whom I shall hate more. He will be an outcast alien—in which case, I will be a father to thy children, my good girl!—therefore take no thought about them.— But, Eliza, if thou be so very ill still, put off all thoughts of returning to India this year.—Write to your husband—tell him the truth of your case.—If he be the generous, humane man you describe him, he cannot but applaud your conduct. —I am credibly informed, that his repugnance to your living in England, arises only from the dread which has entered his brain, that thou mayest run him in debt, beyond thy appointments, and that he must discharge them.—That such a creature should be sacrificed for the paltry consideration of a few hundreds is too, too hard! Oh! my child, that I could, with propriety indemnify him for every charge, even to the last mite, that thou hast been of to him! With joy would I give him my whole subsistence—nay, sequester my livings, and trust the treasures which Heaven has furnished my head with for a future subsistence. You owe much, I allow, to your husband;—you owe something to appearances, and the opinion of the world; but trust me, my dear, you

owe much likewise to yourself.—Return, therefore, from Deal, if you continue ill—I will prescribe for you, gratis.—You are not the first woman, by many, I have done so for, with success. I will send for my wife and daughter, and they shall carry you, in pursuit of health, to Montpelier, the wells of Bançois, the Spa, or whither thou wilt. Thou shalt direct them, and make parties of pleasure in what corner of the world fancy points out to thee. We shall fish upon the banks of Arno, and lose ourselves in the sweet labyrinths of it's vallies.—And then thou shouldst warble to us, as I have once or twice heard thee—" I'm lost, I'm lost"—but we should find thee again, my Eliza.—Of a similar nature to this was your physician's prescription: " Use gentle exercise, the pure southern air of France, or milder Naples—with the society of friendly gentle beings." Sensible man! he certainly entered into your feelings. He knew the fallacy of medicine to a creature, whose ILLNESS HAS ARISEN FROM THE AFFLICTION OF HER MIND. Time only, my dear, I fear you must trust to, and have your reliance on; may it give you the health so enthusiastic a votary to the charming goddess deserves. I honour you, Eliza, for keeping secret some things, which if explained, had been a panegyric on yourself. There is a dignity in venerable affliction, which will not allow it to appeal to the world for pity, or redress. Well have you supported that character, my amiable, philosophic friend! And, indeed, I begin to think you have as many virtues as my Uncle Toby's widow.—I do n't mean to insinuate, hussey, that *my* opinion is no better founded than his was of Mrs. Wadman; nor do I conceive it possible for any Trim to convince me it

is equally fallacious.—I am sure, while I have my reason, it is not.—Talking of widows—pray, Eliza, if ever you be such, do not think of giving yourself to some wealthy nabob—because I design to marry you myself.—My wife cannot live long—she has sold all the provinces in France already—and I know not the woman I should like so well for her substitute as yourself.—'T is true, I am ninety-five in constitution, and you but twenty-five—rather too great a disparity this!—but what I want in youth, I will make up in wit and good humour.—Not Swift so loved his Stella, Scarron his Maintenon, or Waller his Sacharissa, as I will love, and sing thee, my wife elect! All those names, eminent as they were, shall give place to thine, Eliza. Tell me in answer to this, that you approve and honour the proposal, and that you would (like the Spectator's mistress) have more joy in putting on an old man's slipper than in associating with the gay, the voluptuous and the young.—Adieu, my Simplicia! Your's, *Tristram.*

LETTER XVIII. TO YORICK.

My Tristram!

I would oblige you with any thing practicable—with any thing within the line of my duty: but it is impossible to postpone my voyage:—my orders are irrevocable.—I must submit.—Mr. B. did not exaggerate;—but I am better;—my children, therefore, I hope will not be orphans.—Yet I thank thee for thy generous concern for them;—it is exalted. You have been misinformed concerning my husband's temper, indeed.—He is not of that parsimonious disposition which you have imagined. If

my expenses *only* were in question, I might long continue to breath the air of Europe; but more tender considerations urge him to press my return to India.—I am not made a pecuniary sacrifice. You allow, I owe much to my husband.—I follow but the dictates of my duty in discharging that debt—the most sacred debt I know, and contracted in the most solemn manner. I confess much is due to appearances and opinion, without taking into the account what is due to myself. I would, if circumstances permitted, I would indeed return from Deal to pay what is also due to friendship. You should prescribe for me, but not pharmaceutically; let those officiate herein whose business it is; let them have their perquisites, and fatten on the anguish of the valetudinary, while my Yorick assumes to himself the nobler task of mental prescription, and cures the disorders of the soul.—This task he can perform unrivalled:—a task for which Heaven peculiarly designed him, and lent him talents to benefit an unfeeling and depraved world. May thy wife and daughter be better employed, than in administering to the anguish of thy Indian! May they be the means, and partakers, of thy domestic happiness. If they felt as I feel, they would think every toil which gave thee comfort, a pleasure. I cannot believe, let physicians say what they please, that change of place can relieve me.—I have tried it from one side of the globe to the other, without success. Britain, and thy converse, would certainly prove as efficacious as the air of France and Naples; but my continuance here will be impossible.—Anguish of mind, as you justly intimate, when it proceeds from too great a degree of sensibility and constitutional ailing, baffles the prescriptions of art, and

the experience of the most able physicians. You say, " there is a dignity in venerable affliction, which will not allow it to appeal to the world for pity or redress."—You speak from my heart,—you have taken my sentiments.—Oh! may I never be compelled to seek redress from the world, or be so unfortunate as to merit indiscriminate pity.—If I am to be pitied, let it be by thee; yet I would thou hadst not occasion to pity any thing. Thy worthy heart is so tender, that I am certain, shouldst thou have occasion to pity any one, thy anguish would be more severe than that felt by the object of thy sensibility.—I wish none but the flinty-hearted felt pity; but they are incapable of it. How merry you are in asking, if ever I should become a widow, (Heaven avert that hour!) whether I would marry again—whether I would give my hand to some rich nabob.—I think I should never give my hand again, as I am afraid my heart would not go with it,—but, as to nabobs, I despise them all,—Christian nabobs! Have they not depopulated towns, laid waste villages, and desolated the plains of my native country? Alas! they have fertilized the immense fields of India, with the blood of it's inhabitants.—They have sacrificed the lives of millions of my countrymen to their insatiable avarice:—widows and orphans continually supplicate Heaven for revenge. Can those who have waded through blood to gain riches and power, associate with the soul of Eliza? Could Yorick's hapless Indian bear the thought of an union with the murderers of her countrymen?—No!—Shame and poverty be first my portion! Riches, as the origin of luxury, and support of the gaudy happiness of pride, I contemn. Gold is beneficial only in the possession of

the virtuous:—when the benevolent hand is extended to petitionary distress; or, when soft-eyed humanity seeks the cottage of affliction, to "shine it's superfluity away,"—to diffuse it's blessings around, and bid the big tear of joy, start from the eye of sorrow, and trickle down the wan cheeks which begin to glow with the warmth of gratitude.—Yes, my Bramin, were I a widow, and thou a widower, I think I could give my hand to thee, preferable to any man existing. I would unite with my Mentor's purity of heart;—I would wed thy soul;—my mind should adopt thy sentiments, and become thy congenial associate.

My genius, rough, should by degrees refine,
acquirlng worth by imitating thine.
With thee I 'd wander o'er th' historic page,
and view the changing scenes of ev'ry age:
or, led by thee, the sober paths explore
of grave philosophy's extensive lore:
or oft reclin'd in thy cool sylvan bower,
'mong peaceful birds enjoy a tranquil hour.

Why should disparity of years affect an intercourse of soul? That ray of immortality is ever young; and thine exhibits the vernal bloom of spring:—if any part of thee be old, it is the most insignificant.

"For love no cause can be assign'd,
't is in no face, but in the lover's *mind*."

But rhaposdy aside! I hope Mrs. Sterne will outlive the probability of such an union. You say, she has sold all the provinces of France; I am glad of it, that she may sooner purchase the fee simple of her health in her native air. However, I honour thy slipper, and really prefer it to an association with the gay, the voluptuous, and the young; but I would not have Mrs. Sterne put it off too soon. for

the sake of thy domestic happiness. My heart will beat with impatience for an answer. I am with sincerity, and in the utmost purity of mind, thine, most unalterably. *Eliza.*

LETTER XIX. TO ELIZA.

My dear Eliza!

I have been within the verge of the gates of death—I was ill the last time I wrote to you; and apprehensive of what would be the consequence. —My fears were but too well founded; for in ten minutes after I dispatched my letter, this poor, fine-spun frame of Yorick's gave way, and I broke a vessel in my breast, and could not stop the loss of blood till four this morning. I have filled all thy India handkerchiefs with it.—It came, I think, from my heart! I fell asleep through weakness. At six I awoke, with the bosom of my shirt steeped in tears. I dreamt, I was sitting under the canopy of Indolence, and that thou camest into the room with a shaul in thy hand, and told me, my spirit had flown to thee in the Downs, with tidings of my fate; and that you were come to administer what consolation filial affection could bestow, and to receive my parting breath and blessing.—With that you folded the shaul about my waist, and, kneeling, supplicated my attention. I awoke; but in what a frame! Oh, my God!—"But thou wilt number my tears, and put them all into thy bottle."—Dear girl! I see thee,—thou art for ever present to my fancy, embracing my feeble knees, and raising thy fine eyes to bid me be of comfort: and when I talk to Lydia, the words of Esau, as uttered

by thee, perpetually ring in my ears—"Bless even *me* also, my father!"—Blessing attend thee, thou child of my heart! My bleeding is quite stopped, and I feel the principle of life strong within me; so be not alarmed, Eliza—I now I shall do well. I have eaten my breakfast with hunger; and I write to thee with a pleasure arising from that prophetic impression in my imagination, that, "all will terminate to our heart's content." Comfort thyself eternally with this persuasion, "that the best of beings" as thou hast sweetly expressed it, "could not, by a combination of accidents, produce such a chain of events, merely to be the source of misery to the leading person engaged in them." The observation was very applicable, very good, and very elegantly expressed, I wish my memory did justice to the wording of it.—Who taught you the art of writing so sweetly, Eliza?—you have absolutely exalted it to a science! When I am in want of ready cash, and ill health will not permit my genius to exert itself, I shall print your letters, as finished essays, "by an unfortunate Indian lady." The style is new; and would almost be a sufficient recommendation for their selling well, without merit:—but their sense, natural ease, and spirit, is not to be equalled, I believe, in this section of the globe; nor, I will answer for it, by any of your country-women in your's.—I have shewed your letter to Mrs. B—, and to half the literati in town.—You shall not be angry with me for it, because I meant to do you honour.—You cannot imagine how many admirers your epistolary productions have gained you, who never viewed your external merits,—I only wonder where thou couldst acquire thy graces, they goodness, thy accomplishments—so connected! so educat-

ed! Nature has, surely, studied to make thee her peculiar care—for thou art (and not in my eyes alone) the best and fairest of all her works.— And so, this is the last letter thou art to receive from me; because the Earl of Chatham (I read in the papers) has reached the Downs;* and the wind, I find, is fair. If so—blessed woman! take my last, last farewell!—Cherish the remembrance of me; think how I esteem, nay how affectionately I love thee, and what a price I set on thee! Adieu, adieu! and with my adieu—let me give thee one straight rule of conduct, that thou hast heard from my lips in a thousand forms—but I concentre it in one word,—

REVERENCE THYSELF!

Adieu, once more, Eliza! May no anguish of heart plant a wrinkle upon thy face, till I behold it again! May no doubts or misgivings disturb the serenity of thy mind, or awaken a painful thought about thy children—for they are Yorick's—and Yorick is thy friend for ever!—Adieu! adieu! adieu!

P. S. Remember, that Hope shortens all journies, by sweetening them—so sing my little stanza on the subject, with the devotion of a hymn, every morning when thou arisest, and thou wilt eat thy breakfast with more comfort for it. Blessings, rest, and Hygeia go with thee! May'st thou soon return in peace and affluence, to illumine my night! I am, and shall be, the last to deplore thy loss, and will be the first to congratulate, and hail thy return.—

FARE THEE WELL!

*April 7, 1767

LETTER XX. TO YORICK.

My Bramin!

This is the last letter thou wilt receive from me, while I am within sight of the British shore;—that land of freedom and benevolence—that land which gave my Yorick being.—I was terrified when I opened your last letter.—Your illness gave me the most serious affliction! To break a blood-vessel in thy breast! How alarming the intelligence!—My blood ran cold in my veins,—even to my heart. O that my India handkerchiefs had been styptic, to give thee ease! I was, however, happy to hear you had slept,—but your dream! Heaven render it unprophetic, and preserve me from so painful an office. Thy tears I will treasure in my bottle; or, at least, I will weep for thee,—fill it with my own tears, and call them thine, as they will be unfeignedly shed on thy account. Your imagination has pictured me in the very supplicating posture I should assume, were I near you;—I should, indeed, embrace your knees, and look as if I bid you be of comfort,—for I should only look,—I should be unable to speak. I join with thee in blessing the child of thy heart, thy Lydia;—and all praises be given to that bountiful Being who has healed thy disorder, and stopped thy bleeding,—who caused thee again "to feel the principle of life strong within thee." All will, I hope, terminate to our heart's content.—To think otherwise, would be to insult that omnipotent Being, who is all-wise, all-merciful, and all-good;—whose benignity is equal to his power, and both are unbounded. You enquire who taught

me the art of writing,—it was even my Yorick. If I have any claim to merit,—if my style be, as you are pleased to say, *new*;—if it's ease and spirit are not to be equalled, the praise is entirely due to yourself. I have taken the utmost pains to study your sentiment, —your manner,—the delicacy of your expressions,—the easy flow of your thoughts,—the purity of your diction;—in fine, I have in writing, aimed as much as possible to be Yorick.—But I cannot think my style equal to your prejudice in my favour. I can perceive evident faults in my composition.—I am not laying any trap for applause,—indeed I am not.—I beg that our correspondence may be from the heart, and not the head.—I must, however, chide you for exposing my letters. You tell me, you have shewn them to Mrs. B—, and to half the literati in town:—indeed you are much to blame for exposing your Eliza's weakness.—She bares her heart to thee;—she lays it entirely open, but she would not have it shewn so naked to all. In the fulness of her sincerity many things escape from her unsuspecting pen, which she would not have known to any one, who could not, like thee, make great allowances in her favour. You say, I cannot imagine how many admirers my epistolary productions have gained me.—False flattery! their encomiums are illusive; it is to you their compliments are paid. They find you are blind to my errors.—They perceive you implicitly admire all that comes from me; so, rather than give you uneasiness, they pretend to coincide with your opinion; they admire,—they reverence, my Yorick, which occasions many compliments to the trifling deserts of his Eliza.

We are in the Downs,—the wind is fair,—the captain has just informed me, we shall sail this evening;

I therefore seize this opportunity of pouring the effusions of my heart to thee in haste. Farewell, worthiest of men!—feeling being!—thou art all sentiment! Farewell! I will cherish the remembrance of thee. You tell me how you esteem me,—how affectionately you love me,—what a price you set upon me! I esteem thee with equal ardour,—I love thee with equal affection. Let me be *ever* so dear to thy heart—ever an inhabitant of thy memory! I will *Reverence myself,* for Yorick's sake, who is my friend for ever! I will sing thy little stanza to Hope, in my matin and evening orisons. I cannot help deploring our separation. Farewell! my Bramin! my faithful monitor! Farewell! May prosperity attend thee, and peace and felicity crown thy days! Thine affectionately, and everlastingly.

Adieu, adieu! *Eliza.*

G. Nicholson, Poughnill.

AMATORY.

HAMMOND'S ELEGIES.
EPISTLES BY LORD HERVEY,
&c. &c. &c.

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UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

LOVE ELEGIES,

BY JAMES HAMMOND.

TO HIS FRIEND,

written under the confinement of a long indisposition.

While calm you sit beneath your secret shade,
and lose in pleasing thought the summer-day,
or tempt the wish of some unpractis'd maid,
whose heart at once inclines and fears to stray;

the sprightly vigour of my youth is fled;
lonely and sick, on death is all my thought:
oh! spare, Persephone! this guiltless head;
love, too much love, is all thy suppliant's fault.

No virgin's easy faith I e'er betray'd;
my tongue ne'er boasted of a feign'd embrace;
no poisons in the cup have I convey'd,
nor veil'd destruction with a friendly face.

No secret horrors gnaw this quiet breast;
this pious hand ne'er robb'd the sacred fane;
I ne'er disturb'd the gods' eternal rest
with curses loud—but oft have pray'd in vain.

No stealth of time has thinn'd my flowing hair,
nor age yet bent me with his iron hand:
ah! why so soon the tender blossom tear,
ere autumn yet the ripen'd fruit demand?

Ye gods! whoe'er in gloomy shades below
now slowly tread your melancholy round,

now wandering view the paleful rivers flow,
and, musing, hearken to their solemn sound;

oh! let me still enjoy the cheerful day,
till many years unheeded o'er me roll'd,
pleas'd in my age I trifle life away,
and tell how much we lov'd ere I grew old.

But you who, now with festive garlands crown'd,
in chase of pleasure the gay moments spend,
by quick enjoyment heal love's pleasing wound,
and grieve for nothing but your absent friend.

HE DESPAIRS THAT HE SHALL EVER POSSESS DELIA.

Ah! what avails thy lover's pious care?
his lavish incense clouds the sky in vain:
nor wealth nor greatness was his idle prayer;
for thee alone he pray'd, thee hop'd to gain.

With thee I hop'd to waste the pleasing day,
till in thy arms an age of joy was past,
then with old love insensibly decay,
and on thy bosom gently breathe my last.

I scorn the Lydian river's golden wave,
and all the vulgar charms of human life;
I only ask to live my Delia's slave,
and, when I long have serv'd her, call her wife.

I only ask, of her I love possest
to sink, o'ercome with bliss, in safe repose;
to strain her yielding beauties to my breast,
and kiss her weary'd eyelids till they close.

Attend, O Juno! with thy sober ear;
attend, gay Venus! parent of desire:

this one fond wish if you refuse to hear,
oh! let me with this sigh of love expire.

AGAINST LOVERS GOING TO WAR,

in which he philosophically prefers love and Delia to the more serious vanities of the world.

The man who sharpen'd first the warlike steel,
how fell and deadly was his iron heart!
he gave the wound encountering nations feel,
and death grew stronger by his fatal art.

Yet not from steel debate and battle rose;
't is gold o'erturns the even scale of life:
nature is free to all; and none were foes
till partial luxury began the strife.

Let spoil and victory adorn the bold,
while I, inglorious, neither hope nor fear:
perish the thirst of honour, thirst of gold,
ere for my absence Delia lose a tear.

Why should the lover quit his pleasing home
in search of danger on some foreign ground,
far from his weeping fair ungrateful roam,
and risk in every stroke a double wound?

Ah! better far beneath the spreading shade
with cheerful friends to drain the sprightly bowl,
to sing the beauties of my darling maid,
and on the sweet idea feast my soul:

then full of love to all her charms retire,
and fold her blushing to my eager breast,
till, quite o'ercome with softness, with desire,
like me she pants, she faints, and sinks to rest.

TO DELIA.

No second love shall e'er my heart surprise;
this solemn league did first our passion bind:
thou, only thou canst please thy lover's eyes;
thy voice alone can sooth his troubled mind.

Oh that thy charms were only fair to me!
displease all other's, and secure my rest.
No need of envy.—Let me happy be;
I little care that other's know me blest.

With thee in gloomy deserts let me dwell,
where never human footstep mark'd the ground.
Thou, light of life! all darkness canst dispel,
and seem a world with solitude around.

I say too much—my heedless words restore;
my tongue undoes me in this loving hour.
Thou knowest thy strength, and thence insulting more,
will make me feel the weight of all thy power.

Whate'er I feel thy slave I will remain,
nor fly the burden I am form'd to bear:
in chains I 'll sit me down at Venus' fane;
she knows my wrongs, and will regard my pray'r.

HE IMAGINES HIMSELF MARRIED TO DELIA,

and that content with each other they are retired into the country.

Let other's boast their heaps of shining gold,
and view their fields with waving plenty crown'd,
whom neighb'ring foes in constant terror hold,
and trumpets break their slumbers, never sound:

while calmly poor I trifle life away,
enjoy sweet leisure by my cheerful fire,
no wanton hope my quiet shall betray,
but, cheaply blest, I 'll scorn each vain desire.

With timely care I 'll sow my little field,
and plant my orchard with it's master's hand,
nor blush to spread the hay, the hook to wield,
or range my sheaves along the sunny land.

If late at dusk, while carelessly I roam,
I meet a strolling kid or bleating lamb,
under my arm I 'll bring the wanderer home,
and not a little chide it's thoughtless dam.

What joy to hear the tempest howl in vain,
and clasp a fearful mistress to my breast!
or, lull'd to slumber by the beating rain,
secure and happy, sink at last to rest!

Or, if the sun in flaming Leo ride
by shady rivers indolently stray,
and with my Delia, walking side by side,
hear how they murmur as they glide away!

What joy to wind along the cool retreat,
to stop, and gaze on Delia as I go!
to mingle sweet discourse with kisses sweet,

and teach my lovely scholar all I know!

Thus pleas'd at heart, and not with fancy's dream,
in silent happiness I rest unknown,
content with what I am, not what I seem,
I live for Delia and myself alone.

Ah! foolish man! who thus of her possest,
could float and wander with ambition's wind,
and if his outward trappings spoke him blest
not heed the sickness of his conscious mind.

With her I scorn the idle breath of praise,
nor trust to happiness that 's not our own:
the smile of fortune might suspicion raise,
but here I know that I am lov'd alone.

Stanhope, in wisdom as in wit divine,
may rise and plead Britannia's glorious cause,
with steady rein his eager wit confine,
while manly sense the deep attention draws.

Let Stanhope speak his listening country's wrongs,
my humble voice shall please one partial maid;
for her alone I pen my tender songs,
securely sitting in his friendly shade.

Stanhope shall come and grace his rural friend;
Delia shall wonder at her noble guest,
with blushing awe the riper fruit commend,
and for her husband's patron cull the best.

Her's be the care of all my little train
while I with tender indolence am blest,
the favourite subject of her gentle reign,
by love alone distinguish'd from the rest.

For her I 'll yoke my oxen to the plow,
in gloomy forests tend my lonely flock;

for her, a goatherd, climb the mountain's brow,
and sleep extended on the naked rock.

Ah! what avails to press the stately bed,
and far from her 'midst tasteless grandeur weep,
by marble fountains lay the pensive head,
and while they murmur strive in vain to sleep?

Delia alone can please and never tire,
exceed the paint of thought in true delight:
with her enjoyment wakens new desire,
and equal rapture glows through every night.

Beauty and worth in her alike contend
to charm the fancy and to fix the mind:
in her, my wife, my mistress, and my friend,
I taste the joys of sense and reason join'd.

On her I 'll gaze when others' loves are o'er,
and dying press her with my clay-cold hand—
thou weep'st already as I were no more,
nor can that gentle breast the thought withstand.

O! when I die my latest moments spare,
nor let thy grief with sharper torments kill:
wound not thy cheeks, nor hurt that flowing hair.
Tho' I am dead, my soul shall love thee still.

O! quit the room; oh! quit the deathful bed;
or thou wilt die, so tender is thy heart:
O! leave me, Delia! ere thou see me dead;
these weeping friends will do thy mournful part.

Let them extended on the decent bier
convey the corse in melancholy state,
through all the village spread the tender tear,
while pitying maids our wondrous loves relate.

TO DELIA.

What scenes of bliss my raptur'd fancy fram'd
in some lone spot with peace and thee retir'd!
tho' reason then my sanguine fondness blam'd,
I still believ'd what flatt'ring love inspir'd.

But now my wrongs have taught my humbled mind
to dang'rous bliss no longer to pretend;
in books a calm but fix'd content to find,
safe joys! that on ourselves alone depend.

With them the gentle moments I beguile
in learned ease and elegant delight,
compare the beauties of each different style,
each various ray of wit's diffusive light.

Now mark the strength of Milton's sacred lines,
sense rais'd by genius, fancy rul'd by art,
where all the glory of the godhead shines,
and earliest innocence enchants the heart.

Now fir'd by Pope and virtue leave the age
in low pursuit of self-undoing wrong,
and trace the author through his moral page,
whose blameless life still answers to his song.

If time and books my ling'ring pain can heal,
and reason fix it's empire o'er my heart,
my patriot breast a noble warmth shall feel,
and glow with love where weakness has no part.

Thy heart, O Lyttelton! shall be my guide;
it's fire shall warm me and it's worth improve:
thy heart! above all envy and all pride,
firm as man's sense and soft as woman's love.

And you, O West! with her your partner dear,

whom social mirth, and useful sense commend,
with learning's feast my drooping mind shall cheer,
glad to escape from love to such a friend.

But why so long my weaker heart deceive?
ah! still I love in pride and reason's spite:
no books, alas! my painful thoughts relieve,
and, while I threat, this Elegy I write.

TO MISS DASHWOOD.

In the manner of Ovid.

O say, thou dear possessor of my breast!
where 's now my boasted liberty and rest?
where the gay moments which I once have known?
O where that heart I fondly thought my own?
From place to place I solitary roam,
abroad uneasy, nor content at home.
I scorn the beauties common eyes adore;
the more I view them feel thy worth the more:
unmov'd I hear them speak or see them fair,
and only think on thee—who art not there.
In vain would books their formal succour lend;
nor wit nor wisdom can relieve their friend:
wit can't deceive the pain I now endure,
and wisdom shews the ill without the cure.
When from thy sight I waste the tedious day
a thousand schemes I form and things to say;
but when thy presence gives the time I seek,
my heart 's so full I wish but cannot speak.
And could I speak with eloquence and ease,
till now not studious of the art to please,
could I, at woman who so oft exclaim,
expose (nor blush) thy triumph and my shame,
abjure those maxims I so lately priz'd,

and court that sex I foolishly despis'd,
own thou hast soften'd my obdurate mind,
and thus reveng'd the wrongs of womankind;
lost were my words, and fruitless all my pain;
in vain to tell thee, all I write in vain:
my humble sighs shall only reach thy ears,
and all my eloquence shall be my tears.

And now (for more I never must pretend)
hear me, not as thy lover, but thy friend:
thousands will fain thy little heart ensnare,
for without danger none like thee are fair;
but wisely chuse who best deserves thy flame,
so shall the choice itself become thy fame:
nor yet despise, tho' void of winning art,
the plain and honest courtship of the heart.
The skilful tongue in love's persuasive lore
tho' less it feels will please and flatter more,
and, meanly learned in that guilty trade,
can long abuse a fond unthinking maid.
And since their lips, so knowing to deceive,
thy unexperienc'd youth might soon believe;
and since their tears, in false submission drest,
might thaw the icy coldness of thy breast;
O! shut thine eyes to such deceitful woe:
caught by the beauty of thy outward show
like me they do not love, whate'er they seem;
like me—with passion founded on esteem.

SOME ACCOUNT OF J. HAMMOND.

Of James Hammond, tho' he is generally known as an elegiac poet, and well remembered as a man esteemed and caressed by the elegant and the great, few memorials are to be found. Shiels and Johnson give discordant and erroneous accounts of him.

He was the second son of Anthony Hammond, esq. of Somersham-place, in the county of Huntington, member of parliament for Shoreham in Sussex; who vacated his seat, Dec. 7, 1708, on being made a commissioner of the navy. He published "a Miscellany of original Poems," by the most eminent hands; in which himself, as appears by the poems marked with his own name, had no inconsiderable share. He wrote the life of Walter Moyle, esq. prefixed to his works; being the intimate friend of that gentleman. He was so conspicuous for the excellence of his oratory, that he obtained from Lord Bolingbroke, the epithet of "silver tongued." He died about the year 1728.

James Hammond was born about 1710, and educated at Westminster school. At this school, he was continued till he had not only made a considerable proficiency in classical knowledge, but, from studying the great masters of antiquity, had acquired a correctness of taste much beyond the attainments usual at his age. Whether prompted by the example of his father, who frequently indulged in sacrificing to the muses, or incited by the suggestions of his own genius, it is certain that young Hammond was early distinguished for his poetical talents, which, together with his amiable manners, and other accomplishments, procured him,

before he had arrived at the age of eighteen, the notice and esteem of Philip Dormer Stanhope, earl of Chesterfield. The extreme caution of this penetrating nobleman in forming his connections, affords the strongest attestation to Mr. Hammond's merit, while it served him as a passport to the familiarity and friendship he afterwards enjoyed with the first characters of the age; in which number were included Lord Cobham, and Lord Lyttelton. The latter of these noblemen celebrates the elegies in the following stanza, sent with a copy of them to Miss Fortesque, whose charms had then made him her captive.

> "All that of love can be exprest
> in these soft numbers see;
> but, Lucy, would you know the rest,
> it must be read in me."

Pope was in the list of his friends, but his connections and politics lay chiefly among the adherents of the Prince of Wales, to whom he was equerry. He was also much esteemed by Nicholas Hammond, esq.; who, at his death, which happened Oct. 13, 1733, left him an estate worth £400 a year, besides leaving £500 for erecting a school-house, and £500 for endowing it. Similarity of temper and situation rendered Tibullus the favourite and model of Hammond, who was constitutionally a lover, and disposed to enter with impetuosity into that tender passion. Lord Chesterfield speaks of his mistresses: it will not be thought strange that a heart susceptible, like his, should have been often attached before it was absolutely engaged. The supreme object however of his devotion was his Delia; by which appellation he distinguished Miss Catherine Dashwood, a lady of singular beauty;

but who was neither induced by his professions nor his constancy to return his passion. The most probable account of this unfortunate disappointment is, that Lord Hervey, Miss Dashwood's guardian, opposed their union. It has been alleged in his lordship's favour, that the incompetence of Miss Dashwood and Mr. Hammond's fortunes, would by no means authorize him to yield his consent: and from the same motive he is said to have written the answer to Mr. Hammond's "Elegy to Miss Dashwood, in the manner of Ovid." There is notwithstanding reason to suppose that Mr. Hammond's political principles, and his intimacy with the leaders of a party, to which this nobleman was by no means a friend, were the real grounds for refusing his suffrage. But however this might have been, it is certain that Mr. Hammond considered his lordship's verses as expressive of Miss Dashwood's sentiments, and resolved on reading them, from the most generous of motives, to renounce for ever the object of his affections. The struggle which this resolution occasioned was unhappily too powerful for both his body and mind. His intellects became disordered; and, reduced to the last state of dejection, he terminated at once his misery and his life on the 7th of June, 1742, in the thirty-second year of his age. Hammond was chosen member of parliament for Truro in Cornwall, the year previous to his death. He died at Stowe, the seat of his friend and patron, Lord Cobham.

Miss Dashwood died the 17th of February 1779, in the office of bedchamber-woman to the queen. It is reasonable to suppose that she really loved Hammond, for the effect of his untimely death was such as remained to the close of her life. Tho' she survived him

long, his name was never mentioned in her presence without calling forth emotions of the tenderest regret, and she uniformly declined the most advantageous proposals of marriage. The elegies of Hammond were written before he was twenty-two years old, and published after his death, with a recommendatory preface, by the Earl of Chesterfield. As a writer, it may be a sufficient excuse for slighter blemishes, that his pieces were never intended for the public eye. They were written occasionally, to express the various emotions of a passion, which he felt. He generally copied a hint or a sentiment from Tibullus and other ancients, but it is to be regretted, that he copied, too much of their allegory. Allegory is the work of fancy, and is inconsistent with the dictates of the heart. His verses, however, are generally harmonious, his style is plaintive, and he has shewn throughout a warm heart, struggling with the agonies of unrequited love. His character as a man, is drawn by his friend and admirer, Mr. Thomson, in the following lines.

Where art thou, Hammond! thou the darling pride,
the friend and lover, of the tuneful throng!
ah! why, dear youth! in all the blooming prime
of vernal genius, where disclosing fast
each active worth, each manly virtue, lay;
why wert thou ravish'd from our hope so soon?
What now avails that noble thirst of fame
which stung thy fervent breast? that treasur'd store
of knowledge, early gain'd? that eager zeal
to serve thy country, glowing in the band
of youthful patriots who sustain her name?
What now, alas! that life-diffusing charm
of sprightly wit, that rapture for the Muse,

that heart of friendship, and that soul of joy,
which bade with softest light thy virtues smile?
ah! only shew'd to check our fond pursuits,
and teach our humble hopes that life is vain!

Dr. Johnson has shed much acrimonious criticism on the poetry of Hammond. He says, "while the writer's name was remembered with fondness, his elegies were read with a resolution to admire them." Of the prefacer of them, Johnson says, "it may be reasonably suspected he had never read the poems, for he professes to value them for a very high species of excellence, and recommends them as the genuine effusions of the mind, which expresses a real passion in the language of nature. But," continues he, "the truth is, these elegies have neither passion, nature, nor manners. Hammond produces nothing but frigid pedantry. It would be hard to find in all his productions three stanzas that deserve to be remembered. His verses are not rugged, but they have no sweetness; they never glide in a stream of melody. Why Hammond, or other writers, have thought the quatrian of ten syllables elegiac, it is difficult to tell. The character of the Elegy is gentleness and tenuity, but this stanza has been pronounced by Dryden, whose knowledge of English metre is not inconsiderable, to be the most magnificent of all the measures which our language affords." A severe critic remarks, that "Hammond's love complaints were precious food for the maw of Johnson, who, in mumbling them, did not, however, perceive that the alternate quatrian has a solemnity suited to elegy. One would think that Johnson wished to persuade his readers that he had a general aversion to nature. If he mentions love, it is

to ridicule it; if the country, it is to sicken at it. Alas! Johnson had no taste for a garden, a grove, or a spring. *Speluncæ vivique lacus*, the darkling dell and the nightingale had no charms for him. To him the elements of poetry were uncongenial, and only excited his laughter. According to one of his "Ramblers," a swept hearth, fire pan, and tongs, were his inspirers; and if he did not prefer a marrow bone, he delighted in wielding the clever of criticism; and the smoke of London was as pleasant to him as a coal-pit to a neighbour of Newcastle." The elegies omitted in this selection are deemed too trifling to be retained in a publication which professedly includes only the most admirable and interesting parts of composition.

ANSWER TO HAMMOND'S ELEGY TO MISS DASHWOOD,

BY LORD HERVEY.

Too well these lines that fatal truth declare,
which long I 've known, yet now I blush to hear.
But say, what hopes thy fond ill-fated love?
what can it hope, tho' mutual it should prove?
This little form is fair in vain for you,
in vain for me thy honest heart is true;
for wouldst thou fix dishonour on my name,
and give me up to penitence and shame?
or gild my ruin with the name of wife,
and make me a poor virtuous wretch for life?
couldst thou submit to wear the marriage chain,
(too sure a cure for all thy present pain)
no saffron robe for us the godhead wears,
his torch inverted, and his face in tears.
Tho' every softer wish were amply crown'd,
love soon would cease to smile where fortune frown'd;
then would thy soul my fond consent deplore,
and blame what it solicited before;
thy own exhausted would reproach my truth,
and say I had undone thy blinded youth;
that I had damped ambition's nobler flame,
eclipsed thy talents, and obscur'd thy fame;
to madrigals and odes that wit confin'd,
that would in senates or in courts have shin'd,
gloriously active in thy country's cause,
asserting freedom, and enacting laws.

Or say, at best, that negatively kind
you only mourn'd, and silently repin'd;
the jealous dæmons in my own fond breast

would all these thoughts incessantly suggest,
and all that sense must feel, tho' pity had supprest.
Yet added grief my apprehension fills
(if there can be addition to those ills)
when they shall cry, whose harsh reproof I dread,
'T was thy own deed, thy folly on thy head!'
Age knows not to allow for thoughtless youth,
nor pities tenderness, nor honours truth;
holds it romantic to confess a heart,
and says, those virgins act a wiser part
who hospitals and bedlams would explore
to find the rich, and only dread the poor;
who, legal prostitutes, for interest sake,
Clodios and Timons to their bosoms take,
and, if avenging Heaven permit increase,
people the world with folly and disease.
Those, titles, deeds, and rent-rolls only wed,
whilst the best bidder mounts the venal bed,
and the grave aunt and formal sire approve
this nuptial sale, this auction of their love.
But if regard to worth or sense be shewn,
that poor degenerate child her friends disown,
who dares to deviate by a virtuous choice
from her great name's hereditary vice.

These scenes my prudence ushers to my mind,
of all the storms and quicksands I must find,
if I embark upon this summer sea,
where Flattery smooths, and Pleasure gilds the way.
Had our ill fate ne'er blown thy dangerous flame
beyond the limits of a friend's cold name,
I might upon that score thy heart receive,
and with that guiltless name my own deceive;
that commerce now in vain you recommend,
I dread the latent lover in the friend;

of ignorance I want the poor excuse,
and know, I both must take, or both refuse.
Here then the safe, the firm resolve, I make,—
ne'er to encourage one I must forsake.
Whilst other maids a shameless path pursue,
neither to interest, nor to honour true,
and proud to swell the triumph of their eyes,
exult in love from lovers they despise;
their maxims all revers'd I mean to prove,
and tho' I like the lover, quit the love.

EPISTLES,

in the manner of Ovid.

BY LORD HERVEY.

MONIMIA TO PHILOCLES.

Since language never can describe my pain,
how can I hope to move when I complain?
but such is woman's frenzy in distress,
we love to plead tho' hopeless of redress.
Perhaps, affecting ignorance, thou 'lt say,
from whence these lines? whose message to convey?
Mock not my grief with that feign'd cold demand,
too well you know the hapless writer's hand:
but if you force me to avow my shame,
behold it prefac'd with Monimia's name.
Lost to the world, abandon'd and forlorn,
expos'd to infamy, reproach, and scorn;
to mirth and comfort lost, and all for you,
yet lost, perhaps, to your remembrance too,
how hard my lot! what refuge can I try?
weary of life, and yet afraid to die!
Of hope, the wretch's last resort, bereft,
by friends, by kindred, by my lover, left.
Oh! frail dependence of confiding fools!
on lover's oaths, of friendship's sacred rules,
how weak in modern hearts, too late I find,
Monimia 's fall'n, and Philocles unkind!
To these reflections, each slow wearing day,
and each revolving night a constant prey,
think what I suffer, nor ungentle hear
what madness dictates in my fond despair;
grudge not this short relief (too fast it flies),

nor chide that weakness I myself despise.
One moment, sure, may be at least her due,
who sacrific'd her all of life for you.
Without a frown this farewell, then, receive,
for, 't is the last my hapless love shall give;
nor this I would, if reason could command,
but what restriction reins a lover's hand?
nor prudence, shame, nor pride, nor interest sways,
the hand implicitly the heart obeys:
too well this maxim has my conduct shewn,
too well that conduct to the world is known.
Oft have I writ, and often to the flame
condemn'd this after-witness of my shame;
oft in my cooler recollected thought,
thy beauties, and my fondness half forgot,
(how short those intervals for reason's aid!)
thus to myself in anguish have I said.
Thy vain remonstrance, foolish maid, give o'er,
who act the wrong, can ne'er that wrong deplore.
Then sanguine hopes again delusive reign,
I form'd thee melting, as I tell my pain.
If not of rock thy flinty heart is made,
nor tigers nurs'd thee in the desart shade,
let me at least thy cold compassion prove,
that slender sustenance of greedy love:
tho' no return my warmer wishes find,
be to the wretch, tho' not the mistress, kind;
nor whilst I court my melancholy state,
forget 't was love, and thee, that wrought my fate.
Without restraint habituate to range
the paths of pleasure; can I bear this change?
Doom'd from the world unwilling to retire,
in bloom of life, and warm with young desire,
in lieu of roofs with regal splendor gay,

condemn'd in distant wilds to drag the day;
where beasts of prey maintain their savage court,
or human brutes (the worst of brutes) resort.
Yes, yes, the change I could unsighing see,
for none I mourn, but what I find in thee,
there centre all my woes, thy heart estrang'd,
I weep my lover, not my fortune, chang'd;
bless'd with thy presence, I could all forget
nor gilded palaces in huts regret;
but exil'd thence, superfluous is the rest,
each place the same, my hell is in my breast;
to pleasure dead, and living but to pain,
my only sense to suffer, and complain.

As all my wrongs distressful I repeat,
say, can thy pulse with equal cadence beat?
Canst thou know peace? is conscience mute within?
that upright delegate for secret sin;
is nature so extinguish'd in thy heart,
that not one spark remains to take my part?
not one repentant throb, one grateful sigh?
thy breast unruffled, and unwet thy eye?
Thou cool betrayer, temperate in ill!
thou nor remorse, nor thought humane canst feel:
nature has form'd thee of the rougher kind,
and education more debas'd thy mind;
born in an age when guilt and fraud prevail,
when Justice sleeps, and Interest holds the scale;
thy loose companions, a licentious crew,
most to each other, all to us untrue,
whom chance, or habit mix, but rarely choice,
nor leagu'd in friendship, but in social vice,
who, indigent of honour, or of shame,
glory in crimes which other's blush to name;
by right or wrong disdaining to be mov'd,

unprincipled, unloving, and unlov'd.
The fair who trusts their prostituted vows,
if not their falsehood, still their boasts expose;
nor knows the wisest to elude the harm,
ev'n she whose prudence shuns the tinsel charm
they know to slander, tho' they fail to warm:
they make her languish in fictitious flame,
affix some specious slander on her name,
and baffled by her virtue, triumph o'er her fame.

These are the leaders of thy blinded youth,
these vile seducers laugh'd thee out of truth;
whose scurril jests all solemn ties profane,
or friendship's band, or Hymen's sacred chain;
morality as weakness they upbraid,
nor even revere religion's hallow'd head;
alike they spurn divine and human laws,
and treat the honest like the christian cause.
Curse on that tongue whose vile pernicious art
delights the ear but to corrupt the heart,
that takes advantage of the cheerful hour,
when weaken'd virtue bends to nature's power,
and would the goodness of the soul efface,
to substitute dishonour in her place.

With such you lose the day in false delights,
in lewd debauch you revel out the nights,
(O fatal commerce to Monimia's peace!)
their arguments convince because they please;
whilst sophistry for reason they admit,
and wander, dazzled by the glare of wit;
wit that on ill a specious lustre throws,
and in false colours every object shows,
that gilds the wrong, depreciates the right,
and hurts the judgment, while it feasts the sight:
so in a prism to the deluded eye

each pictur'd trifle takes a rainbow dye,
with borrow'd charms the shining prospect glows,
and truth revers'd the faithless mirror shows,
inverted scenes in bright confusion lie,
the lawns impending o'er the nether sky;
no just, no real images we meet,
but all the gaudy vision is deceit.

Oft I revolve in this distracted mind
each word, each look, that spoke my charmer kind;
but oh! how dear their memory I pay!
what pleasures past can present cares allay?
of all I love for ever dispossess'd;
ah! what avails to think I once was bless'd?
Hard disposition of unequal fate!
mix'd are our joys, and transient are their date;
nor can reflection bring them back again,
yet brings an after-sting to every pain.

Thy fatal letters, oh immoral youth!
those perjur'd pledges of fictitious truth,
dear as they were, no second joy afford,
my cred'lous heart once leap'd at every word,
my glowing bosom throbb'd with thick-heav'd sighs,
and floods of rapture gush'd into my eyes:
when now repeated (for thy theft was vain,
each treasur'd syllable my thoughts retain)
far other passions rule, and different care,
my joys and grief, my transport and despair.

Why dost thou mock the ties of constant love?
but half it's joys the faithless ever prove,
they only taste the pleasures they receive,
when sure the noblest is in those we give.
Acceptance is the heaven which mortals know,
but 't is the bliss of angels to bestow.
Oh! emulate, my love, that task divine,

be thou that angel, and that heaven be mine.
Yet, yet relent, yet intercept my fate:
alas! I rave, and sue for new deceit.
As soon the dead shall from the grave return,
as love extinguish'd with new ardour burn.
Oh! that I dar'd to act a Roman part,
and stab thy image in this faithful heart,
where riveted for life secure you reign,
a cruel inmate, author of my pain:
but coward-like irresolute I wait
time's tardy aid, nor dare to rush on fate;
perhaps may linger on life's latest stage,
survive thy cruelties, and fall by age:
no—grief shall swell my sails, and speed me o'er
(despair my pilot) to that quiet shore
where I can trust, and thou betray no more.
Might I but once again behold thy charms,
might I but breathe my last in those dear arms,
on that lov'd face but fix my closing eye,
permitted, where I might not live, to die,
my soften'd fate I would accuse no more;
but fate has no such happiness in store.
'T is past, 't is done—what gleam of hope behind,
when I can ne'er be false, nor thou be kind?
Why then this care?—'tis weak—'t is vain—farewell—
At that last word what agonies I feel!
I faint—I die—remember I was true—
't is all I ask—eternally—adieu!

ARISBE TO THE YOUNGER MARIUS.

From Fontenelle.

When Marius was expelled from Rome by Sylla's faction, and retired into Africa, his son (who accompanied him) fell into the hands of Hiempsal, king of Numidia, who kept him prisoner. One of the mistresses of that king fell in love with Marius, jun. and was so generous to contrive and give him his liberty, tho' by that means she sacrificed her love for ever. It was after he had rejoined his father, that she wrote to him the following letter.

Of all I valued, all I lov'd bereft,
say, has my heart this little comfort left?
that you the memory of it's truth retain,
and think with grateful pity on my pain?
Tho' but with life my sorrows can have end,
(for death alone can join me to my friend)
yet think not I repent, I set you free,
I mourn your absence, not your liberty.

Before my Marius left Numidia's coast,
each day I saw him; scarce an hour was lost:
now months and years must pass, nay life must prove
but one long absence from the man I love.
Painful reflection! poison to my mind!
was it but mortal too, it would be kind:
but mad with grief I search the palace round,
and in that madness dream you 're to be found.
Wouldst thou believe it? to those walls I fly
where thou wert captive held; there frantic cry,
these fetters sure my vagrant's flight restrain'd;
alas! these fetters I myself unchain'd.
The live-long day I mourn, I loath the light,
and wait impatient each returning night:
what, tho' the horrid gloom augment my grief?
't is grateful still, for I disclaim relief.

That coz'ner hope intrudes not on my woe;
one only interval my sorrows know;
when dreams, the kind reversers of my pain,
bring back my charming fugitive again.
Yet there 's a grief surpassing all the rest;
a jealous dæmon whispers in my breast,
Marius was false; for liberty alone
the shew of love the hypocrite put on.
Then I reflect (ah! would I could forget!)
how much your thoughts on war and Rome were set,
how little passion did that conduct prove!
too strong thy reason, but too weak thy love.
Thy sword, 't is true, a father's cause demands;
but 't was a mistress gave it to thy hands:
to love, and duty, just, give each their part,
his be the arm, and mine be all thy heart.
But what avail these thoughts? fond wretch, give o'er!
Marius, or false, or true, is thine no more:
since Fate has cast the lot, and we must part,
why should I wish to think I had his heart?
Yes: let me cherish that remembrance still;
that thought alone shall soften every ill;
to tell my soul, his love, his truth was such,
all was his due, nor have I done too much.
Deceitful comfort! let me not persuade
my cred'lous heart it's fondness was repaid;
it makes my soul with double anguish mourn
those joys, which never, never must return.
Perhaps ev'n you what most I wish oppose,
and in the Roman all the lover lose:
I 'm a Numidian, and your soul disdains
to bear the inglorious weight of foreign chains.
Can any climate then so barb'rous prove,
to stand excluded from the laws of love?

His empire 's universal, unconfin'd,
his proxy beauty, and his slaves mankind.
Nor am I a Numidian but by name,
for I can interest for my love disclaim:
my virtue shews what 't was the gods design'd,
by chance on Africk's clay they stamp'd a Roman mind.
Not all the heroes which your Rome can boast,
so much for fame, as I for you have lost:
yourself I lost: oh! grateful then confess,
my trial greater, tho' my glory less.
Yes, partial gods! inflicters of my care!
be witness what I felt, what grief, what fear!
when full of stifled woes the night he fled,
no sigh I dar'd to breathe, no tear to shed.
Whilst men of faith approv'd, a chosen crew,
firm to their trust, and to their mistress true,
with care too punctual my commands obey,
and in one freight my life and thee convey.
The harder task was mine: condemn'd to bear,
with brow serene, my agonizing care;
to mix in idle talk, to force a smile,
a king and jealous lover to beguile.
Think in that dreadful interval of fate,
all I held dear, thy safety in debate,
think what I suffer'd, whilst my heart afraid
suggests a thousand times that all 's betray'd.
A thousand times revolving in my mind
the doubtful chance; oh! love! said I, be kind:
propitious to my scheme, thy vot'ry aid,
and be my fondness by success repaid.
Now bolder grown, with sanguine hopes elate,
my fancy represents thy smiling fate;
the guards deceiv'd, and every danger o'er,
the winds already waft him from the shore.

These pleasing images anew impart
life to my eyes, and gladness to my heart;
dispel the gloomy fears that cloud my face,
and charm the little flutterer to peace.
But now the king, or tasteless to my charms,
or weary of an absent mistress' arms,
his own apartment seeks, and grateful rest;
that courted stranger to the careful breast.
Whilst I, by hopes and fears alternate sway'd,
impatient ask the slaves if I 'm obey'd.
'T is done, they cry'd, and struck me with despair;
for what I long'd to know, I dy'd to hear.
Fantastic turn of a distracted mind;
I blam'd the gods for having been too kind;
curs'd the success they granted to my vows,
and this assistant hand that fill'd my woes.
Such was my frenzy in that hour of care,
and such th' injustice of my bold despair;
that even those, ungrateful, I upbraid,
whose fatal diligence my will obey'd.
Scarce, Marius did thyself escape my rage;
(most lov'd of men!) when fears of black presage
describe thy heart so fond of liberty,
it never gave one parting throb for me.
At every step you should have turn'd your eye,
dropt a regretful tear, and heav'd a sigh;
the nature of the grace I shew'd was such,
you not deserv'd it, if it pleas'd too much.
A lover would have linger'd as he fled,
and oft in anguish to himself have said,
farewell for ever! ah! yet more he 'd done,
a lover never would have fled alone.
To force me from a hated rival's bed,
why comes not Marius at an army's head?

Oh! did thy heart but wish to see that day,
't would all my past, and future woes o'erpay.
But vain are all these hopes: preserve thy breast
from falsehood only, I forgive the rest:
too happy, if no envy'd rival boast
those joys Arisbe for her Marius lost.

ROXANA TO USBECK.

from "Les Lettres Persannes."

Roxana, one of Usbeck's wives, was found (whilst he was in Europe) in bed with her lover, whom she had privately let into the seraglio. The guardian eunuch who discovered them, had the man murdered on the spot, and her close guarded till he received instructions from his master how to dispose of her. During that interval she swallowed poison, and is supposed to write the following letter whilst she is dying.

Think not I write my innocence to prove,
to sue for pity, or awake thy love:
no mean defence expect, or abject prayers;
thou knowest no mercy, and I know no tears:
I laugh at all thy vengeance has decreed,
avow the fact, and glory in the deed.
Yes, tyrant! I deceiv'd thy spies and thee;
pleas'd in oppression, and in bondage free:
the rigid agents of thy cruel laws
by gold I won to aid my juster cause;
with dextrous skill eluded all thy care,
and acted more than jealousy could fear:
to wanton bowers this prison-house I turn'd,
and bless'd that absence which you thought I mourn'd.
But short those joys allow'd by niggard fate,
yet so refin'd, so exquisitely great,

that their excess compensated their date.
I die: already in each burning vein
I feel the pois'nous draught, and bless the pain:
for what is life unless it's joys we prove?
and where is joy depriv'd of what we love?
Yet, ere I die, this justice I have paid
to my dear murder'd lover's injur'd shade:
those sacrilegious instruments of power,
who wrought that ruin these sad eyes deplore,
already with their blood their crimes atone,
and for his life have sacrificed their own.
Thee, tho' restraint and absence may defend
from my revenge, my curses still attend:
despair like mine, barbarian! be thy part,
remorse afflict, and sorrow sting thy heart.
Nor think this hate commencing in my breast,
tho' prudence long it's latent force suppress'd;
I knew those wrongs that I was forc'd to bear,
and curs'd those chains injustice made me wear.
For couldst thou hope Roxana to deceive
with idle tales, which only fools believe?
Poor abject souls in superstition bred,
in ignorance train'd, by prejudice misled;
whom hireling dervises by proxy teach
from those whose false prerogative they preach.
Didst thou imagine me so weak of mind,
because I murmur'd not, I ne'er repin'd,
but hugg'd my chain, and thought my jailor kind!
that willingly those laws I e'er obey'd,
which Pride invented, and Oppression made?
and whilst self-licens'd through the world you rove,
to quicken appetite by change in love;
each passion sated, and each wish possess'd,
that Lust can urge, or Fancy can suggest;

that I should mourn thy loss with fond regret,
weep the misfortune, and the wrong forget?
Could I believe that Heaven this beauty gave,
(thy transient pleasure, and thy lasting slave;)
indu'd with reason, only to fulfil
the harsh commands of thy capricious will?
no Usbeck, no, my soul disdain'd those laws;
and tho' I wanted power t' assert my cause,
my right I knew; and still those pleasures sought,
which Justice warranted, and Nature taught:
on Custom's senseless precepts I refin'd,
I weigh'd what Heaven, I knew what man design'd,
and form'd by her own rules my free-born mind.
Thus whilst this wretched body own'd thy power,
doom'd, unredress'd, it's hardships to deplore;
my soul subservient to herself alone,
and reason independent on her throne,
contemn'd thy dictates, and obey'd their own.
Yet thus far to my conduct thanks are due,
at least I condescended to seem true;
endeavour'd still my sentiments to hide,
indulg'd thy vanity, and sooth'd thy pride.
Tho' this submission to a tyrant paid,
whom not my duty, but my fears obey'd,
if rightly weigh'd would more deserve thy blame,
who call it virtue, but prophane her name:
for to the world I should have own'd that love,
which all impartial judges must approve:
you urg'd a right to tyrannize my heart,
which he soliciting, assail'd by art,
whilst I impatient of the name of slave,
to force refus'd, what I to merit gave.
Oft as thy slaves this wretched body led
to the detested pleasures of thy bed;

in those soft moments, consecrate to joy,
which extacy and transport should employ;
clasp'd in your arms, you wonder'd still to find
so cold my kisses, so compos'd my mind:
but had thy cheated eyes discern'd aright,
you 'd found aversion, where you sought delight.
Not that my soul incapable of love,
no charms could warm, no tenderness could move;
for him, whose love my every thought possess'd,
a fiercer passion fill'd this constant breast,
than truth e'er felt, or falsehood e'er profess'd.
This style unusual to thy pride appears,
for truth's a stranger to the tyrant's ears;
but what have I to manage or to dread?
nor threats alarm, nor insults hurt the dead:
no wrongs they feel, no miseries they find;
cares are the legacies we leave behind:
in the calm grave no Usbecks we deplore,
no tyrant husband, no oppressive power.
Alas! I faint—Death intercepts the rest:
the venom'd drug is busy in my breast:
each nerve 's unstrung: a mist obscures the day:
my senses, strength, and ev'n my hate decay:
tho' rage a while the ebbing spirits stay'd,
't is past—they sink beneath the transient aid.
Take then, inhuman wretch! my last farewell;
pain be thy portion here, hereafter, hell:
and when our prophet shall my fate decree,
be any curse my punishment, but thee!

FLORA TO POMPEY.

Pompey, when he was very young, fell in love with Flora, a Roman courtezan, who was so very beautiful that the Romans had her painted to adorn the temple of Castor and Pollux. Geminius (Pompey's friend) afterwards fell in love with her also; but she, prepossessed with a passion for Pompey, would not listen to Geminius. Pompey, in compassion to to his friend, yielded him his mistress, which Flora took so much to heart, that she fell dangerously ill; and in that sickness is supposed to write the following letter to Pompey.

Ere death these closing eyes for ever shade,
(that death thy cruelties have welcome made)
receive, thou yet lov'd man! this one adieu,
this last farewell to happiness and you.
My eyes o'erflow with tears, my trembling hand
can scarce the letters form, or pen command:
the dancing paper swims before my sight,
and scarce myself can read the words I write.

Think you behold me in this lost estate,
and think yourself the author of my fate:
how vast the change! your Flora 's now become
the general pity, not the boast of Rome.
This form, a pattern to the sculptor's art,
this face, the idol once of Pompey's heart,
(whose pictur'd beauties Rome thought fit to place
the sacred temples of her gods to grace)
are charming now no more; the bloom is fled,
the lilies languid, and the roses dead.
Soon shall some hand the glorious work deface,
where Grecian pencils tell what Flora was:
no longer my resemblance they impart,
they lost their likeness, when I lost thy heart.

Oh! that those hours could take their turn again,
when Pompey, labouring with a jealous pain,

his Flora thus bespoke: 'Say, my dear love!
shall all these rivals unsuccessful prove?
in vain, for ever, shall the Roman youth
envy my happiness, and tempt thy truth?
shall neither tears nor prayers thy pity move?
ah! give not pity, 't is akin to love.
Would Flora were not fair in such excess,
that I might fear, tho' not adore her less.'

Fool that I was, I sought to ease that grief,
nor knew indifference follow'd the relief:
experience taught the cruel truth too late.
I never dreaded, till I found my fate.
'T was mine to ask if Pompey's self could hear,
unmov'd, his rival's unsuccessful prayer;
to make thee swear he 'd not thy pity move;
alas! such pity is no kin to love.

'T was thou thyself (ungrateful as thou art!)
bade me unbend the rigour of my heart:
you chid my faith, reproach'd my being true,
(unnatural thought!) and labour'd to subdue
the constancy my soul maintain'd for you;
to other arms your mistress you condemn'd,
too cool a lover, and too warm a friend.

How couldst thou thus my lavish heart abuse,
to ask the only thing it could refuse?
nor yet upbraid me, Pompey, what I say,
for 't is my merit that I can't obey;
yet this alledg'd against me as a fault,
thy rage fomented, and my ruin wrought.
Just gods! what tie, what conduct can prevail
o'er fickle man, when truth like mine can fail?

Urge not, to gloss thy crime, the name of friend,
we know how far those sacred laws extend;
since other heroes have not blush'd to prove

how weak all passions when oppos'd to love:
nor boast the virtuous conflict of thy heart,
when generous pity took Geminius' part;
't is all heroic fraud, and Roman art.
Such flights of honour might amuse the crowd,
but by a mistress ne'er can be allow'd;
keep for the senate, and the grave debate,
that infamous hypocrisy of state;
there words are virtue, and your trade deceit.

No riddle is thy change, nor hard 't explain;
Flora was fond, and Pompey was a man:
no longer then a specious tale pretend,
nor plead fictitious merit to your friend:
by nature false, you follow'd her decree,
nor generous are to him, but false to me.

You say you melted at Geminius' tears,
you say you felt his agonizing cares:
gross artifice, that this from him could move,
and not from Flora, whom you say you love:
you could not bear to hear your rival sigh,
yet bear unmov'd to see your mistress die.
Inhuman hypocrite! not thus can he
my wrongs, and my distress, obdurate, see.
He, who receiv'd, condemns the gift you made,
and joins with me the giver to upbraid,
forgetting he 's oblig'd, and mourning I 'm betray'd.
He loves too well that cruel gift to use,
which Pompey lov'd too little to refuse:
fain would he call my vagrant lord again,
but I the kind ambassador restrain;
I scorn to let another take my part,
and to myself will owe or lose thy heart.

Can nothing e'er rekindle love in thee?
Can nothing e'er extinguish it in me?

That I could tear thee from this injur'd breast!
and where you gave my person, give the rest,
at once to grant and punish thy request.
That I could place thy worthy rival there!
no second insult need my fondness fear;
he views not Flora with her Pompey's eyes,
he loves like me, he doats, despairs, and dies.
Come to my arms, thou dear, deserving youth!
thou prodigy of man! thou man with truth!
for him, I will redouble every care,
to please, for him, these faded charms repair;
to crown his vows, and sharpen thy despair.
Oh! 't is allusion all! and idle rage!
no second passion can this heart engage;
and shortly, Pompey, shall thy Flora prove,
death may dissolve, but nothing change her love.

A LOVE LETTER.

What shall I say to fix thy wavering mind,
to chase thy doubts, and force thee to be kind?
What weight of argument can turn the scale,
if intercession from a lover fail?
By what shall I conjure thee to obey
this tender summons, nor prolong thy stay?
If unabated in this constant breast
that passion burns which once thy vows profess'd;
if absence has not chill'd the languid flame,
it's ardour and it's purity the same;
indulge those transports, and no more controul
the dictates of thy fond consenting soul;
by no vain scruple be thy purpose sway'd,
and only Love implicitly obey'd:

let inclination this debate decide,
nor be thy prudence, but thy heart thy guide:
but real prudence never can oppose
what Love suggests, and Gratitude avows:
the warm dear raptures which thy bosom move,
't is virtue to indulge, 't is wisdom to improve:
for think how few the joys allow'd by Fate,
how mix'd the cup, how short their longest date!
How onward still the stream of pleasure flows!
that no reflux the rapid current knows!
not ev'n thy charms can bribe the ruthless hand
of rigid Time, to stay his ebbing sand;
fair as thou art, that beauty must decay:
the night of age succeeds the brightest day:
that cheek where Nature's sweetest garden blows,
her whitest lily, and her warmest rose;
those eyes, those meaning ministers of Love,
who, what thy lips can only utter, prove;
these must resign their lustre, those their bloom,
and find with meaner charms one common doom:
pass but a few short years, this change must be;
nor one less dreadful shalt thou mourn in me:
for tho' no chance can alienate my flame,
while thine to feed the lamp, shall burn the same,
yet shall the stream of years abate that fire,
and cold esteem succeed to warm desire:
then on thy breast unraptur'd shall I dwell,
nor feel a joy beyond what I can tell:
or say, should sickness antedate that woe,
and intercept what Time would else allow;
if Pain should pall my taste to all thy charms,
or Death himself should tear me from thy arms;
how wouldst thou then regret with fruitless truth,
the precious squander'd hours of health and youth!

Come then, my love, nor trust the future day,
live whilst we can, be happy whilst we may:
for what is life unless it's joys we prove?
and what is happiness but mutual love?
our time is wealth no frugal hand can store,
all our possession is the present hour,
and he who spares to use it, ever poor.
The golden *now* is all that we can boast;
and that (like snow) at once is grasp'd and lost.
Haste, wing thy passage then, no more delay,
but to these eyes their sole delight convey.
Not thus I languish'd for thy virgin charms,
when first surrender'd to these eager arms,
when first admitted to that heaven, thy breast,
to mine I strain'd that charming foe to rest:
how leaps my conscious heart, whilst I retrace
the dear idea of that strict embrace?
when on thy bosom quite entranc'd I lay,
and lov'd unsated the short night away;
whilst half reluctant you, and half resign'd,
amidst fears, wishes, pain and pleasure join'd,
now holding off, now growing to my breast,
by turns reprov'd me, and by turns caress'd.
Oh! how remembrance throbs in every vein!
I pant, I sicken for that scene again;
my senses ache, I can no word command,
and the pen totters in my trembling hand.
Farewell, thou only joy on earth I know,
and all that man can taste of heaven below.

EPISTLE FROM AUTHUR GREY, THE FOOTMAN,

after his condemnation for attempting a rape,

BY LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGUE.

Read, lovely nymph! and tremble not to read,
I have no more to wish, nor you to dread:
I ask not life, for life to me were vain,
and death a refuge from severer pain.
My only hope in these last lines I try;
I would be pitied, and I then would die.
Long had I liv'd as sordid as my fate,
nor curs'd the destiny that made me wait
a servile slave: content with homely food,
the gross instinct of appetite pursued:
youth gave me sleep at night and warmth of blood.
Ambition yet had never touch'd my breast;
my lordly master knew no sounder rest;
with labour healthy, in obedience blest.
But when I saw—oh! had I never seen
that wounding softness, that engaging mein!
the mist of wretched education flies,
shame, fear, desire, despair, and love arise,
the new creation of those beauteous eyes.
But yet that love pursued no guilty aim,
deep in my heart I hid the secret flame.
I never hop'd my fond desire to tell,
and all my wishes were to serve you well.
Heavens! how I flew, when wing'd by your command,
and kiss'd the letters given by your hand.
How pleas'd, how proud, how fond was I to wait,
present the sparkling wine, or change the plate!

How when you sung, my soul devour'd the sound,
and every sense was in the rapture drown'd!
tho' bid to go, I quite forgot to move;—
you knew not that stupidity was love!
But oh! the torment not to be express'd,
the grief, the rage, the hell that fir'd this breast,
when my great rivals, in embroid'ry gay,
sate by your side, or led you from the play.
I still contriv'd near as I could to stand,
(the flambeau trembling in my shaking hand)
I saw, or thought I saw, those fingers press'd,
for thus their passion by my own I guess'd,
and jealous fury all my soul possess'd.
Like torrents, love and indignation meet,
and madness would have thrown me at your feet.
Turn, lovely nymph (for so I would have said),
turn from those triflers who make love a trade;
this is true passion in my eyes you see;
they cannot, no—they cannot love like me.
Frequent debauch has pall'd their sickly taste,
faint their desire, and in a moment past:
they sigh not from the heart but from the brain;
vapours of vanity, and strong champagne.
Too dull to feel what forms, like your's, inspire,
after long talking of their painted fire,
to some lewd brothel they at night retire;
there pleas'd with fancy'd quality and charms,
enjoy your beauties in a strumpet's arms.
Such are the joys those toasters have in view,
and such the wit and pleasure they pursue:—
and is this love that ought to merit you?
Each opera-night a new address begun,
they swear to thousands what they sware to one.
Not thus I sigh—but all my sighs are vain—

die, wretched Arthur, and conceal thy pain:
't is impudence to wish, and madness to complain.
Fix'd on this view, my only hope of ease,
I waited not the aid of slow disease:
the keenest instruments of death I sought,
and death alone employ'd my lab'ring thought.
This all the night—when I remember well,
the charming tinkle of your morning bell!
Fir'd by the sound, I hasten'd with your tea,
with one last look to smooth the darksome way—
but oh! how dear that fatal look has cost!
in that fond moment my resolves were lost.
Hence all my guilt, and all your sorrows rise—
I saw the languid softness of your eyes;
I saw the dear disorder of your bed;
your cheek all glowing with a tempting red;
your night-clothes tumbled with resistless grace;
your flowing hair play'd careless round your face;
your night-gown fasten'd with a single pin;—
fancy improv'd the wondrous charms within;
I fix'd my eyes upon that heaving breast,
and hardly, hardly I forbore the rest;
eager to gaze, unsatisfy'd with sight,
my head grew giddy with the near delight!—
too well you know the fatal following night!
Th' extremest proof of my desire I give,
and since you will not love, I will not live.
Condemn'd by you, I wait the righteous doom,
careless and fearless of the woes to come.
But when you see me waver in the wind,
my guilty flame extinct, my soul resign'd,
sure you may pity what you can't approve,
the cruel consequence of furious love.
Think the bold wretch that could so greatly dare,

was tender, faithful, ardent, and sincere:
think when I held the pistol to your breast,
had I been of the world's large rule possess'd,
that world had then been your's, and I been blest!
Think that my life was quite below my care,
nor fear'd I any hell beyond despair.
If these reflections, tho' they seize you late,
give some compassion for your Arthur's fate:
enough you give, nor ought I to complain;
you pay my pangs nor have I dy'd in vain!

VERSES,

written by a Gentleman on his being slighted by a Lady on account of being a little crooked.

It 's true my shape is something odd,
but blaming me, is blaming God;
for had I spoke myself to birth,
I 'd pleas'd the prettiest lass on earth;
and could I form myself anew,
I would not fail of pleasing you.

Your charms have long been dear to fame,
and half the country toast your name;
but who that dimpling chin supplied,
and lent thy cheeks their rosy pride?
With hair of jet thy temples grac'd,
and with a slender shape thy waist?
Thyself, had thou thus beauteous made,
to thee the praise were duly paid;
thy pride might then have leave to swell,
thy motto this, "I 'VE MADE ME WELL."
But since the power that fashion'd thee,
with the same hand created me;

who might have touch'd my shape like thine,
and lent thee one deform'd as mine;
for what thou art, that power adore,
and sneer at my odd shape no more;
those eyes that dart destructive rays,
hence let them sparkle to his praise;
thy breast, the seat of love and snow,
teach them his praise to pant and glow;
then Heaven inspire thy yielding voice,
to one that 's better worth thy choice;
and if the rest my suit disdain,
the thought shall never give me pain;
but that I tempt no heavier curse,
Heaven I 'll adore, I 'm made no worse.

ON READING THE FOREGOING,

BY A LADY.

Deform'd that happy youth can ne'er appear,
whose thoughts are bright, & sense and judgment clear;
who boldly dares, in these ungrateful days,
to thank his God, and give his maker praise;
when sentiments like these his bosom fire,
defects are lost,—'t is merit we admire.

THE POWER OF INNOCENCE.

When first the nuptial state we prove,
we live the happy life of love;
but when familiar charms, no more
inspire the bliss they gave before,
each less delighting, less is lov'd,
first this then that is disapprov'd;
complaisance flies, neglect succeeds,
neglect disdain and hatred breeds.
'T was thus a pair, who long time prov'd
the joys to love and be belov'd,
at length fell out for trifling things;
from trifling, anger mostly springs.
The wish to please forsook each breast,
love's throne by baseless rage possest;
resolv'd to part they 'd meet no more:
enough—the chariot 's at the door.
The mansion was my lady's own;
Sir John resolv'd to live in town;
writings were drawn, each cause agreed,
both vow'd they 'd ne'er recall the deed.
The chariot waits, why this delay?
the sequel shall the cause display.

One lovely girl the lady bore,
dear pledge of joys she tastes no more;
the father's, mother's, darling, she,
now lisp'd and prattl'd on each knee.
Sir John, when rising to depart,
turn'd to the darling of his heart
and cry'd, with ardour in his eye,
'Come, Betsy! bid mamma good by.'
The lady, trembling, answer'd, 'No—

go kiss papa, my Betsy, go;
the child shall live with me;'—she cry'd.
'The child shall chuse,' Sir John reply'd.
Poor Betsy, look'd at each by turns,
and each the starting tear discerns.
My lady asks, with doubt and fear,
'Will you not live with me, my dear?'
'Yes;' half resolv'd, reply'd the child,
and half supprest her tears, she smil'd.
'Come, Betsy!' cry'd Sir John, 'you 'll go
and live with dear papa I know.'
'Yes;' Betsy cry'd.—The lady then
address'd the wondering child again.
'The time to live with both is o'er,
this day we part, to meet no more:
chuse then.'— Here grief o'erflow'd her breast,
and tears burst out, too long supprest.
The child, who tears and chiding join'd,
suppos'd papa unpleas'd, unkind;
and try'd with all her little skill,
to sooth his oft relenting will.
'Do,' cry'd the lisper, 'papa! do
love dear mamma! mamma loves you!'
Subdu'd, the source of manly pride,
no more his looks his heart bely'd;
the tender transport forc'd it's way;
they both confess'd each other's sway;
and, prompted by the social smart,
breast rush'd to breast, and heart to heart:
each clasp'd their Betsy o'er and o'er,
and Tom drove empty from the door.

ADVICE TO A YOUNG LADY,

lately married,

BY A LADY.

Dear Peggy! since the single state
you 've left, and chose yourself a mate;
since metamorphos'd to a wife,
and bliss or woe 's insur'd for life,
a friendly muse the way would show
to gain the bliss and 'scape the woe.
But first, my friend, I must suppose
you 've with mature reflection chose;
this point admitted, then I may
to married bliss point out the way.

Small is the province of a wife,
and narrow is her sphere in life;
within that sphere to act aright
should be her principal delight;
to rule the house with prudent care,
and properly to spend and spare;
to make the husband bless the day
he gave his liberty away;
to form the tender infant mind;
these are the tasks to wives assign'd.
Then never think domestic care
beneath the notice of the fair;
but daily your affairs inspect
that nought be wasted by neglect;
be frugal plenty round you seen
and always keep the golden mien.
Be always clean, yet seldom fine;
let decent neatness round you shine:
if once fair Decency be fled,

Love soon deserts the genial bed.
No gaudy house, yet neat and clean;
in all things there 's a proper mein:
some of our sex, mistake in this;
too anxious some, some too remiss.
The early days of wedded life
are oft o'ercast by childish strife;
then be it your peculiar care,
to keep that season bright and fair;
for then 's the time, by gentle art,
to fix your empire in his heart.
With kind obliging carriage strive
to keep the lamp of life alive;
for should it through neglect expire,
no art again can light the fire.
By charms of reason deck your mind,
that love may be with friendship join'd;
rais'd on that basis 't will endure,
through time's slow rankling waste secure.
Be sure you ne'er for power contend,
nor try by tears to gain your end;
sometimes the tears which cloud our eyes
from pride or obstinacy rise.
Heaven gave to man superior sway,
then Heaven and him at once obey.
Let sullen frowns your brow ne'er cloud;
be always cheerful, never loud;
lest trifles then should discompose
your features, temper, or repose.
Abroad for pleasure never roam,
true happiness resides at home;
still make your partner easy there
(he finds abroad sufficient care):
if every thing at home be right,

he 'll always enter with delight;
your converse he 'll prefer to all
those cheats the world amusements call.
With social chat his cares beguile,
and always meet him with a smile.
Should passion e'er his soul disarm,
serenely meet the rugged storm.
Never in wordy war engage
nor meet his luckless rage with rage;
but with our sex's softening art
recal lost reason to his heart;
thus calm the tempest in his breast,
and sweetly sooth his soul to rest.
Be sure you ne'er arraign his sense;
few husbands pardon that offence:
but shun, O shun that direful gulph,
and think him wiser than yourself;
e'en tho' you otherwise believe,
ne'er let him such a thought perceive.
When grief invades your partner's heart,
bear you a sympathizing part;
thus kindly claim your share of pain,
and half his troubles e'er sustain.
From rising morn to setting night,
to see him pleas'd, be your delight.
But now methinks I hear you cry,
'Shall she pretend, (O vanity!)
to lay down rules for wedded life,
who never was herself a wife?'
I own you 've ample cause to chide,
and, blushing, throw my pen aside.

TO ELIZA.

No longer dress'd silken sheen,
no longer deck'd in jewels rare;
say, canst thou quit each courtly scene,
where thou art fairest of the fair?—*Percy.*

Oh haste, Eliza, dearest love!
forsake deluding joys,
from folly's flaunting scenes remove,
and list to nature's voice;
far from the busy haunts of men,
the glaring blaze of day,
far from the great, the proud, the vain,
oh haste, my love, away!
Near some delightful rural spot,
in artless charms array'd,
we 'll fix our little tranquil cot,
beneath the verdant shade;
for in the still sequester'd vale,
contentment loves to dwell,
while health enriches every gale,
that plays around her cell.
Remov'd from half the frowns of fate,
within the quiet shade,
no more shall Envy's baneful hate,
thine innocence invade;
here rapine never shall oppress,
nor Malice hurt us more;
freed from keen Poverty's distress,
by Fortune's little store.
To strew around, with lavish hand,
let Fortune still deny;
dear maid! such idle hope withstand,
repress such rising sigh;

if soft Contentment spurn a seat
within thy gentle breast,
riches may swell our haughty state,
which never can be blest:
but where Content and Virtue guide,
they lead to love and peace;
where joys unknown to guilt reside,
they every bliss encrease;
for then should rig'rous Want, array'd
in all his horrors, come,
Love all his horrors should evade,
and cheer the dismal gloom.
For thee I 'd brave inclement skies,
toil through the weary day,
in hopes, at eve, one valued prize,
would every care repay;
for all my tender kind concern,
the wish'd reward should be,
when weary homeward I return,
to meet a smile from thee:
or, if, perchance, our humble state,
should prove a source of care;
the stormy scenes that life await,
as yet unskill'd to bear;—
one tender look or ling'ring kiss,
would rising grief destroy,
sooth rugged labour into ease,
and anguish into joy:
or, if relentless pain should tear
my heart with keen disease,
sweet Health, attendant on thy care,
would yield returning peace;
or, gentle maid! if thou wert by,
to catch my parting breath,

to breathe for thee my latest sigh,
would ease the pangs of death!
But far away with fancied ill;
we 'll fleeting hours improve,
and each returning day shall smile,
with innocence and love:
the vary'd seasons, as they pass,
returns of pleasure bring,
from every change of nature's face,
new scenes of rapture spring.
When summer suns, refulgent, warm,
around their beams dispense,
to summon every latent charm
of each delighted sense;
the grateful eye transported roves,
o'er Flora's vary'd bloom,
who scatters, in surrounding groves,
her native rich perfume.
The feather'd songsters' artless note,
makes vocal every spray,
as to their mates, each little throat
attunes it's am'rous lay;
then may we in the peaceful shade,
partake each rural joy!
These raptures time can ne'er invade,
nor fullness ever cloy:
or, when wild winter's wat'ry storms
and tempests rude appear,
whose boist'rous rage the scene deforms
and blasts the smiling year;
then would we, safe within our shed,
defy it's utmost rage,
and, as it howls around our head,
peruse th' instructive page:

or, with parental pious care,
help virtues' shoots to rise,
our lovely prattling babes prepare,
for yonder happy skies;
teach them to bless that gracious power,
by whom each boon is given,
grateful enjoy, nor crave for more,
from kind, indulgent Heaven.
Oh may we thus serenely glide
through life, from want exempt,
too low to reach the sneer of pride,
too high to meet contempt!
Known but to few, by those belov'd,
by virtue's friends caress'd,
then, every anxious fear remov'd,
as blessing, we are bless'd;
till virtuous age, with gentle hand,
our heads shall silver o'er,
life's feeble pulse, then near a stand,
will move with joy no more;
when thou 'rt by Time's stern power bereft
of beauty's form divine,
and not a single charm is left
to any eye but mine,—
then may Death's woe-relieving dart,
at one kind gentle blow,
strike both at once, that neither heart
a parting pang may know!
and some dear friend, in one kind urn,
our mingling ashes save,
one turf enclasp, one willow mourn,
upon our peaceful grave.
Haply some future shepherd swain,
whom tender passions move,

may here repair to sooth his pain,
and mourn a luckless love;
with heartfelt sympathy he 'll say,
reflecting whence his woes proceed,
and reading our sepulchral lay,
' Yes,—this was bliss indeed!'

Stonac.

ON A KISS.

Humid seal of soft affection,
tenderest pledge of future bliss,
dearest tie of young connections,
love's first snow-drop, virgin kiss!
Speaking silence, dumb confession,
passion's birth and infant's play,
dove-like fondness, chaste concession,
glowing dawn of brighter day!
Sorrowing joy, adieu's last action,
when lingering lips no more must join;
what words can ever speak affection
so thrilling and sincere as thine?

TO A KISS.

Soft child of Love—thou balmy bliss!
inform me, O delicious kiss,
why thou so suddenly art gone?
lost in the moment thou art won?
Yet go—for wherefore should I sigh?
on Delia's lip, with raptur'd eye,
on Delia's blushing lip, I see
a thousand full as sweet as thee.

From "Pindariana, or Peter's Portfolio."

THE FOUR SISTERS.

Ye fair ones of ***, each mortal may see
such symptoms of sweetness; of beauty, such traces
in every dear feature, that were you but three,
beholders would whisper, 'Behold the three Graces!'

But since, heavenly charmers! your number is four,
a fourth heavenly name we must think on between us;
so each mortal, whose eyes the fair group shall explore,
may whisper, 'Behold the three Graces and Venus!'

But whom to distinguish with Venus's name,
is a point that must puzzle a poor rhyming elf;
for the *handmaid* of beauty to rank cannot claim
with the sweet smiling goddess of beauty herself.

'T is not in your charms the distinction I 'll seek,
for with equal attraction beholders they feast;
so sparkling each eye and so blooming each cheek,
that each nymph is a *Venus* in *beauty* at least.

But Venus by bards, young and old, 't is confess'd,
was gifted with kindness united with beauty;
and still was her heart with this maxim impress'd,
to *wound* is my fate, and to *heal* is my duty.

Since then the contention of charms is in vain,
the claim beauty cannot, let kindness, discover;
let this mark the prize that ye strive to obtain,
who soonest shall grant the fond suit of a lover.

Then who shall be Venus will be a plain case,
for this point to decide with success I 've been trying;
each nymph that is prudish shall be but a Grace,
and Venus that nymph who is kind and complying.

A COMPARISON BETWEEN LOVE AND MARRIAGE.

BY DR. WOLCOT.

That I have often been in love, deep love,
a hundred doleful ditties plainly prove.
By marriage never have I been disjointed;
for matrimony deals prodigious blows:
and yet for this same stormy state, God knows,
I've groan'd—and, thank my stars, been disappointed.
With love's dear passion will I never war:
let every man for ever be in love,
even if he beats, in age, old Parr:
't is for his chilly veins a good warm glove;
it bids the blood with brisker motion start,
thawing Time's icicles around the heart.

Wedlock 's a saucy, sad, familiar state,
where folks are very apt to scold and hate:
Love keeps a modest distance, is divine,
obliging, and says every thing that 's fine.

Love writes sweet sonnets, deals in tender matter:
Marriage, in epigram so keen, and satire:
Love seeketh always to oblige the fair;
full of kind wishes, and exalted hope:
Marriage desires to see her in the air,
suspended at the bottom of a rope.

Love wishes, in the vale or on the down,
to give his dear, dear idol, a green gown:
Marriage, the brute, so snappish and ill-bred,
can kick his sighing turtle out of bed;
turns bluffly from the charms that taste adores,
then pulls his night-cap o'er his eyes, and snores.

Wedlock at first, indeed, is vastly pleasant;
a very showy bird, a fine cock-pheasant:
by time, it changeth to a diff'rent fowl;
sometimes a cuckow, oft'ner a horn-owl.
O Love! for heaven's sake ne'er leave my heart:
no! thou and I will never, never part:
go, Wedlock, to the men of leaden brains,
who hate sweet liberty, and sigh for chains.

Peter Pindar's "Rowland for an Oliver."

TO CYNTHIA.

BY THE SAME.

O thou! whose love-inspiring air
delights, yet gives a thousand woes;
my day declines in dark despair,
and night has lost her sweet repose.

Yet who, alas! like me was blest,
to other's e'er thy charms were known;
when Fancy told my raptur'd breast,
that Cynthia smil'd on me alone?

Nymph of my soul! forgive my sighs:
forgive the jealous fires I feel;
nor blame the trembling wretch, who dies,
when others to thy beauties kneel.

Lo! their's is every winning art,
with Fortune's gifts, unknown to me!
I only boast a simple heart,
in love with Innocence and thee.

From Peter Pindar's "Lyric Odes for 1785."

TO JEALOUSY.

BY THE SAME.

Avaunt, thou squinting hag, whose list'ning ear
seizes on every whisper—whose owl's eye,
when night's dark mantle wraps the silent sphere,
stares watchful of each form that passeth by!

Thou fiend, what business hast thou here on earth,
dissention-breeder from thy very birth?
how much more of the serpent than the dove!
I cannot guess thine errand to this world—
by thee is nature topsy-turvy hurl'd!
and nearly ruin'd the soft hand of Love!

Speak I but to my neighbour's wife so kind,
and say, 'Pray how do d' ye do, my dearest ma'am?'
behold a tempest swells the husband's mind,
who gives my sweet civility a d-mn:
for, lo! thy wickedness at once adorns
his trembling temples with a brace of horns.

The instant thou behold'st a married pair,
adieu, alas! the pleasures of the fair!
farewell, of Benedick, the wedded bliss!
Scarce canst thou let the honey-moon go by,
when, hark! the keen reproach!—the lady's sigh!
dead the fond squeeze, and mute the chirping kiss!

'Watch him,'—thou whisper'st in the woman's ear,
'open his letters—pick his pockets, ma'am—
somewhat will be discover'd, never fear;
something to dash the monster's cheek with shame.

'Ken him, amid the harlots at the play;
nor let your eyes a single moment stray:

he catches a lewd squint, if your's are blinkers:
make him look strait on, forward to the stage;
and on refusal, tell him in a rage,
you 'll give him, coach-horse like, a pair of winkers.'

From "Pindariana, or Peter's Portfolio."

ON KISSES.

BY THE SAME.

When we dwell on the lips of the lass we adore,
not a pleasure in nature is missing;
may his soul be in Heaven, he deserv'd it, I 'm sure,
who was the first inventor of kissing.

Master Adam, I verily think, was the man,
whose discovery will ne'er be surpast,
well, since the sweet game with creation began,
to the end of the world may it last!

From "Pindariana, or Peter's Portfolio."

A MATRIMONIAL THOUGHT.

In the blithe days of honey-moon,
with Kate's allurements smitten,
I lov'd her late, I lov'd her soon,
and call'd her, dearest *Kitten!*
But now my *Kitten*'s grown a *cat*,
and cross, like other wives;
upon my word, my honest Mat,
I fear she has nine lives.

From "Boswell's Life of Dr. Johnson."

AN APOLOGY FOR LEAVING A WIFE.

BY THE SAME.

Chloe, we must not always be in Heaven,
for ever toying, ogling, kissing, billing;
the joys for which I thousands would have given,
will presently be scarcely worth a shilling.

Thy neck is fairer than the Alpine snows,
and, sweetly swelling, beats the down of doves;
thy cheek of health, a rival to the rose;
thy pouting lips the throne of all the loves!
yet, tho' thus beautiful beyond expression,
that beauty fadeth by too much possession.

Economy in love is peace to nature,
much like economy in worldly matter:
we should be prudent, never live too fast,
profusion will not, cannot, always last.

Lovers are really spendthrifts—'t is a shame:
nothing their thoughtless wild career can tame,
till pen'ry stares them in the face;
and when they find an empty purse,
grown calmer, wiser, how the fault they curse,
and, limping, look with such a sneaking grace,
Job's war-horse fierce, his neck with thunder hung,
sunk to a humble hack that carries dung.

Smell to the queen of flowers, the fragrant rose—
smell twenty times—and then, my dear, thy nose
will tell thee (not so much for scent athirst)
the twentieth drank less flavour than the first.

Love, doubtless, is the sweetest of all fellows;
yet often should the little god retire—

absence, dear Choe! is a pair of bellows,
that keeps alive the sacred fire.

From Peter Pindar's "Rowland for an Oliver."

ON A KISS.

BY THE SAME.

Fie, Sylvia! why so gravely look,
because a kiss or two I took?
those luscious lips might thousands grant—
rich rogues! that never feel the want.
So little in the kiss I see,
a hundred thou may'st take from me:
but, since, like misers o'er their store,
thou hat'st to give, tho' running o'er;
I scorn to cause the slightest pain,
so prithee take them back again;
nay, with good int'rest be it done—
thou 'rt welcome to take ten for one.

From "Pindariana, or Peter's Portfolio."

TO CYNTHIA.

BY THE SAME.

What danger lurks in those bright eyes!
lo! by their fire thy poet dies:
yet bravely let me meet my doom—
and since to thee I owe my death,
I beg thee, with my parting breath,
to let thy bosom be my tomb!

From "Pindariana, or Peter's Portfolio."

A CHARACTER.

——— A maid
who knows not courts, yet courts does far outshine,
in every starry beauty of the mind;
one, who arrayed in native loveliness, despises art;
and has a soul too great to stoop to pride,
with the mean ways by which it aims at grandeur.

THE MAID'S SOLILOQUY.

A Parody.

The maid alone, with Milton in her hand, opens on that celebrated passage,—

—— Hail wedded love! mysterious law! &c.
Our Maker bids—increase;—who bids abstain,
but our destroyer, foe to God and man!

It must be so! Milton, thou reasonest well,—
else why this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
this longing after something unpossest?
or whence this secret dread and inward horror
of dying unespoused? why shrinks the soul
back on itself, and startles at virginity?—
'T is reason, faithful reason, stirs within us;
't is nature's self that points out an alliance,
and intimates an husband to the sex.
Marriage!—thou pleasing, and yet—anxious thought!
through what variety of hopes and fears,
through what new scenes and changes must we pass!
th' unchanging state in prospect lies before me;
but shadows, clouds, and darkness, rest upon it.—
Here will I hold. If nature prompts the wish
(and that she does is plain from all her works),

our duty and our interest bid, indulge it,
for the great end of nature's laws, is bliss:
but yet—in wedlock woman must—obey!—
I'm weary of these doubts—the priest shall end them.
Nor rashly do I venture loss and gain;
bondage and pleasure meet my thoughts at once:
I wed—my liberty is gone—for ever;
but happiness from time itself secur'd!
Love first shall recompense my loss of freedom;
and, when my charms shall fade away, my eyes
themselves grow dim, my stature bend with years,
then virtuous friendship shall succeed to love;
then, pleas'd, I'll scorn infirmity and death,
renew'd, immortal, in a final race.

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G. Nicholson, Poughnill.

AMATORY.

THE INVITATION,
EDWYN AND ELTRUDA,
&c. &c. &c.

Published May 1st 1807 by George Nicholson, Poughill, near Ludlow.

THE INVITATION.

BY JAMES BARCLAY.

Awake, my fair, the morning springs,
the dew-drops glance around;
the heifer lows, the blackbird sings,
the echoing vales resound.

The simple sweets would Stella taste,
that breathing morning yields?
the fragrance of the flow'ry waste,
and freshness of the fields?

By uplands and the greenwood side,
let 's take our early way,
and view the valley spreading wide,
and opening with the day.

Nor uninstructive shall the scene
unfold it's charms in vain;
the fallow brown, the meadow green,
the mountain, and the plain;

each dew-drop glist'ning on the thorn,
and trembling to it's fall;
each blush that paints the cheek of morn,
in wisdom's ear shall call:

'O ye, in youth and beauty's pride,
who lightly dance along;
while laughter frolics at your side,
and rapture tunes your song!

what tho' each grace around you play,
each beauty blooms for you,
warm as the blush of rising day,
and sparkling as the dew:

the blush that glows so gaily now,
but glows to disappear;
and, quivering from the bending bow,
soon breaks the pearly tear!

So pass the beauties of your prime,
that e'en in blooming die;
so shrinking at the blast of time,
the treach'rous graces fly.'

Let those, my Stella, slight the strain,
who fear to find it true;
each fair of transient beauty vain,
and youth as transient too!

With charms that win beyond the sight,
and hold the willing heart,
my Stella shall await their flight,
nor sigh when they depart.

Still graces shall remain behind,
and beauties still controul;
the graces of the polish'd mind,
and beauties of the soul.

James Barclay, was son of a schoolmaster at Tottenham. He received part of his education at Oxford, and died young.

EDWYN AND ELTRUDA.

BY HELEN MARIA WILLIAMS.

'T was easy in her looks to trace
an emblem of her mind:
there dwelt each mild attractive grace,
each gentle grace combin'd.

Soft as the morning dews arise,
and on the pale flower gleam,
so soft, so sweet her melting eyes
with love and pity beam.

As far retir'd the lonely flower
smiles in the desert vale,
and blows it's balmy sweets, to pour
upon the flying gale;

so liv'd, in solitude unseen,
this lovely peerless maid;
so sweetly grac'd the vernal scene,
and blossom'd in the shade.

Yet Love could pierce the lone recess,
where he delights to dwell;
he scorns the noisy croud to bless,
and seeks the lonely cell.

There only his resistless dart
in all it's power is known;
his empire sways each willing heart:
they live to love alone.

Edwyn, of every grace possess'd,
first taught her heart to prove
that gentlest passion of the breast,
to feel the power of love.

Tho' few the pastures he possess'd,
tho' scanty was his store,
tho' wealth ne'er swell'd his hoarded chest,
Edwyn could boast of more!

Edwyn could boast the liberal mind,
the generous ample heart;
and every virtue Heaven inclin'd
to bounty, can impart.

The maxims of this servile age,
the mean, the selfish care,
the sordid views that now engage
the mercenary pair,

whom riches can unite or part,
to them was all unknown;
for then the sympathetic heart
was link'd by love alone.

They little knew that wealth had power
to make the constant rove;
they little knew the spendid dower
could add a bliss to love;

they little knew the human breast
could pant for sordid ore;
or, of a faithful heart possess'd,
could ever wish for more.

And tho' her peerless beauty warms
his heart, to love inclin'd;
not less he felt the lasting charms,
the beauties of her mind:

not less his gentle soul approv'd
the virtues glowing there;
for surely, virtue, to be lov'd,
needs only to appear.

The sweets of dear domestic bliss
each circling hour beguil'd;
and meek-ey'd hope, and inward peace
on the lone mansion smil'd.

Oft o'er the daisy sprinkled mead,
they wander'd far away,
some lambkin to the fold to lead,
that haply chanc'd to stray.

Her heart, where pity lov'd to dwell,
with sadness oft was wrung;
for the bruis'd insect as it fell,
her soft tear trembling hung.

As roving o'er the flowery waste,
a sigh would heave her breast,
while she with gentle hand replac'd
the linnet's falling nest.

Then would she seek the vernal bower,
and haste, with tender care,
to nurse some pale declining flower,
some opening blossom rear.

And oft with eager steps she flies
to cheer the lonely cot,
where the poor widow pours her sighs
and wails her hapless lot:

their weeping mother's trembling knees,
her lisping infants clasp;
their meek imploring look she sees,
she feels their tender grasp.
Wild throbs her aching bosom swell,
they mark the bursting sigh;
(nature has form'd the soul to feel)
they weep unknowing why.

Her hands the liberal boon impart,
and much her tear avails
to sooth the mourner's bursting heart,
where feeble utterance fails.

On the pale cheek, where hung the tear
of agonizing woe,
she bids the gush of joy rise there,
the tear of rapture flow.

If greater plenty to impart
she e'er would Heaven implore,
't was only that her ample heart
still panted to do more.

Thus soft the gliding moments flew,
(tho' love would court their stay)
while some new virtue rose to view,
and mark'd each fleeting day.

Peace, long condemn'd the world to roam,
like the poor wandering dove,
here, softly resting, found a home,
and wish'd no more to rove.

The youthful poet's soothing dream
of youthful ages past,
the muse's fond ideal theme
was realiz'd at last.

A PRAYER FOR INDIFFERENCE.

BY MRS. GREVILLE.

Oft I 've implor'd the gods in vain,
and pray'd till I 've been weary;
for once I 'll try my wish to gain
of Oberon the fairy.

Sweet airy being! wanton sprite!
that lurk'st in woods unseen,
and oft by Cynthia's silver light
tripp'st gaily o'er the green;

if ere thy pitying heart was mov'd,
as ancient stories tell,
and for the Athenian maid who lov'd,
thou sought'st a wonderous spell;

oh! deign once more t' exert thy power;
haply some herb or tree,
sovereign as juice of western flower,
conceals a balm for me.

I ask no kind return of love,
no tempting charm to please;
far from the heart those gifts remove,
that sigh for peace and ease.

Nor peace nor ease the heart can know,
which, like the needle true,
turns at the touch of joy or woe,
but, turning, trembles too.

Far as distress the soul can wound,
't is pain in each degree:
't is bliss but to a certain bound;
beyond is agony.

Take, then, this treacherous sense of mine
which dooms me still to smart;
which pleasure can to pain refine,
to pains new pangs impart.

Oh! haste to shed the sacred balm!
my shatter'd nerves new string;
and for my guest, serenely calm,
the nymph Indifference bring.

At her approach, see Hope, see Fear,
see Expectation fly;
and Disappointment in the rear,
that blasts the promis'd joy.

The tear which Pity taught to flow,
the eye shall then disown;
the heart that melts for other's woe,
shall then scarce feel it's own.

The wounds which now each moment bleed,
each moment then shall close,
and tranquil days shall still succeed
to nights of calm repose.

O fairy elf! but grant me this,
this one kind comfort send;
and so may never-fading bliss
thy flowery paths attend!

So may the glow-worm's glimmering light
thy tiny footsteps lead
to some new region of delight,
unknown to mortal tread.

And be thy acorn goblet fill'd
with Heaven's ambrosial dew;
from sweetest, freshest flowers distill'd,
that shed fresh sweets for you.

And what of life remains for me
I 'll pass in sober ease;
half-pleas'd, contented will I be,
content but half to please.

THE FAIRY'S ANSWER

to Mrs. Greville's Prayer for Indifference.

BY THE COUNTESS OF C——.

Without preamble, to my friend,
these hasty lines I 'm bid to send,
or give, if I be able:
I dare not hesitate to say,
tho' I have trembled all the day,
it looks so like a fable.

Last night's adventure is my theme;
and should it strike you as a dream,
yet soon it's high import
must make you own the matter such,
so delicate, it were too much
to be compos'd in sport.

The moon did shine serenely bright,
and every star did deck the night,
while zephyr fann'd the trees;
no more assail'd my mind's repose,
save that yon stream, which murmuring flows,
did echo to the breeze.

Enwrapt in solemn thoughts I sate,
revolving o'er the turns of fate,
yet void of hope or fear;
when lo! behold an aery throng,
with lightest steps and jocund song,
surpris'd my eye and ear.

A form, superior to the rest,
his little voice to me address'd,
and gently thus began,
'I've heard strange things from one of you,
pray tell me if you think 't is true,
explain it if you can.

Such incense has perfum'd my throne!
such eloquence my heart has won!
I think I guess the hand:
I know her wit and beauty too,
but why she sends a prayer so new,
I cannot understand.

To light some flames, and some revive,
to keep some others just alive,
full oft I am implor'd;
but, with peculiar power to please,
to supplicate for naught but ease,
't is odd, upon my word!

Tell her, with fruitless care I've sought,
and tho' my realms, with wonders fraught,
in remedies abound,
no grain of cold Indifference
was ever yet allied to Sense,
in all my fairy round.

The regions of the sky I 'd trace,
I'd ransack every earthly place,
each leaf, each herb, each flower,
to mitigate the pangs of Fear,
dispel the clouds of black Despair,
or lull the restless hour.

I would be generous, as I 'm just,
but I obey as others must,

those laws which Fate has made.
My tiny kingdom how defend,
and what might be the horrid end,
should man my state invade?

'T would put your mind into a rage,
and such unequal war to wage
suits not my regal duty!
I dare not change a first decree,
she 's doom'd to please, nor can be free,
such is the lot of Beauty!'

This said, he darted o'er the plain,
and after followed all his train;
no glimpse of him I find:
'but, sure, I am the little spright,'
these words, before he took his flight,
imprinted on my mind.

THE WISH.

I 've often wish'd to have a friend
with whom my choicest hours to spend,
to whom I safely might impart
each wish and weakness of my heart;
who might in every sorrow cheer,
and mingle with my griefs a tear;
for whom alone I 'd wish to be,
and who would only live for me;
and, to secure my bliss for life,
I 'd wish that friend to be—a wife.

MENTAL BEAUTY.

BY ——— FITZGERALD.

The charms which blooming beauty shews
from faces heavenly fair,
we to the lily and the rose
with semblance apt compare:

with semblance apt, for ah! how soon,
how soon they all decay!
the lily droops, the rose is gone,
and beauty fades away.

But when bright virtue shines confest,
with sweet discretion join'd;
when mildness calms the peaceful breast,
and wisdom guides the mind;

when charms like these, dear maid! conspire
thy person to approve,
they kindle generous chaste desire,
and everlasting love.

Beyond the reach of time or fate
these graces shall endure;
still like the passion they create,
eternal, constant, pure.

WRITTEN IN
A YOUNG LADY'S PRAYER-BOOK.

While you, fair virgin! Heaven alone pursue,
my thoughts are fix'd on equal Heaven in you.
But why such beauty and such rigour join'd?
ne'er for a cloister was that face design'd;
to bless, not curse, some happy man 't was given,
then smile, and answer the decrees of Heaven.

A PRAYER TO VENUS.

Kind Venus! hear thy suppliant's prayer,
hear, and indulgent grant;
the love I ask, you well may spare,
for little I shall want.

No storms of passion I desire,
no boundless transports claim,
give me that gentle doubtful fire,
which feeds a sportive flame.

For oh! I 've known the soft delights,
which warm the breast sincere;
the anxious days and sleepless nights,
which nurse the tender fear.

Have shar'd the fond endearing kiss,
which mutual ardour fires,
and tasted oft that genuine bliss,
which mutual truth inspires.

I 've felt the fierce extreme of love,
which utterance would destroy;
when speechless raptures silent prove,
the soul's sublimest joy.

But then it's bitterest pangs I 've borne,
depress'd with tenfold care;
and many an hour, with anguish torn,
sat brooding o'er despair.

Whelm'd with such violence of woe,
would melt a heart of steel,
which only those who love can know,
who love not cannot feel.

Hence let me calmly view the sex,
contented to enjoy
that bliss, which absence cannot vex,
or perfidy destroy.

O Venus! let me favour win,
secure from Cupid's dart,
still let it gently pierce my skin,
but never probe my heart!

"Poetry of the World."

RONDEAU.

Cease a while, ye winds! to blow;
cease, ye ruder streams! to flow;
hush'd be every ruder noise;
I long to hear my lover's voice.
Here 's the brook, the rock, the tree,
hark! a sound! I think 't is he:
't is not he, yet night comes on;
where 's my lovely wanderer gone?
Loud I 'll speak to make him hear:
't is I who call, my love! my dear!
The time is come; why this delay?
Alas! my wanderer 's lost his way!

THE LADY'S CHOICE.

If e'er I quit the single state,
be this the model of my mate:
let virtue in his breast reside,
and honour all his actions guide:
in learning and in sense complete;
plain in his dress, but plainly neat;
and, to crown all, O may I prove
the only woman he can love.

A MORAL PICTURE.

All hail to thee! thou peaceful lone retreat!
welcome this rude uncultivated spot!
where hospitality has fix'd her seat,
in humble poverty's sequester'd cot.

Those barren hills which bound yon dreary rocks,
that solitary stream meand'ring slow!
this little pasture, and these scanty flocks,
have charms which opulence may never know.

By servile tribes and fortune's minions scorn'd,
remote from crowds, on schemes of grandeur bent,
here simple nature, sweetly unadorn'd,
dwells with her handmaids, Virtue and Content.

Within this lowly hut, whose tottering roof
seems just departing from it's time-worn thatch,
a generous pair, compassion's noblest proof,
for every traveller lift the friendly latch.

Tho' small their income, ample is their mind,
with few possessions they 've abundant wealth;
in nature's bounteous lap they daily find
life's choicest blessings, innocence and health.

Together once they trod it's early stage,
together now they journey down the vale;
past scenes of youth endear approaching age,
and waft them onward with a gentle gale.

One beauteous maid, dear pledge of nuptial love,
with artless prattle every care beguiles;
she, while her parents cherish and improve,
cheers all their thoughtful hours with infant smiles.

For her alone they wear a short-liv'd gloom,
her future weal still anxious to secure;
content, when summon'd to their final doom,
to leave her honest, tho' they leave her poor.

" O sacred wedlock! flame for ever bright!
perpetual source of untumultuous joy!
pure silent stream! that flows with new delight,
bliss still encreasing, sweets that never cloy.

'Midst bustling throngs thy soft endearments charm,
restrain the husband, and protect the wife,
but chief thy chaste connubial raptures warm
the peaceful current of unruffled life."

There the mild transports of the social hour,
forbid each all-completed wish to roam,
best pleas'd to seek retirement's halcyon bower,
and rear the ripening progeny at home.

Approach this rural scene, ye little great,
ye ever roving, ever thoughtless crew,
suspend awhile magnificence and state,
to learn contentment from the happy few.

Come too, ye cruel, unrelenting fair,
who from your children banish nature's friend,
here view the pattern of maternal care,
and, while you contemplate that pattern mend.

Come, wearied Indigence! forget thy woes,
this faithful cottage harbours no disguise;
here, undisturb'd, enjoy a calm repose,
and taste that comfort which the world denies.

" Poetry of the World."

THE REPENTANCE OF PASSION.

The following poem, in a distant part of the world, had fact for it's foundation. The lovers thus described, parted with the emotions the story gives them. The dialogue only is fanciful: it is the form which the author adopted, as the best manner of conveying it to the public.

HE. And does my Harriot still adhere,
to wear affliction's garb alone;
still does she hold her spoiler dear,
and prize his peace who broke her own?
Still will she strive his pangs to heal,
who all her youthful honours tore,
and near his pillow constant kneel,
when every power to please is o'er?

SHE. And does my love, unkind, suppose
I e'er would leave his lonely bed;
forsake the youth my heart has chose,
and fly, because his health is fled?
And will he, sunk in sad despair,
believe his Harriot loves no more;
or think, while she can soothe one care,
that every power to please is o'er?

HE. Ah! cease to prop my woe-worn head!
shun the sad wretch thou canst not save;
nor hover round that guilty bed,
where martyr'd virtue found it's grave:
here sunk the glories of thy youth,
each blooming honour doom'd to fall;
here treachery triumph'd over truth,
and here stern death shall expiate all.

SHE. Ah! cease to wound my heart anew!
still if thou bend'st at sorrow's shrine,
again thy Harriot thou 'lt undo,

for Harriot's life is wrapt in thine;
had I ten thousand wrongs endur'd,
and that lov'd cheek one tear let fall,
that single tear each pang had cur'd;
one tender sigh would expiate all.

HE. O spurn me! case thy heart with steel!
give just resentment all it's force;
nor by such kindness let me feel
the torture of severe remorse.
Why in life's early happy day,
when health and joy gave means to bless;
why did I heedless turn away
from her who lov'd to such excess?

SHE. Lament no more, my bosom'd friend;
thy errors past, thy cares should cease;
corroding thought awhile suspend,
and nurtur'd hope shall beam with peace;
thy kind, thy gentle Harriot sues;
clings round thy neck with fond caress:
nature will every fault excuse,
and sweetly pardon love's excess.

HE. Too tender, too relenting fair!
my fault can never be forgot;
unpitying love would scorn my prayer;
and injur'd nature owns me not.
When in the fond ingenuous hour,
thy native tenderness was shewn,
how did I meanly sport with power,
betray thy love, and shame my own.

SHE. Hear me, thou persevering man!
hear what thy Harriot firmly swears;
if courted death must be thy plan,
remember, 't will but prelude her's;

here will she wait thy final doom;
then, drench'd in tears and desperate grown,
stretch'd o'er thy corse, in life's first bloom,
forget thy love and end her own.

HE. Lend me thy aid to combat fate;
for thy dear sake I 'll strive to live;
draw near me; help, oh! 't is too late;
take the last kiss I now can give:
wan is that cheek you oft have press'd,
and dim those eyes you lov'd so well;
and the hard pang that rends my breast,
my faltering tongue can scarcely tell.

SHE. Here—on this bosom rest thy head—
speak—look on me—and breathe once more.
His pulse is still—oh God! he 's dead—
Fate, do thy worst,—the conflict 's o'er!

"Poetry of the World."

A WISH.

In these uncertain transient scenes below,
where hopes and fears alternate ebb and flow;
where joys in prospect charm the ravish'd eye,
but in fruition fade, or wholly die;
where each by various whims and passions tost,
in puzzling mazes frequently are lost:
grant me the blessing of one faithful friend,
on whom with confidence I may depend:
of soul sincere, in useful knowledge wise,
prepar'd in time of grief to sympathize;
her mind like sunshine of the brightest day
to glad the heart and praise the genial ray;
who has no thought which friendship need conceal,

or e'er a secret purpose would reveal;
warp'd by no passion, private end, or fame,
alike our interests, and our minds the same.
Ye virtuous few! of sympathetic soul,
whose inbred worth all selfish ends controul;
who freely can, without reserve, impart
each generous impulse rising in the heart.
As through this vale of misery we go,
may we the sweets of tender friendship know!
and grant me, powers! out of your ample store,
health, peace, one faithful friend, I ask no more.

ALLEN AND ELLA.

On the banks of that chrystaline stream
where Thames oft his current delays,
and charms more than poets can dream,
in his Richmond's bright villa surveys;
fair Ella, of all the gay throng,
the fairest that nature had seen,
now drew every shepherd along,
from the day she first danc'd on the green.

Ah! boast not of beauty's fond power,
for short is the triumph, ye fair!
not fleeter the bloom of each flower,
and hope is but gilded despair.
His affection, each swain (now, behold,)
by riches endeavours to prove;
but Ella still cries, 'What is gold,
or wealth, when compar'd to his love?

Yes Allen! together we 'll wield
our sickles in summer's bright day;
together we 'll lease o'er the field,
and smile all our labours away:

in winter I 'll winnow the wheat,
as it falls from thy flail on the ground;
that flail will be music so sweet,
when thy voice in the labour is drown'd.'
How oft would he speak of his bliss!
how oft would he call her his maid!
and tenderly seal with a kiss
every promise and vow that he said.
But hark! o'er the grass-level land
the village bells sound on the plain;
false Allen this morn gave his hand,
and the tears of poor Ella are vain.
Fond Ella too soon heard the tale,
too soon the sad cause she was told;
that his was a nymph of the vale;
that he broke his false promise for gold.
As she walk'd by the margin so green,
which befringes the sweet river's side,
full oft was she languishing seen!
and often she gaz'd on the tide!
By the clear river, then, as she sate,
which reflected herself and the mead,
awhile she bewept her sad fate,
and the green turf still pillow'd her head.
'There, there! is it Ella I see?
't is Ella, the lost, undone maid!
ah! no; 't is some Ella like me,
some hapless young virgin betray'd!
like me she has sorrow'd and wept;
like me she has fondly believ'd:
like me her true promise she kept;
like me, too, is justly deceiv'd.

I come, dear companion in grief!
gay scenes and soft pleasures, adieu!
I come! and will gather relief
from bosoms so chaste and so true.

Like you I have mourn'd the long night
and wept out the day in despair:
like you I have banish'd delight,
and bosom'd a friend in my care.

Ye meadows, so lovely, farewell!
your velvet still Allen shall tread,
all deaf to the sound of that knell
which tolls for his Ella when dead.

Your wish will, too sure, be obey'd;
for Allen her loss shall bemoan:
soon, soon, shall poor Ella he laid
where her heart shall be cold as your own.

Then twin'd in the arms of that fair,
whose wealth has been Ella's sad fate,
as, together, we draw the free air,
and a thousand dear pleasures relate;

if chance, o'er my turf as ye tread,
ye dare to affect a fond sigh,
the primrose will shrink her pale head,
and the violet languish and die.

Ah! weep not, fond maid! 't is in vain;
like the tears that you lend to the stream:
tears are lost in that watery plain,
and your sighs are all lost upon him.'

Scarcely echo had gather'd the sound,
but she plung'd from her grass-springing bed;
the liquid stream parts to the ground,
and the mirror clos'd over her head.

The swains of the village, at eve,
oft meet at the dark spreading yew;
there wonder how man could deceive
a bosom so chaste and so true.

With garlands of every flower
(which Ella herself should have made)
they raise up a short living bower;
and, sighing, cry, 'peace to her shade!'

Then, hand lock'd in hand, as they move
the green-plotting hillock around,
they talk of poor Ella, and love,
and moisten with tears the fresh ground:

nay, wish they had never been born
or liv'd the sad moment to view,
when Allen could thus be forsworn,
and his Ella could still be so true.

ON VALENTINE'S DAY.

To a Friend.

BY ANN YEARSLEY.

Tho' blooming shepherds hail the day
with love, the subject of each lay,
yet friendship tunes my artless song,
to thee the grateful themes belong.

Strephon, I never will repine,
tho' destin'd not thy valentine;
o'er friendship's nobler heights we 'll rove,
nor heed the soft'ning voice of love.

Strangers to passion's tyrant reign,
careless, we 'll range the happier plain,
where all those calmer joys will prove,
which wait sublime Platonic love.

Yet I 'll allow a future day,
when friendship must at last give way;
when thou forgetful shalt resign
the maid who wrote this valentine.

Think not, my friend, I dream of love,
this with some happier maid thou 'lt prove;
friendship alone is my design
in this officious valentine.

Yet, when that victor god shall reign,
and canker'd friendship quits the plain,
this gentle whisper captive take,
't will all thy former kindness wake.

But if it's pleadings you deny,
and fain would have remembrance die,
then to devouring flames consign
my too ill-fated valentine.

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